



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

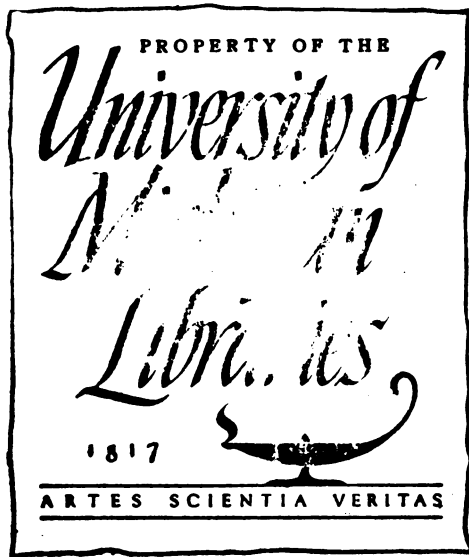
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

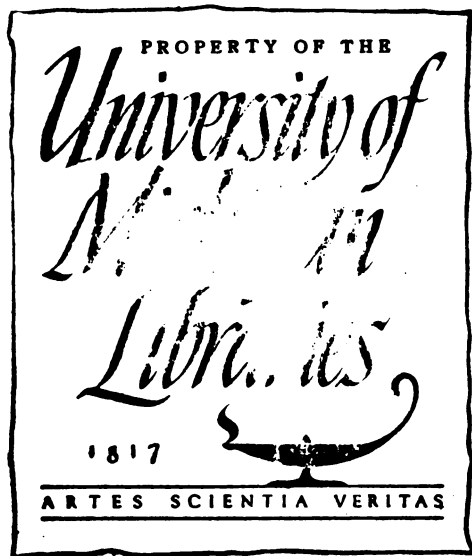
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

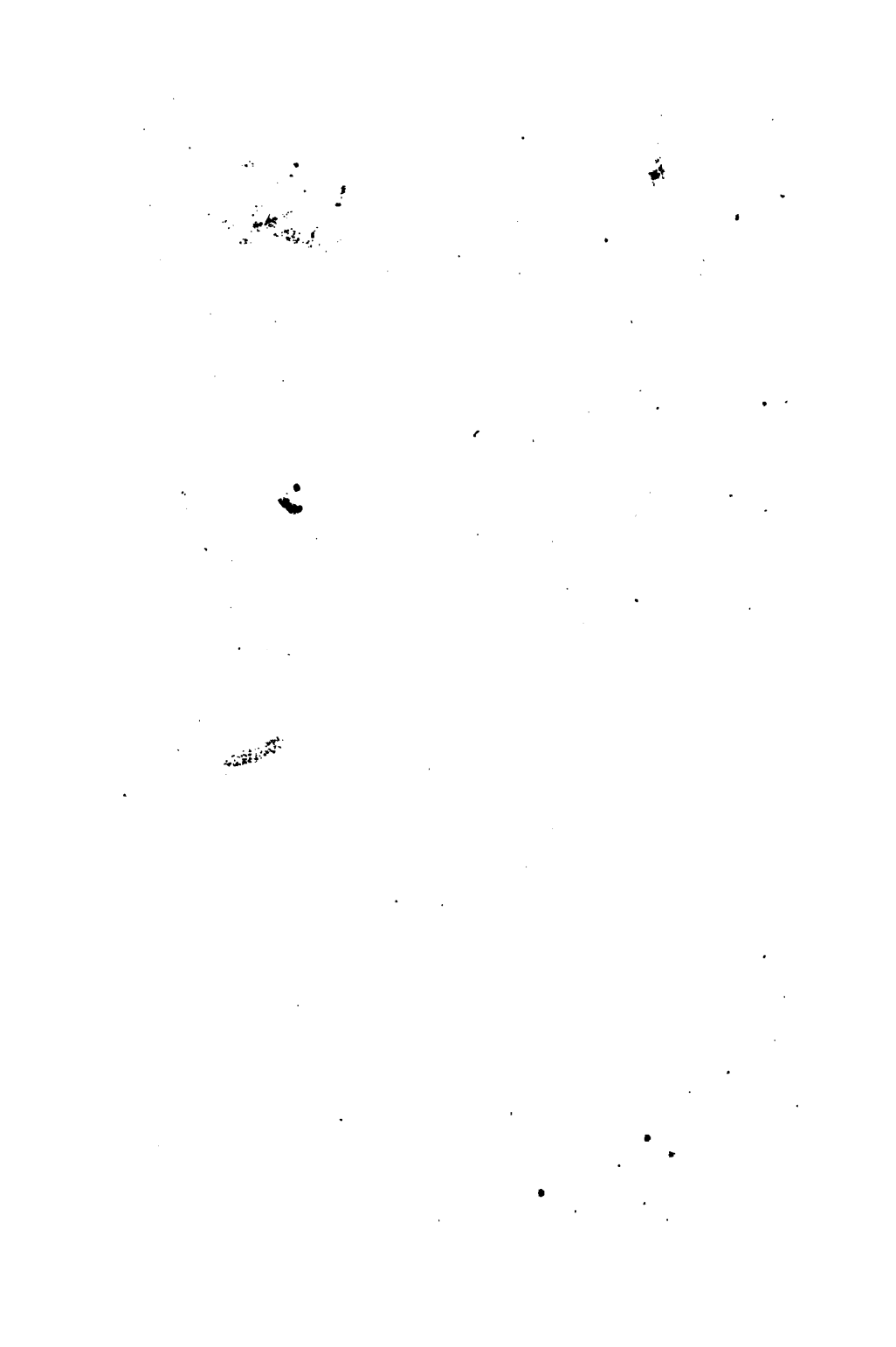
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>











AN
ESSAY
ON
ELOCUTION:

WITH
ELUCIDATORY PASSAGES FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

• REMARKS

ON
READING PROSE AND VERSE,

WITH
SUGGESTIONS TO INSTRUCTORS OF THE ART.

~~~~~  
By JOHN HANBURY DWYER,  
PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION.  
~~~~~

FIFTH EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

ALBANY:
WEARE C. LITTLE.

~~~~~  
1845.

808.5

D99

---

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1843, by JOHN  
HANBURY DWYER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of  
the Northern District of New-York.

---

PRINTED BY C. VAN BENTHUYSEN AND CO.

## PREFACE.

---

As usefulness to our fellow men is one of the grand ends of our being, it behoves every one to contribute his share to the general good ; therefore, if this attempt prove but as the widow's mite, yet is the writer justified in making it.

The Exercises which it was necessary that the Author should compose for the instruction of his pupils, first suggested the idea of attempting to make a book upon the subject, by extending the plan. This suggestion was strengthened and encouraged by the favorable opinions of some who read those exercises, and for whose judgment and talents the writer and the community at large have a high respect.

If Elocution, so diligently studied by persons of respectability in Europe, were duly appreciated in this country, its advantages would be so apparent, that wonder would arise that it should have remained so long without a proper place amid the general mass of information, so widely disseminated among the people of America. Perhaps, useful knowledge being the grand aim here, ornamental aids may have been considered superfluous; but, in this case, they are so happily blended, and so necessarily connected, that just fault cannot be found with the mixture. Independently of Elocution, correct oral eloquence cannot exist, for it is its *grammar*. In this, the freest country that *now* exists, or ever *did*



exist, although elocutive knowledge will not make us orators, yet it will cause us to be fearless and correct speakers in a land like ours, where the humblest of her sons has continually occasion to address his fellow-citizens.

Eloquence has frequently been objected to, as having a tendency to bewilder the understanding by dressing fiction in the garb of truth; but admitting that to be the case, are we to argue the exception against the general rule? To decry oratory because an abuse of it may occur, would be as absurd as to find fault with Christianity, because some, not following its precepts, use the semblance of it hypocritically, and as a cloak for their own selfish and wicked purposes.

As well may we abuse the blessed sun which sheds life, and light, and lustre all around, because the intensity of his rays sometimes engenders putridity and pestilence.

"For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,  
But to the earth some special good doth give;  
Nor aught so good but, strain'd from that fair use,  
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse."

Such objections generally spring from minds incapable of conceiving the inexpressible delights which flow from eloquence, delights which do not rest merely in being capable of comprehending and feeling the orations of a Demosthenes, a Cicero, a Curran, or the senatorial harangues of a Chatham, a Burke, a Fox, a Pitt, a Sheridan, without reference to all the rest, whose names alone would fill a volume, but in the highly fraught mental enjoyment of speaking peace and pardon to, and smoothing the pillow of the dying, and perhaps before desponding sinner; of advocating the cause of defrauded orphanage, or unprotected widowhood; of arousing the spirit of a country to the asser-

#### PREFACE.

tion of its rights ; of unlocking the stores of affluence for the godlike purpose of drying the tears of penury ; of vindicating our brethren and ourselves, and of upholding the religion of our Maker against the dark and self immolating doctrines of the pitiable unbeliever. Who can reflect upon such advantages, and not exult that Providence, in its munificence, has strewed that sweet and pleasant flower in the probationary and thorny path of wandering man ?

Were the Author asked what oratory is, he would answer, mind—but he would be qualifiedly understood. This bears an equivocal meaning, something similar to that which the great father of eloquence wished to inculcate when being asked what oratory was, he answered action. So aware were the ancients of the impetus which utterance gave to gesture, that they frequently called pronunciation action. Yet action is the last and least of its parts, which are, mind, that enables us to invent, memory, the repository of our own thoughts and those of others, imagination, which imparts brilliancy to our language, disposition or arrangement, which places our matter in a proper point of view, utterance or pronunciation, which gives effect to our invention, feeling, which gives it force, then action.

It must be allowed that in the time of the ancients, action had more influence in eloquence than at the present time. The style of their orators being consonant with it, and the number of their auditors requiring it as a type of words, which could not always be distinctly heard by such multitudes ; therefore a style of action which was admissible in them, would in us be deemed extravagant and unnatural ; but in avoiding the one extreme the British are said, by foreigners, to have fallen

into the other, *i. e.* of not using a sufficiency of action to give effect to their subjects. This objection may have some foundation in fact, but if they err in this particular, it is certainly on the side of safety and decorum.

It was the intention of the writer to have marked the examples in this book with italics, but he was deterred from doing so by the objections which upon deliberation seemed to oppose such a plan, especially when Dr. Blair is with him, an author who has done so much for the eloquence of the English language, and who must remain a source of admiration to the enlightened, and of instruction to those who seek for Rhetorical and Belles Lettres information.

NOTE.—The above tribute to departed merit, is not invidiously paid with a view of derogating from the merits of subsequent and powerful writers on the same subject; but in justice to the pioneer who cleared the soil, and rendered it receptive of the high cultivation since bestowed upon it.

# AN ESSAY ON ELOCUTION.

---

**ELOCUTION**, which is the power of fluent speech, the flow of language, of expression and diction, the art of speaking with accuracy, elegance and perspicuity, may be said to be comprised under the following heads: **Articulation**, **Pronunciation**, **Accent**, **Emphasis**, **Climax**, **Anti-climax**, **Suspension**, **Parenthesis**, **Antithesis**, **Monotony** or **Monotone**, **Modulation**, **Enumeration** or **Amplification**, **Pauses**, **Irony**, **Alliteration**, **Iteration**, **Interrogation**, **Personation**, **Metaphor**, **Comparison**, **Personification** or **Prosopopœia**, **Apostrophe**, **Vision**, **Action**. They shall be treated of in their turns.

## I. ARTICULATION.

**Articulation** is the production of distinct sounds, formed by the union of the organs of speech, an especial mark of favor allotted to us by the Deity, and one of the most estimable of his gifts.

**Articulation** should be clear and distinct, not in syllables and words only, but even to the very letter; for as in the formation of the most noble architectural structure, a union of various blocks of granite, marble, or other solid substance is indispensable, so in the formation of language, a distinct articulation unites the

various parts, and, from what would otherwise be an unintelligible mass, produces a perfect and harmonious whole. Those rules already published upon this subject, preclude the necessity of further remark here, as they are sufficiently luminous.

## II. PRONUNCIATION.

The most celebrated Orator of the ancients called pronunciation not only the chief part of oratory, but oratory itself; without going so far, it certainly may be considered its foundation, or the key-stone of the arch, for unless master of it no man can be a perfect speaker. It is a combination of articulation, accent, and emphasis. A vulgar pronunciation will mar the finest composition; on the contrary, a correct one will give grace to that which is even imperfect. Those who are unfortunate enough not to be able to pronounce words beginning with the letters V, W, and H, with propriety, and who confound one with the other, should constantly exercise themselves in pronouncing sentences, wherein those words frequently occur.

### *Examples.*

"How my arm aches beating this hack horse!" would, pronounced by such as are above mentioned, be "ou my harm hakes beating this ack orse!" Again, "I want white wine vinegar with my veal;" viciously pronounced would be, "I vont vite vine winegar vith my weal!"

I cannot here resist mentioning two ludicrous perversions of pronunciation, in the words *curiosity* and *suit*, which occurred in Ireland. A clown having pronounced the first mentioned word *curoosity* in hearing of the great Curran and an Englishman, the latter remarked that the fellow had murdered English; the former wittily replied, "oh no, he has only knocked an *i* out!" The other was that of a gun-maker's wife, of Dublin, who finding a foppish customer very difficult to please in the choice of a case of duelling pistols, and after having shown many to no purpose, at length exultingly said, at

the same time presenting one at him, "oh! here's wan that I am shure will shoot you, sir!" "Indeed! madam," replied the witling, walking leisurely away, "then upon my honor I'll not have anything to do with it."

The best method of acquiring a just pronunciation, is to study those lexicographers who have written most ably upon the subject,\* and to observe and follow the manner in which persons of education, and those in polished society, pronounce their words.

### III. ACCENT.

Accent consists in laying a particular stress on a certain syllable, or the syllables of a word, which gives such syllable or syllables, force, and marks the grammatical form.

#### *Examples.*

|              |               |
|--------------|---------------|
| A com'pound. | To compound'  |
| A fer'ment.  | To ferment'.  |
| A con test.  | To contest'.  |
| A con'tract. | To contract'. |

The change of accent altering the part of speech from a substantive to a verb.

Emphasis alters the regular seat of accent.

#### *Example.*

Some poets may be compared with others, but Milton and Shakespeare are in'comparable.

The regular accent would be incom'parable.

### IV. EMPHASIS.

Emphasis produces a primary beauty of oratory; it gives the nice distinctions of meaning, the refined conceptions which language is capable of expressing, and imparts a force and harmony to composition which its absence would render lifeless, and frequently unintelligible.

---

\* See Walker's Critical Pronouncing Dictionary.

The following question will prove the great nicety and utility of emphasis; for the mode of emphasising it, will give four different meanings: "Do you go to Europe this year?" If the question be asked without a stress on any particular word, the replicant may say yes, or no; if on you, he may say no, I send. If on Europe, he may say no, to India. If on this year, he may say no, next year. The best rule for emphasising justly, is to study the true meaning of the author, and lay the stress upon such words as you would make impressive, were you conversing upon the same subject. The following examples will sufficiently elucidate the force and beauty of Emphasis.

"It must be so—Plato thou reason'st well—  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?  
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror  
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
'Tis heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.  
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought  
Thro' what variety of untry'd being,  
Thro' what new scenes and changes must we pass?  
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;  
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.  
Here will I hold. If there's a pow'r above us,  
And that there is, all nature cries aloud  
Thro' all her works, he must delight in virtue;  
And that which he delights in, must be happy.  
But when? or where?—This world was made for Cæsar.  
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.  
Thus am I doubly arm'd. My death and life,  
My bane and antidote are both before me.  
This in a moment brings me to an end;  
But this informs me I shall never die.  
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point:  
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age and nature sink in years:  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

TRAGEDY OF CÆSAR.

"The quality of mercy is not strained ;  
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath : It is twice bless'd ;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown :  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;  
But mercy is above the scepter'd sway,  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself :  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice."

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

"And the Lord sent Nathan unto David. And he came unto him, and said unto him, there were two men in one city ; the one rich and the other poor.

"The *rich* man had exceeding many flocks and herds ;

"But the *poor* man had nothing save one little ewe-lamb, which he had bought and nourished up ; and it grew up together with him, and with his children ; it did eat of his own meat, and drink of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter.

"And there came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the way-faring man that was come unto him ; but took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the man that was come to him.

"And David's anger was greatly kindled against the man ; and he said to Nathan, *as* the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this *thing* shall surely die ;

"And he shall restore the lamb fourfold, because he did this thing, and because he had no pity.

"And Nathan said to David, *thou* art the man."

2d SAMUEL, 12th CHAPTER.

V. CLIMAX.

A climax is a figure in rhetoric, which rises in force and dignity of expression with the sense, and is productive of much grandeur and effect. The rule for reading or speaking a climax, is to raise the voice progressively with the subject, until you come to its close.

*Examples.*

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temple—"

PLAY OF THE TEMPEST.



"Sudden the heart  
Of this young, conquering, loving, god-like Roman—  
THOMSON.

"Days, months, years, and ages,—" W. W. DIMOND.

"What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how in  
finite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable  
in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God!"  
HAMLET.

"For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I  
will exalt my throne above the stars of God; I will sit, also, upon  
the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north; I will  
ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High!"

## VI. ANTI-CLIMAX.

This figure, the reverse of the Climax, frequently imparts force, beauty, and pathos to language. It should be read or spoken by commencing the subject in the middle tone of voice, then subduedly and progressively letting it fall until you come to the termination of the passage.

### *Examples.*

"In helpless, hopeless, brokenness of heart." BYRON.

"That fires not, wins not, weeps not now." IBID.

"Were I an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign  
troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms,  
never, never, never."

EARL OF CHATHAM IN DEFENCE OF AMERICA.

### *On the Inflections of the Voice.*

Perhaps this may be a proper place to remark upon one of the most persuasive ornaments of reading and speaking, which is modulation. All the variations of the human voice spring from five inflections. The first of which, however paradoxical it may seem, is *monotone*, the second the rising, and the third the falling inflection, the fourth the falling, and the fifth the rising. High and low, loud and soft, quick and slow, may be considered comparative modifications, as what is high in one case may be low in another, and so of the rest.

*Examples of Monotone, and of the rising and falling Inflections.*

"Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
Rising or falling——"

MILTON'S MORNING HYMN.

Again,

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!"

ADDISON.

*Examples of the falling and rising Inflections.*

"The tear,  
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,  
And all we know, or dream, or fear——"

An excursion on the *highway* may as clearly as *any other way*, point out the five inflections of the voice. Monotone being the first, we will suppose the smooth, level way, and as we cannot always have smooth level ways, we will suppose our next change to be an acclivity, which we will call the rising inflection. When we shall have reached the summit, we will suppose that we shall have to descend, which we will call the falling inflection. At the foot of the hill, we meet a level spot, which as above, we will call monotone. After travelling some distance on this level, we arrive at a descent which we will term the falling inflection; at the foot of which we have a hill, which we will call the fifth or rising inflection, and these straight forward, and up and down, down and up, and continual equalities and inequalities, form our road through life, and afford a species of elucidation of the five inflections of the human voice.

VII. SUSPENSION.

Suspension, which may be considered of two kinds, the protracted and the slight, is when properly managed, one of the most effective things in eloquence; it impresses the auditor, elicits his attention, and calls forth his applause. A good orator may hold an audience almost breathless under its influence. But care should be taken not to use the protracted suspensive pause, but

when the subject is of sufficient magnitude to bear the speaker out in its adoption; for if it be recurred to frequently, and upon trivial occasions, censure will be the result. The effect is to be produced by stopping and suspending the voice immediately before the passage, or part of a sentence, by which you mean to make what is in oratory called your point. When you stop, let it be with an elevation of voice, which will leave the sense broken and incomplete, then your hearers, being in expectation of something superlative, will, when it comes, amply reward you for the excitement and gratification of their expectations. There are two ways of reading the protracted suspensive pause. The one is, when you suspend in a loud tone, you should terminate in a subdued tone; and the reverse. Independently of the particular power above attributed to suspension in the protracted sense, there is another and a slighter kind of suspension, which has a general power over eloquence, for by that keeping up of the voice, while the necessary breathing time is taking, a disjunction of the sense, and a stop to the harmony of the subject, which would otherwise continually occur, is prevented, some sentences being so long that a speaker could not have sufficient breath to go through them, even rapidly, much less to give them force and harmony, unless he were to have recourse to suspension, which carries him and the meaning evenly along until it set both down safely at the period. Its power is such, that the speaker may stop when and where he pleases, without injury to the sense, if he be a perfect master of its use.

*Examples of the protracted Suspensive Pause.*

"And Nathan said to David—*thou art the man.*"

"It is an attribute—to God himself."

"Born for your use, I live but to obey you,  
Know then—'twas I!"

TRAGEDY OF THE REVENGE, Act 5.

VIII. PARENTHESIS.

Parenthesis, says Dr. Johnson, is a sentence so included in another sentence, as that it may be taken out without injuring the sense of that which encloses it. This figure, rather used to impart variety than elegance to composition, should be read or spoken in a quicker and a lower tone of voice than the general subject. The reader or speaker, should slightly suspend his voice immediately before the parenthesis, and take up the same tone at its close.

*Examples.*

"This moon, which rose last night, (round as my shield,  
Had not yet filled her horns, when, (by her light,)  
A band of fierce barbarians," &c.

"Beneath a mountain's brow, (the most remote  
And inaccessible by shepherds trod,)  
In a deep cave, (dug by no mortal hand,)  
An hermit liv'd," &c.

TRAGEDY OF DOUGLAS.

"If there's a power above us,  
(And that there is all nature cries aloud  
Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue."

TRAGEDY OF CATO.

"Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;  
The third day comes a frost, (a killing frost,)  
And when he thinks, (good easy man,) full surely  
His greatness is a ripening, nips his shoot,  
And then he falls; as I do. I have ventured,  
(Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,)  
These many summers in a sea of glory:  
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me; and now has left me,  
(Weary and old with service,) to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.

HENRY THE VIII

## IX. ANTITHESIS.

Antithesis arises in a sentence or line where words are opposed to each other. This figure gives force to meaning, and variety to utterance, and should be read or spoken with a particular stress on the words in opposition.

*Examples.*

"Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all *slaves*, than that Cæsar were *dead*, to live all *freemen*?"

TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

"Is it credible that when he declined putting Clodius to death with the *consent* of all, that he would choose to do it with the *disapprobation* of many? Can you believe that the person whom he scrupled to *slay*, when he might have done so with full *justice*—in a *convenient place*—at a *proper time*—with *secure impunity*, he made no *scruple* to *murder*—*against justice*—in an *unfavourable place*—at an *unseasonable time*—and at the risk of *capital condemnation*?"

CICERO FOR MILO.

"So, also, is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption: It is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory: It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power: It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body."

1 COR. XV. CHAP. 42nd VERSE.

## X. MONOTONY, OR MONOTONE.

Monotone occurs in those parts of a subject where several words follow each other, without requiring any variation of voice, or particular stress upon one word more than another. This figure often imparts sublimity, and from its own want of variety, bestows variety upon that to which it is attached. It should be read or spoken with unvarying sameness.

*Examples.*

"For who would bear the whips and scorns of the time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,  
 To groan and sweat under a weary life;  
 But that the dread of something after death,  
 That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of?  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action.”——

HAMLET

“High on a throne of royal state, which far  
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
 Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
 Show’rs on her king’s barbaric pearl and gold,  
 Satan exalted sat——”

MILTON.

“In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep fall  
 leth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my  
 bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my  
 flesh stood up: it stood still, but I could not discern the form there-  
 of: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard  
 a voice, saying, shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a  
 man be more pure than his Maker? Behold, he put no trust in his  
 servants; and his angels he charged with folly: How much less  
 in them that dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust,  
 which are crushed before the moth. They are destroyed from morn-  
 ing to evening; they perish forever without any regarding it.”

JOB, 4th CHAP. 13—20th VERSES.

“As autumn’s dark storms pour from two echoing hills, so to-  
 wards each other approached the heroes. As two dark streams from  
 high rocks meet and mix, and roar on the plain; loud, rough and  
 dark in battle, met Laughlin and Innisfail: Chief mixed his strokes  
 with chief, and man with man. Steel clanging sounded on steel.  
 Helmets are cleft on high; blood bursts and smokes around. As the  
 troubled noise of the ocean when roll the waves on high; as the  
 last peal of the thunder of heaven; such is the noise of battle.”

OSSIAN.

“In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God:  
 he heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him.

2\*

Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations, also, of the hills moved and were shaken, because he was wroth. There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured: He bowed the heavens, also, and came down; and darkness was under his feet;—and he rode upon a cherub, and did fly: yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.”

18th PSALM, 6—10th VERSES.

“In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, ‘let there be light,’ and there was light.”

GENESIS, 1st and 3d VERSES.

NOTE.—The above extracts, save the first, are examples of the sublime, as well as of Monotone.

## XI. MODULATION.

In Modulation are comprehended all the various inflections of which the voice is capable. It may, indeed, be termed the soul or witchery of eloquence; for through its medium the sense is charmed, the imagination taken prisoner, and the most obdurate softened and relaxed. The effect of Modulation upon the heart must ever be acknowledged, as long as the human ear can drink the harmony of its sounds. To attempt a system of accurately teaching this delightful power, would be indeed vain and futile;\* nothing but being possessed of

---

\* Mr. Walker, and others, have made very ingenious remarks typified on paper, on the inflections of the human voice; but a just knowledge of the true causes which produce those inflections, will preclude the necessity of any study on the subject, save of the rules to be found in this, and similar books, and of a just conception, as has been above stated, of the author's meaning, which conception will impart the true feeling, and out of that feeling, will arise the natural, and, consequently, the proper inflection, which marks on paper can never correctly convey. Mr. Walker's own words, give credence to these observations. In his preface to the third Edition of his Rhetorical Grammar, he says,—“The sanguine expectations I had once entertained, that this analysis of the human voice, would be received by the learned with avidity, and applause, are now over; I have almost worn out a long life in laborious exertions, and though I have succeeded, beyond expectation, in forming readers, and speakers, in the most respectable circles in the three kingdoms, yet I have had the mortification, to find few of my pupils listen to anything,

a chastely correct ear, sensibly alive to the good feelings of nature, being perfectly master of your subject, and letting it fully and exclusively occupy your mind, can ever enable you to attain modulation. Instead of paying attention to the different heights, and keys which are said to produce modulation, but which in reality modulation gives even a name to, it is here recommended to every speaker, to commence his subject in a tone sufficiently audible to be perfectly heard; then he can rise, and afterwards fall, as sense and feeling, in conjunction with the rules of this essay and the five inflections of the voice dictate. Those who are possessed of the requisites already mentioned, will find in the following, fit exercises of modulation; but the student will have much to do before he can be capable of reading or reciting, with any prospect of success, such surpassing efforts of poetic genius.

*Examples.*

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd  
 Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the God  
 Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars  
 Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,  
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,  
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
 That bring to my remembrance from what state  
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;  
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,  
 Warring in heav'n against heav'n's matchless King.  
 Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return  
 From me, whom he created what I was,  
 In that bright eminence, and with his good  
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.  
 What could be less than to afford him praise,  
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,  
 How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,  
 And wrought but malice; lifted up so high  
 I disdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher  
 Would set me high'st, and in a moment quit  
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
 So burdensome still paying, still to owe,

---

but my pronunciation. When I have explained to them, the five modifications of the voice, they have assented and admired, but so difficult did it appear to adopt them, especially to those advanced in life, that I was obliged to follow the old method,—read as I read."



Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd ;  
 And understood not that a grateful mind  
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
 Indebted and discharg'd ; what burden then ?  
 O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd  
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood  
 Then happy ; no unbounded hope had rais'd  
 Ambition. Yet why not ? Some other power  
 As great might have aspir'd, and me, though mean,  
 Drawn to his part ; but other pow'rs as great  
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within  
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.  
 Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand ?  
 Thou hadst : Whom hast thou then, or what to accuse,  
 But heav'n's free love dealt equally to all ?  
 Be then his love accus'd, since love or hate,  
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.  
 Nay curs'd be thou ; since against his thy will  
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
 Me miserable ! which way shall I fly  
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?  
 Which way I fly is hell ; myself am hell ;  
 And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep  
 Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,  
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.  
 O then at last relent : Is there no place  
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left ?  
 None left but by submission ; and that word  
 Didstain forbids me, and my dread of shame  
 Among the sp'rits beneath, whom I seduc'd  
 With other promises and other vaunts  
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue  
 Th' Omnipotent. Ah me, they little know  
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,  
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,  
 While they adore me on the throne of hell,  
 With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,  
 The lower still I fall, only supreme  
 In misery : Such joy ambition finds.  
 But say I could repent, and could obtain,  
 By act of grace, my former state ; how soon  
 Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay  
 What feign'd submission swore ? ease would recant  
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.  
 For never can true reconciliation grow  
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep :  
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,  
 And heavier fall : So should I purchase dear  
 Short intermission bought with double smart.  
 This knows my punisher : therefore as far

From granting he, as I from begging peace:  
 All hope excluded thus, behold instead  
 Of us outcast, exil'd, his new delight,  
 Mankind created, and for him this world.  
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,  
 Farewell remorse: All good to me is lost;  
 Evil be thou my good: By thee at least  
 Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold,  
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;  
 As man ere long, and this new world shall know.

MILTON.

TWAS at the royal feast, for Persia won  
 By Philip's warlike son.  
 Aloft in awful state,  
 The godlike hero sat  
 On his imperial throne.  
 His valiant peers were plac'd around,  
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound,  
 So should desert in arms be crown'd.  
 The lovely Thais by his side,  
 Sat like a blooming eastern bride,  
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.  
 Happy, happy, happy pair!  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave, deserve the fair.  
 Timotheus plac'd on high,  
 Amid the tuneful choir,  
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:  
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
 And heavenly joys inspire.  
 The song began from Jove,  
 Who left his blissful seats above;  
 Such is the power of mighty love!  
 A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god;  
 Sublime on radiant spheres he rode.  
 When he the fair Olympia press'd,  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.  
 The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound;  
 A present deity, they shout around;  
 A present deity; the vaulted roofs rebound.  
 With ravish'd ears the monarch hears,  
 Assumes the god, affects to nod,  
 And seems to shake the spheres.  
 The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung;  
 Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young.  
 The jolly god in triumph comes!

Sound the trumpet ; beat the drums ;  
 Flush'd with a purple grace,  
 He shows his honest face :  
 Now give the hautboys breath—He comes ! he comes !  
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
 Drinking joys did first ordain ;  
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ;  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :  
 Rich the treasure ;  
 Sweet the pleasure ;  
 Sweet is pleasure, after pain.  
 Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain  
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;  
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.  
 The master saw the madness rise ;  
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;  
 And while he heaven and earth defy'd,  
 Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride  
 He chose a mournful muse,  
 Soft pity to infuse :  
 He sung Darius, great and good,  
 By too severe a fate,  
 Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,  
 Fall'n from his high estate,  
 And weltring in his blood :  
 Deserted at his utmost need  
 By those his former bounty fed,  
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,  
 With not a friend to close his eyes  
 With downcast look the joyless victor sat,  
 Revolving, in his alter'd soul,  
 The various turns of fate below ;  
 And now and then, a sigh he stole,  
 And tears began to flow.  
 The mighty master smiled to see,  
 That love was in the next degree :  
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move ;  
 For pity melts the mind to love.  
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures  
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;  
 Honor but an empty bubble ;  
 Never ending, still beginning,  
 Fighting still, and still destroying.  
 If the world be worth thy winning,  
 Think, oh, think it worth enjoying !  
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee :  
 Take the good the gods provide thee ;  
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;  
 So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
 Gazed on the fair,  
 Who caus'd his care ;  
 And sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd and looked ;  
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :  
 At length with love and wine at once oppress'd,  
 The vanquish'd victor—sunk upon her breast.  
 Now, strike the golden lyre again ;  
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain ;  
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.  
 Hark ! hark !—the horrid sound  
 Has rais'd up his head,  
 As awaken'd from the dead ;  
 And, amazed, he stares around.  
 Revenge, revenge ! Timotheus cries—  
 See the furies arise !  
 See the snakes that they rear,  
 How they hiss in their hair,  
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !  
 Behold a ghastly band,  
 Each a torch in his hand !  
 These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,  
 And unbury'd, remain  
 Inglorious on the plain.  
 Give the vengeance due  
 To the valiant crew.  
 Behold ! how they toss their torches on high,  
 How they point to the Persian abodes,  
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods !  
 The princes applaud, with a furious joy ;  
 And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy :  
 Thais led the way,  
 To light him to his prey ;  
 And, like another Helen—fir'd another Troy.  
 Thus, long ago,  
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,  
 While organs yet were mute ;  
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute  
 And sounding lyre,  
 Could swell the soul to rage—or kindle soft desire.  
 At last, divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame.  
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
 Or both divide the crown :

He raised a mortal to the skies;  
She drew an angel down.

DAYDEN.

I.

On Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Isar rolling rapidly.

II.

But Linden saw another sight,  
When the drum beat at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

III.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd  
Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
And furious every charger neigh'd,  
To join the dreadful revelry.

IV.

Then shook the hills with thunder riv'n,  
Then rush'd the steed to battle driv'n,  
And louder than the bolts of heaven,  
Far flash'd the red artillery.

V.

And redder yet those fires shall glow,  
On Linden's hills of blood-stain'd snow,  
And darker yet shall be the flow  
Of Isar rolling rapidly.

VI.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon lurid sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,  
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

VII.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!  
And charge with all thy chivalry!

VIII.

Ah ! few shall part where many meet,  
The snow shall be their winding sheet  
And every turf beneath their feet,  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

CAMPBELL.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid ! was young,  
While yet in early Greece she sung,  
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
Throng'd around her magic cell ;  
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting.  
By turns, they felt the glowing mind  
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refined :  
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,  
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,  
From the supporting myrtles round,  
They snatched her instruments of sound ;  
And, as they oft had heard apart,  
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
Each, for madness rul'd the hour,  
Would prove his own expressive power.  
First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,  
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid ;  
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
E'en at the sound himself had made.  
Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,  
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,  
With one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
And swept with hurried hand the strings.  
With woful measures, wan Despair—  
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguil'd :  
A solemn, strange, and mingled air :  
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.  
But thou, O Hope ! with eyes so fair,  
What was thy delighted measure ?  
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,  
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.  
Still would her touch the strain prolong :  
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
She call'd on Echo still through all her song :  
And where her sweetest theme she chose,  
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;  
And Hope, enchanted, smil'd and waved her golden hair  
And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,  
Revenge impatient rose.  
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down ;  
And with a withering look,

The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
     Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of wo ;  
     And, ever and anon, he beat  
     The doubling drum with furious heat :  
 And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,  
     Dejected Pity at his side,  
     Her soul-subduing voice applied,  
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien, [head.  
 While each strain'd ball of sight—seemed bursting from his  
     Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd ;  
     Sad proof of thy distressful state ;  
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd :  
     And, now it courted Love ; now, raving, call'd on Hate.  
     With eyes uprais'd, as one inspired,  
     Pale Melancholy sat retir'd ;  
     And, from her wild sequester'd seat,  
     In notes, by distance made more sweet,  
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul,  
     And, dashing soft from rocks around,  
     Bubbling, runnels join'd the sound :  
 Through glades and glooms, the mingled measure stole,  
 Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,  
     Round a holy calm diffusing,  
     Love of peace, and lonely musing,  
 In hollow murmurs died away.  
 But, Oh, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !  
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
     Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
     Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,  
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,  
     The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known ;  
 The oak crown'd Sisters, and their chaste ey'd Queen,  
 Satyrs and sylvan Boys were seen,  
 Peeping forth from alleys green :  
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear ;  
     And Sport leap'd up and seiz'd his beechen spear.  
     Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,  
     He with viny crown advancing,  
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd—  
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol ;  
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.  
 They would have thought who heard the strain,  
 They saw in Tempe's vale, her native maids,  
     Amidst the festal sounding shades,  
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing :  
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,  
     Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round,  
     Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,

And he, amidst his frolic play,  
 As if he would the charming air repay,  
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.  
 O Music, sphere-descended maid,  
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,  
 Why, goddess, why, to us denied,  
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?  
 As in that lov'd Athenian bower  
 You learn'd in all commanding power,  
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,  
 Can well recall what then it heard.  
 Where is thy native simple heart,  
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?  
 Arise, as in the elder time,  
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!  
 Thy wonders, in that godlike age,  
 Fill thy recording sister's page—  
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,  
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,  
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
 Than all which charms this laggard age,  
 Ev'n all at once together found,  
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound—  
 O, bid our vain endeavours cease,  
 Revive the just designs of Greece;  
 Return in all thy simple state;  
 Confirm the tales her sons relate!

COLLINS.

## XII. ENUMERATION, OR AMPLIFICATION.

Enumeration is that figure which numbers up the perfections or defects of persons or things, or which brings under one head the several parts of an argument, and, like the concentration of artillery in battle, when brought to act upon any given point, bears down all before it. This figure admits of various modes of delivery, agreeably to the nature of the subjects which may be enumerated, but monotone is resorted to oftener than any other mode.

### *Examples.*

"Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around  
 Of hills and dales, of woods, and lawns, and spires,  
 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all  
 The stretching landscape into smoke decays."

Thomson's *Seasons*.



“O now forever,  
 Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !  
 Farewell the plumed troops and the big war  
 That make ambition virtue ! O farewell !  
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear piercing fife,  
 The royal banner ; and all quality,  
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !  
 And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
 The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,  
 Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone.”

TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO.

“Is it come to this ? shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red hot plates of iron, and at last, put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen ? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman Commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty and sets mankind at defiance ?”

CICERO AGAINST VERRES.

“I cannot name this gentleman, without remarking, that his labors, and writings, have done much to open the eyes and the hearts of mankind. He has visited all Europe—not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples ; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art ; not to collect medals, or collate manuscripts ; but to dive into the depths of dungeons ; to plunge into the infection of hospitals ; to survey the mansions of sorrow and of pain, and to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt ; to remember the forgotten ; to attend to the neglected ; to visit the forsaken ; and to compare, and collate, the distresses of all men in all countries.”

BURKE'S EULOGIUM ON HOWARD.

*Extract from a Sermon of the Rev. Thomas Gisborne,  
 M. A. on the happiness attendant on the paths of religion.*

“Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.”

PROV. iii. 17.

“Among the internal demonstrations of the truth of christianity, the excellence of the appropriate lessons respectively addressed in the sacred writings to different descriptions of men, holds a distinguished place. To the wicked the scripture speaks the language of indignation, tempered with offers of mercy. To the penitent it promises

forgiveness. The righteous it animates with triumphant hope. To the ignorant it holds forth instruction ; to the unwary, caution ; to the presumptuous, humility ; to the feeble-minded, support ; to the wavering, perseverance ; to the dispirited, encouragement ; to the afflicted, consolation. Who but that power who discerns every variety of the human disposition ; every winding of the human heart ; could have been the author of a religion thus provided with a remedy for every corruption ; a defence under every weakness ?”

*Extract from pleadings of Sir George McKenzie against a woman accused of the murder of her child.*

“ Gentlemen, if one man had any how slain another, if an adversary had killed his opposer, or a woman occasioned the death of her enemy, even these criminals would have been capitally punished by the Cornelian law ; but, if this guiltless infant, who could make no enemy, had been murdered by its own nurse, what punishment would not then the mother have demanded ? with what cries and exclamations would she have stunned our ears ? What shall we say then, when a woman, guilty of homicide, a mother, of the murder of her innocent child, hath comprised all those misdeeds in one single crime. a crime, in its own nature detestable ; in a woman prodigious ; in a mother, incredible ; and perpetrated against one whose age called for compassion, whose near relation claimed affection, and whose innocence deserved the highest favour ?”

### XIII. PAUSES.

The number, names, and utility of the pauses used in reading and speaking, must be too well known to need description here. Perhaps it may not be superfluous to make two or three remarks ; first, that the interrogatory point has two inflections, the rising and the falling one. The rising, when the question is formed without an interrogative word at its commencement, the falling, when an interrogative word commences it. Example of the first.

“ Suppose a person generally well informed, can he say that his education is perfect, if, when asked to read or recite, he feel inadequate ?”

Of the last.

“ Who is here so base, that would be a bondman ? Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman ? Who is here so vile, that would not love his country ?”

When the two parts of a question are connected by the conjunction *or*, the first has the rising and the last the falling inflection. Example :

“Who was the greater man, Cæsar or Alexander ?”

The same rule exists when an affirmative and a negative are opposed to each other. Example.

“He deserves *censure*, not *eulogy*.”

Breaks are pauses which cut a subject short before the meaning is fully developed. They generally occur when extreme grief or violent rage agitates the human breast.

*Example.*

“Darkness and demons!  
Saddle my horses; call my train together:  
Degenerate viper—”

TRAGEDY OF LEAR.

The period should be marked by a depression of voice, sufficient to denote the completion of the sense, but great care must be taken not to lower the tone to such a degree as to endanger the loss of the last word of the line, or sentence: a fault frequently observable, even in some eminent public speakers.

#### XIV. IRONY.

Irony is a rhetorical figure, which gives a meaning contrary to the words expressed, and is productive of very great effect, if not too frequently used. Irony admits of various modes of delivery agreeing with the subjects which may occur, but monotone is most used.

Irony often excites our laughter, and sometimes our contempt and disgust. The three first examples which follow make us smile, the last elicits our disgust.

*Examples.*

“What drugs, what charms, what conjuration, and what mighty magic——.”

OTHELLO.

"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last.  
You spurn'd me such a day: another time  
You call'd me dog; and for these—courtesies  
I'll lend you thus much moneys."

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Charming house, and charming lady of the house, ha!  
ha! ha!"

JEALOUS WIFE.

"No wars have ravaged these lands, and depopulated these villages—no civil discord has been felt, no disputed succession, no religious rage—no cruel enemy—no affliction of Providence, which, while it scourged for a moment, cut off the sources of resurrection—no voracious and poisoning monsters—no; all this has been accomplished by the *friendship, generosity and kindness* of the English nation."

SHERIDAN AGAINST WARREN HASTINGS.

## XV. ALLITERATION.

Alliteration is a figure which occurs when several words, commencing with the same letter, immediately follow each other. If too often used it will pall; but if seldom resorted to, it will give a pleasing variety to the subject into which it is introduced. This figure is read or spoken in monotone, climax, anti-climax, and parenthesis.

### *Examples.*

The sun, the soil, but not the slave the same."

LORD BYRON.

"And hath a sound,  
And sense, and sight of sweetness."

Ibid.

"Unknell'd, uncoffined, and unknown."

Ibid.

"He rush'd into the field, and foremost fighting fell."

Ibid.

"The humanity, harmony, and happiness——."

DWYER.

"Mind, manners, magnanimity, mercy,  
Make the man."

Ibid.

"Man is obnoxious to pain, penury, and pestilence."—Ibid

---

\* This word is often improperly used both in speaking and writing for noxious.

## XVI. INTERROGATION.

Of all figures, this is the most overwhelming and rapid ; but it should never be employed in unfolding the principles upon which a discourse is established ; for it causes obscurity, and a species of declamation, offensive to persons of good taste. The success of interrogation is infallible, when properly employed. A memorable example of it occurs, when Tully, unable to express the lively indignation of his patriotic zeal, rushes abruptly upon Catiline, and instantly overwhelms him by the vehemence of his interrogations.

“ How long, Oh Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shall thy madness elude us? Whither will thy ungovernable audacity impel thee? Could neither the nightly garrison of the citadel, nor the watch of the city, nor the general consternation, nor the congress of all good men, nor this strongly fortified place where the Senate is held, nor the enraged *countenances* of those senators, deter thee from thy impious designs? Dost thou not perceive that thy counsels are all discovered? Thinkest thou that there are any of us ignorant of thy transactions the past night, the place of rendezvous, thy collected associates?”

By using such language as this, the orator leaves not a moment's time for false or evasive replication, but paralyzes the accused, by irresistibly showing the extent and enormity of his guilt, thus rendered as apparent to the astonished auditor, as it is overwhelming to the trembling criminal. Dr. Blair says, “ Interrogations are passionate figures. They are, indeed, on so many occasions, the *native language* of passion, that their use is extremely frequent : and in *ordinary conversation*, when men are heated, they prevail as much as in the most *sublime oratory*. The unfigured literal use of interrogation is to ask a question ; but when men are prompted by passion, whatever they would affirm, or deny, with great vehemence, they naturally put in the form of a question ; expressing thereby the strongest confidence of the truth of their own sentiments, and appealing to

their hearers for the impossibility of the contrary. Thus, in scripture :

“God is not a man—that he should lie, neither the son of man that he should repent. Hath he said ? and shall he not do it ? or hath he spoken ? and shall he not make it good ?”

Demosthenes addressing himself to the Athenians, says,

“Tell me, will you still go about and ask one another, what news? What can be more astonishing news than this, that the man of Macedon makes war upon the Athenians, and disposes of the affairs of Greece? Is Philip dead? No, but he is sick. What signifies it to you whether he be dead or alive? For if anything happen to this Philip, you will immediately raise up another.”

All this, delivered *without* interrogation, had been faint and ineffectual; but the warmth and eagerness, which this questioning method expresses, awaken the hearers, and strike them with much greater force.”

## XVII. ITERATION OR REPETITION

BY SOME CALLED ECHO.

Iteration serves to strengthen and enforce argument, and in many instances, produces great force and beauty. Iteration should be read or spoken in the same manner as the subject from which the repetition occurs.

### *Examples.*

“As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him.”

“There are tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition.” JULIUS CÆSAR.

“There still remains that which is even paramount to the law. That great tribunal which the wisdom of our ancestors raised in this country for the support of the people’s rights—That tribunal which has *made* the law—That tribunal which has given me you to look at—That tribunal which is surrounded with a hedge as it were set about it—That tribunal which from age to age has been fighting for the liberties of the people, and without the aid of which

it would have been in vain for me to stand up before you, or to think of looking round for assistance."

ESKINE FOR TOOK, ON TRIAL BY JURY.

"With thee conversing I forget all time,  
All seasons, and their change; all please alike.  
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth  
After soft showers, and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night  
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
And these, the gems of heaven, her starry train;  
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends  
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun  
On this delightful land: nor herb, fruit, flower,  
Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after show'rs,  
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,  
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,  
Or glittering star light—without thee is sweet."

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

### XVIII. PERSONATION.

Personation is the representation by a single reader or speaker of the words, manner and actions of one person, or of many individuals, as if he or they were themselves reading or speaking; in effect "giving form to fancy, and embodying thought."

This power is capable of producing an effect nearly equal to scenic representation, in which each part is individually performed. Indeed, if the reader or reciter be adequate to the task, he may elicit an approbation far surpassing that received by the many, for he seems to concentrate all their powers within himself. The person so gifted must be a consummate reader or speaker. This figure is more materially connected with dramatic than any other style of composition, although it is sometimes resorted to in all oratorical subjects. It depends upon a perfect conception of the Author's meaning, a facility of imitation, and a variety of expression in voice and manner, which can only be acquired, even where the capability eminently exists, by much labor and continual practice.

In the exercise of this figure, especial care should be taken not to outrage the rule laid down by the greatest master and depicter of human nature that ever wrote upon its subject: i. e. "not to o'erstep the modesty of nature; for in the very torrent, tempest and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness; hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure."

*Examples.*

"Not far advanced was morning day,  
When Marmion did his troop array,  
To Surrey's camp to ride;  
He had safe conduct for his band,  
Beneath the royal seal and hand,  
And Douglas gave a guide:  
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,  
Would Clara on her palfrey place,  
And whisper'd in an under tone,  
'Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown.'  
The train from out the castle drew,  
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:  
'Though something I might plain,' he said,  
'Of cold respect to stranger guest,  
Sent hither by your king's behest,  
While in Tantallon's towers I staid,  
Part we in friendship from your land,  
And, noble Earl, receive my hand.'  
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,  
Folded his arms and thus he spoke:  
'My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still  
Be open at my Sovereign's will,  
To each one whom he lists, howe'er  
Unmeet to be the owner's peer,  
My castles are my king's alone,  
From turret to foundation stone,  
The hand of Douglas is his own;  
And never shall in friendly grasp  
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.'  
Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,  
And shook his very frame for ire;  
And 'This to me!' he said;  
An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,  
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared  
To cleave the Douglas' head!



And first, I tell thee, haughty peer,  
 He, who does England's message here;  
 Although the meanest of her state,  
 May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:  
 And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,  
     E'en in thy pitch of pride,  
 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,  
 Nay, never look upon thy lord,  
 And lay thy hand upon thy sword,  
     I tell thee, thou'rt defied!  
 And if thou said'st I am not peer,  
 To any lord in Scotland here,  
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,  
     Lord Angus, thou hast lied!  
 On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage  
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age:  
 Fierce he broke forth: 'And darest thou then  
 To beard the lion in his den,  
     The Douglas in his hall?  
 And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?  
 No, by Saint Bryde of Bothwell, no!  
 Up drawbridge, grooms—what, Warder, ho!  
     Let the port cullis fall.'  
 Lord Marmion turned, well was his need,  
 And dashed the rowels in his steed,  
 Like arrow through the arch way sprung  
 The pond'rous grate behind him rung:  
 To pass there was such scanty room,  
 The bars, descending, razed his plume.  
 The steed along the drawbridge flies,  
 Just as it trembled on the rise;  
 Not lighter does the swallow skim  
 Along the smooth lake's level brim.  
 And when Lord Marmion reached his band,  
 He halts, and turns with clenched hand,  
 And shout of loud defiance pours,  
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

SCOTT.

"My liege I did deny no prisoners,  
 But I remember, when the fight was done,  
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,  
 Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reap'd,  
 Show'd like a stubble land at harvest home,  
 He was perfum'd like a milliner;  
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held  
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
 He gave his nose and took't away again;

And still he smil'd, and talked;  
 And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,  
 He call'd them "untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
 To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse  
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility."  
 With many holiday and lady terms  
 He question'd me; among the rest demanded  
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.  
 I then, all smarting with my wounds, being galled  
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
 Out of my grief and my impatience,  
 Answered neglectingly I know not what;  
 He should, or he should not: for he made me mad  
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
 And talk so like a waiting gentle-woman,  
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds; Heaven save the mark!  
 And telling me "the sovereign'st thing on earth  
 Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise;  
 And that it was great pity, so it was,  
 That villanous salt petre should be digg'd  
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
 So cowardly: and but for these vile guns,  
 He would himself have been a soldier.  
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
 I answered indirectly, as I said;  
 And I beseech you, let not this report  
 Come current for an accusation,  
 Betwixt my love and your high Majesty."

HENRY 4th.

"O then I see queen Mab has been with you,  
 She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes  
 In shape no bigger than an agate stone  
 On the forefinger of an alderman,  
 Drawn with a team of little atomies  
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;  
 Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs;  
 The cover of the wings of grasshoppers;  
 The traces of the smallest spider's web;  
 The collars of the moonshine's watery beams;  
 Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash of film;  
 Her wagoner a small grey-coated gnat,  
 Not half so big as a round little worm,  
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.  
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,  
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach makers,  
 And in this state, she gallops, night by night,  
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:

O'er courtier's knees that dream on court'sies straight.  
 O'er lawyer's fingers, who straight dream on fees;  
 O'er ladies lips, who straight on kisses dream;  
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,  
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;  
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,  
 Tickling the parson as he lies asleep;  
 Then dreams he of another benefice.  
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon  
 Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes;  
 And being thus affrighted, swears a prayer or two,  
 And sleeps again.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

"All the world's a stage,  
 And all the men and women merely players:  
 They have their exits and their entrances;  
 And one man in his time plays many parts,  
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,  
 Muling and puking in the nurse's arms;  
 And then the whining school-boy with his satchel,  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school: And then, the lover;  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then the soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
 Seeking the bubble reputation—  
 Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice,  
 In fair round belly, with good capon lined,  
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws, and modern instances,  
 And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;  
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,  
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shanks; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in the sound: Last scene of all,

\* The above brings an occurrence to the author's memory which may not be unacceptable to his readers. Ben Jonson, Shakspeare's contemporary, upon a convivial occasion, put the following question in order to pose him:

"If but stage actors all the world display,  
 Where shall we find spectators for our play?"

To which the immortal bard unhesitatingly replied,

"Little or much of what we see we do,  
 We are both actors and spectators too."

That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion:  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing."  
As YOU LIKE IT.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD.

Lochiel! Lochiel, beware of the day  
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!  
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,  
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight:  
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;  
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down,  
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,  
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.  
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,  
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?  
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,  
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.  
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;  
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.  
Weep, Albin!\* to death and captivity led!  
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:  
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,  
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!  
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,  
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight!  
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?  
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!  
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,  
From his home in the dark rolling clouds of the north?  
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding he rode  
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;  
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!  
Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.  
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast  
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?  
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven

---

\* The Gaelic appellation of Scotland, more particularly the Highlands.

From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.  
 Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,  
 Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,  
 Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;  
 Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!  
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,  
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

## LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan:  
 Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!  
 They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,  
 And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.  
 Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!  
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!  
 But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,  
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;  
 When her bonnetted chieftains to victory crowd,  
 Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud;  
 All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

## WIZARD.

——Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!  
 Though, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,  
 Yet man cannot cover what God would reveal:  
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
 And coming events cast their shadows before.  
 I tell thee Culloden's dread echoes shall ring  
 With the bloodhounds, that bark for thy fugitive king.  
 Lo! annointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,  
 Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!  
 Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight;  
 Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!  
 'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors;  
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores;  
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?  
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.  
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,  
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?  
 Ah no! for a darker departure is near;  
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;  
 His death-bell is tolling; oh! mercy dispel,  
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!  
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,  
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.  
 Accursed be the faggots, that blaze at his feet,  
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,  
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

LOCHIEL.

—Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale;  
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet  
 So black with dishonor—so foul in retreat.  
 Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,  
 Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,  
 Lochiel, unattainted by flight or by chains,  
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,  
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!  
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
 Look proudly to heaven from the death bed of fame.

CAMPBELL.

XIX. METAPHOR.

Metaphor is that figure which changes one thing into another, or a real subject into a figurative, and ideal one. If judiciously used it imparts beauty and often sublimity. The rule for reading or speaking metaphorical passages, is to give them in the spirit of the subjects whence the passages are taken, and to read the metaphor in a more subdued tone than the subject.

*Examples.*

“Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.”—HOME.

“He is a rock opposed to the rude sea that beats against it——.”  
 G. COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

“He arose a colossal pillar to perpetuate to future ages——.”  
 DWYER.

XX. COMPARISON.

Metaphor and comparison being often confounded with each other, it is proper that the distinction should be pointed out. Metaphor, as has been said, absolutely changes one thing into another; as, for instance, speaking of a courageous man, we say he is a lion; when, by comparison, it would be, he is like a lion.

*Examples.*

"Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions." 2 SAMUEL, i. 23.

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

GOLDSMITH.

"She came in all her beauty, like the moon from the cloud in the east. Loveliness was around her, as light. Her steps were like the music of songs."

OSSIAN.

## XXI. PERSONIFICATION OR PROSOPOPŒIA.

Personification is that figure by which we attribute life and motion to inanimate objects. It aspires to the utmost heights of poetry, and furnishes one of the best tests by which an author's merits may be fairly judged; for nothing but genius will supply this sublimely poetic essential. Personification should be read or spoken in consonance with your subject in which monotone frequently occurs as in *all* passages which approach the sublime.

*Examples.*

"Thou shalt take up this proverb against the king of Babylon, and say, how hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased! The Lord hath broken the staff of the wicked, and the sceptre of the rulers. He who smote the people in wrath with a continual stroke, he that ruled the nations in anger, is persecuted, and none hindereth. The whole earth is at rest and is quiet: they break forth into singing. Yea, the fir-trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us. Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee, art thou also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols; the worm is spread under thee and the worms cover thee. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground which didst weaken the nations! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into hea-

ven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit. They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness and destroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the house of his prisoners? all the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house. But thou art cast out of thy grave like an abominable branch, and as the raiment of those that are slain thrust through with a sword that go down to the stones of the pit, as a carcass trodden under feet."

ISAIAH, 14th CHAP.

"He stood, and measured the earth: he beheld, and drove asunder the nations; and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow; his ways are everlasting. The mountains saw thee, and they trembled; the overflowing of the water passed by; the deep uttered his voice, and lifted up his hands on high."

HABAKKUK, iii. 6th & 10th.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Amighty, thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!  
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heav'ns  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works; yet these  
Declare thy goodness, beyond thought, and pow'r divine.  
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs  
And choral symphonies, day without night,  
Chorus his throne rejoicing; ye in heav'n,  
On earth, join all ye creatures, to extol  
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn  
Sure pledge of day that crown'st the smiling morn  
With thy bright circle, praise him in thy sphere,  
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.  
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st  
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;  
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move  
In mystic dance not without song, resound  
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.  
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth



Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix  
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change  
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
 Ye mists and exhalations that now rise  
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,  
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
 In honour to the world's great Author rise,  
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,  
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.  
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
 Join voices all ye living souls: Ye birds,  
 That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
 Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still  
 To give us only good; and if the night  
 Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

MILTON.

## XXII. APOSTROPHE.

Apostrophe is a figure so like personification, that very few shades of difference are discernible. This figure abounds with sublimity and feeling. All great and beautiful objects of nature may be apostrophized. The sun, a mountain, the ocean, a fountain, a grove—we may apostrophize those absent or one dead, as though they or he were present and listening to us. The rules already offered, bear upon this, and all oratorical ornaments, and only require the good sense or taste of the reader to apply them.

*Examples.*

O thou that, with surpassing glory crown'd,  
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God

Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars  
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,  
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,  
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
That bring to my remembrance from what state  
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;  
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,  
Warring in heav'n against heav'n's matchless King.

MILTON.

"Athos, thou proud and aspiring mountain, that liftest thy head  
unto the heavens, be not so audacious as to put obstacles in my way,  
if thou doest, I will cut thee level with the plain, and hurl thee  
headlong into the sea."

ABSURD BOAST OF XERXES.

"And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
Borne, like thy bubbles onward: from a boy  
I wantoned with thy breakers—they, to me,  
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea  
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear.  
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,  
And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

LOORD BYRON.

"Silence, ye troubled waves; and thou deep, peace,  
Said then th' omnific word; your discord end."

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

With what spirit, and how much to the admiration of the physicians, did he bear throughout eight months his lingering in distress! With what tender attention did he study, even in the last extremity, to comfort me! And when no longer himself, how affecting was it to behold the disordered efforts of his wandering mind, wholly employed on subjects of literature! Ah! my frustrated and fallen hopes! Have I then beheld your closing eyes, . . . and heard the last groan issue from your lips? After having embraced your cold and breathless body, how was it in my power to draw the vital air, or continue to drag a miserable life? When I had just beheld you raised by consular adoption to the prospect of all your father's honors, destined to be son-in-law to your uncle, the Prætor, pointed out by general expectation as the successful candidate for the prize of attic eloquence, in this moment of your opening honors must I lose you forever, and remain an unhappy parent, surviving only to suffer woe?

QUINTILIAN.

"With you, Agricola, we may now congratulate: you are blessed, not only because your life was a career of glory, but because you were released, when it was happiness to die. From those who attended your last moments, it is well known that you met your fate with calm serenity; willing, as far as it depended on the last act of your life, that the prince should appear to be innocent. To your daughter and myself you left a load of affliction. We have lost a parent, and, in our distress, it is now an addition to our heartfelt sorrows, that we had it not in our power to watch the bed of sickness, to sooth the languor of declining nature, to gaze upon you with earnest affection, to see the expiring glance, and receive your last embrace. Your dying words would have been ever dear to us; your commands we should have treasured up, and graved them on our hearts. This sad comfort we have lost, and the wound, for that reason, pierces deeper. Divided from you by a long absence, we had lost you four years before. Every tender office, we are well convinced, thou best of parents! was duly performed by a most affectionate wife; but fewer tears bedewed your cold remains; and, in the parting moment, your eyes looked up for other objects, but they looked in vain, and closed forever.

"If in another world there be a pious mansion for the blessed; if, as the wisest men have thought, the soul be not extinguished with the body; may you enjoy a state of eternal felicity! From that station behold your disconsolate family; exalt our minds from fond regret and unavailing grief, to the contemplation of your virtues. Those we must not lament; it were impiety to sully them with a tear. To cherish their memory, to embalm them with our praises, and, if our frail condition will permit, to emulate your bright example, will be the truest mark of our respect, the best tribute your family can offer. Your wife will thus preserve the memory of the best of husbands, and thus your daughter will prove her filial piety. By dwelling constantly on your words and actions, they will have an illustrious character before their eyes, and, not content with the bare image of your mortal frame, they will have what is more valuable, the form and features of your mind. I do not mean by this to censure the custom of preserving in brass or marble the shape and stature of eminent men; but busts and statues, like their originals, are frail and perishable. The soul is formed of finer elements, and its inward form is not to be expressed by the hand of an artist with unconscious matter; our manners and our morals may in some degree trace the resemblance. All of Agricola, that gained our love, and raised our admiration, still subsists, and will ever subsist, preserved in the minds of men, the register of ages, and the records of fame. Others who figured on the stage of life, and were the worthies of a former day, will sink for want of a faithful historian, into the common lot of oblivion, inglorious and unremembered; whereas Agricola delineated with truth, and fairly consigned to posterity, will survive himself, and triumph over the injuries of time." TACITUS.

### XXIII. VISION.

This figure represents objects which have passed, or by anticipation may pass, or as absolutely passing before our eyes. It should never be resorted to but when the author's vivid imagination inspires and carries him beyond himself; then his readers, by catching the coruscation *from*, and sympathizing *with*, will feel rapt and imbued with his illusion. Vision admits of as great a variety of delivery as the subjects which may be read or recited. The best method of giving such passages, is to thoroughly understand, feel, and enter into the spirit of them; so understanding and feeling, the reader cannot fail to produce the desired effect.

#### *Examples.*

The first speech of the Wizard in *Lochiel's Warning*; the *Last Man*; also, *Time*, by Seleck Osborne.

### XXIV. ACTION.

Upon this subject, which at first sight may here appear irrelative, although in reality it is very material, the writer differs from those who have gone before him, and by whom systems have been laid down for the movement of every feature of the human face, and limb of the human form. Those systems are fallacious; for while the mind of the Tyro is busied in the consideration of how, or when, he shall point the toe, extend the arm, or knit the brow, the main spring, that very mind, which should give all—life, motion and effect, is employed in a worse than secondary, while the primary cause is totally neglected. After a young man of education has been well instructed in those exercises which form a part of the external accomplishments of a gentleman, fencing and dancing, for instance, but particularly the former, to acquire a just expression, action and deportment, it will be necessary that he should leave both face and figure untrammelled, and thoroughly understand and feel his author; then the proper expression of face, and truth of deportment in action, will,

"With you, Agricola, we may now congratulate: you are blessed, not only because your life was a career of glory, but because you were released, when it was happiness to die. From those who attended your last moments, it is well known that you met your fate with calm serenity; willing, as far as it depended on the last act of your life, that the prince should appear to be innocent. To your daughter and myself you left a load of affliction. We have lost a parent, and, in our distress, it is now an addition to our heartfelt sorrows, that we had it not in our power to watch the bed of sickness, to sooth the languor of declining nature, to gaze upon you with earnest affection, to see the expiring glance, and receive your last embrace. Your dying words would have been ever dear to us; your commands we should have treasured up, and graven them on our hearts. This sad comfort we have lost, and the wound, for that reason, pierces deeper. Divided from you by a long absence, we had lost you four years before. Every tender office, we are well convinced, thou best of parents! was duly performed by a most affectionate wife; but fewer tears bedewed your cold remains; and, in the parting moment, your eyes looked up for other objects, but they looked in vain, and closed forever.

"If in another world there be a pious mansion for the blessed; if, as the wisest men have thought, the soul be not extinguished with the body; may you enjoy a state of eternal felicity! From that station behold your disconsolate family; exalt our minds from fond regret and unavailing grief, to the contemplation of your virtues. Those we must not lament; it were impiety to sully them with a tear. To cherish their memory, to embalm them with our praises, and, if our frail condition will permit, to emulate your bright example, will be the truest mark of our respect, the best tribute your family can offer. Your wife will thus preserve the memory of the best of husbands, and thus your daughter will prove her filial piety. By dwelling constantly on your words and actions, they will have an illustrious character before their eyes, and, not content with the bare image of your mortal frame, they will have what is more valuable, the form and features of your mind. I do not mean by this to censure the custom of preserving in brass or marble the shape and stature of eminent men; but busts and statues, like their originals, are frail and perishable. The soul is formed of finer elements, and its inward form is not to be expressed by the hand of an artist with unconscious matter; our manners and our morals may in some degree trace the resemblance. All of Agricola, that gained our love, and raised our admiration, still subsists, and will ever subsist, preserved in the minds of men, the register of ages, and the records of fame. Others who figured on the stage of life, and were the worthies of a former day, will sink for want of a faithful historian, into the common lot of oblivion, inglorious and unremembered; whereas Agricola delineated with truth, and fairly consigned to posterity, will survive himself, and triumph over the injuries of time." TACITUS.

### XXIII. VISION.

This figure represents objects which have passed, or by anticipation may pass, or as absolutely passing before our eyes. It should never be resorted to but when the author's vivid imagination inspires and carries him beyond himself; then his readers, by catching the coruscation *from*, and sympathizing *with*, will feel rapt and imbued with his illusion. Vision admits of as great a variety of delivery as the subjects which may be read or recited. The best method of giving such passages, is to thoroughly understand, feel, and enter into the spirit of them; so understanding and feeling, the reader cannot fail to produce the desired effect.

#### *Examples.*

The first speech of the Wizard in *Lochiel's Warning*; the *Last Man*; also, *Time*, by Seleck Osborne.

### XXIV. ACTION.

Upon this subject, which at first sight may here appear irrelative, although in reality it is very material, the writer differs from those who have gone before him, and by whom systems have been laid down for the movement of every feature of the human face, and limb of the human form. Those systems are fallacious; for while the mind of the Tyro is busied in the consideration of how, or when, he shall point the toe, extend the arm, or knit the brow, the main spring, that very mind, which should give all—life, motion and effect, is employed in a worse than secondary, while the primary cause is totally neglected. After a young man of education has been well instructed in those exercises which form a part of the external accomplishments of a gentleman, fencing and dancing, for instance, but particularly the former, to acquire a just expression, action and deportment, it will be necessary that he should leave both face and figure untrammelled, and thoroughly understand and feel his author; then the proper expression of face, and truth of deportment in action, will,

necessarily, spring out of the subject. By this procedure he is sure to be right, for nature is never wrong. Then the monotonous habit of sawing the air, and indeed all other bad habits in action, will be avoided. If we look into real life, we shall find gesture rather unfrequent than redundant.

A history of language from its barbarous origin to its present perfection, and the various laborious efforts by which it has advanced, is not the object of this Essay; but, now that the materials are abundantly supplied, the author trusts that he has shown how those materials may be used for the advantage of our youth, in the display of one of the most noble structures that the genius of man can produce, or the perception of man can enjoy. The component parts of Eloquence are, sound judgment, well arranged method, a vivid imagination, retention of memory, a progressively rising elocution, and an excellent and varied diction, uniting the perfection of language with the sublimity of thought.

The author will close this essay by observing, that the student may, with a perfect knowledge of, and a strict adherence to, the rules here laid down, acquire all the theory of elocution necessary for correct reading and speaking, all that is aimed at in this publication, but, although the theory be indispensably requisite to aid in the formation of an accomplished speaker, yet without practice, and that practice under a judicious master, whose taste is refined, and whose pronunciation is unvitiated by any provincial dialect, he can never attain this very desirable accomplishment.

END OF THE ESSAY.

## REMARKS

ON

### READING PROSE, VERSE, AND BLANK VERSE.

---

The art of reading, so very essential in all ranks of society, and in all pursuits of life, is so imperfectly understood, that not one out of ten thousand, even of those who are called educated, can properly be termed a good reader. When most persons take up a book, they imagine that nature and her inflections are to be lost sight of, and they proceed in a canting sing-song monotonous tone from the beginning to the end. This is owing to those persons not considering that reading and speaking are precisely the same thing, save that in reciting we have a greater intimacy with the subject, and are enabled to give a little more energy and action. The tones, emphasis, accent, and sense, are the same, whether we speak or read, for what is speaking but giving utterance to our own thoughts, and what is reading but giving utterance to the thoughts of others placed before our eyes? Do we not sometimes write our own thoughts for the purpose of reading them in public? Where then can be the difference between reading and speaking, except that when uttering our own thoughts, we are possessed of our own meaning, but when reading the thoughts of others, we have to *seek* for their sense, which is not always observable at first sight. It will be necessary, for those who wish to read correctly, either to a public assembly,



or to friends in private, previously to look over the subject, so as to render themselves perfectly masters of it, or embarrassment, hesitation, and very often an entire failure of effect, will be the consequence."

The writer would not be understood to mean, by reading as we speak, that reading should, therefore, be like flippant and common-place conversation, as might erroneously be supposed; but that reading should be consonant with the subject which we utter. If the Supreme Being be addressed in an extemporary prayer, nature and good feeling will dictate a meek, solemn, and reverential tone and manner; so should the same subject, without the least deviation, be read. The meaning here wished to be inculcated is, that we should speak correctly and read as we speak. To prove that reading and speaking sound alike, let a competent judge place himself in an antechamber where he may hear, but not see, a person reading, and he cannot be able to determine whether he is reading or reciting, provided the reader be a good one.

Independently of the pleasure afforded to the auditors by a perfect reader, he participates in that pleasure by being enabled, from his just conceptions, to develop the frequently profound or sublime meaning of his author, and at the same time dress it in all the fascination of eloquence. Who can hear "*Paradise Lost*" properly read, and not be a convert to this opinion? One of the chief errors in young readers or speakers proceeds from a precipitancy of utterance, which is subversive of all good elocution; to avoid that fault, the beginner should be taught to read the observations on quantity, and follow them. Giving proper quantity will correct too quick utterance.

#### ON READING RHYMING VERSE.

Distinctness of utterance, and clearness of articulation, so indispensable in all kinds of oratorical exercises, must, in an especial manner, be attended to in reading verse, else that song so disgusting to good taste, and a perfect ear, will be the result. The material difference

between reading prose and rhyming verse, rests in giving more time between each word and sentence in verse than in prose; reading with very little reference to the jingle, or rhyme, but with great attention to the sense; using the same inflections as in prose, and rather avoiding than encouraging that measured tone, improperly called musical; for if the harmony of that author's verse to whose sense we do justice, do not distinctly speak for itself, his claims to poetry must rest on a very slight foundation indeed.

#### ON READING BLANK VERSE.

The correct delivery of blank verse, as well as of prose or rhyming verse, principally depends upon the reader's having a perfect knowledge of the subject which he is uttering.

The mode of reading blank verse, differs only in giving more quantity and solemnity of tone, than in prose or rhyming verse.

What is meant by quantity, is taking nearly double the time in utterance, and with much more proximity to the sublime in blank verse, than in prose or rhyming verse, and continually bearing in mind the slight suspensive pause, that is, keeping up the voice, until the period or full sense be arrived at.

Perhaps it may here be necessary to say more upon a subject, to the judicious use of which, all perfect, forcible, and elegant reading, and speaking owe so much.

In giving proper quantity, not only the accented and unaccented vowels must have their full, round, due proportion of sound, but the consonants also, and every word, syllable, and letter, should have its proper articulate sound accorded to it.

The sublime passages of scripture ought to be read agreeably to the above directions.

The following example will sufficiently elucidate the propriety of keeping up the voice until the sense be completed, and the period arrived at.

"These are thy gloriqus works, Parent of good,  
Almighty, thine this universal frame,  
Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wond'rous then!  
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heav'ns  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare  
Thy goodness, beyond thought, and pow'r divine.

MILTON'S MORNING HYMN.

## SUGGESTIONS

TO

### INSTRUCTERS OF THE ART OF ELOCUTION

---

Those who wish to receive and impart the advantages derivable from the author's essay, the system by which he gives instruction, will please strictly to adhere to the following directions. Let the preceptor divide his classes in ten for each class, and meeting the ten, take up the first rule, or head, reading aloud the first sentence himself, and causing the first member of the class to repeat the same, and so on, until master and pupil have read the whole rule; so let him proceed with the rest of the class until the rule be gone through by all. Then let him take up the second head, following the above plan.

There are great advantages to be obtained by this method, which originated with the author. The first is, the pupil, without the drudgery of committing to memory, may become perfectly master of the two rules and their illustrations, before he leaves the class room. The second is, that by causing each member to read the same rule, twenty lessons are obtained in one meeting of the classes, for B. hears the errors of A. corrected; C. those of A. and B., and so on, until all derive the full advantage of the plan.

The master should, from the commencement, impress upon his pupils the indispensable necessity of using quantity. It not only imparts fullness to pronunciation, but also corrects one of the worst errors in readers for

speakers, which is precipitancy of utterance. The scriptures ought frequently to be resorted to not only for the purpose of laying a solid foundation for the well doing of the pupil, but as affording some of the most admirable and sublime passages within the scope of human observation.

## SELECT SENTENCES.

---

The whole universe is your library ; conversation living studies ; and remarks upon them are your best tutors.

Learning is the temperance of youth, the comfort of old age, and the only sure guide to honor and preferment.

Quintilian recommends to all parents the timely education of their children, advising to train them up in learning, good manners, and virtuous exercises, since we commonly retain those things in age, which we entertained in our youth.

The great business of a man is to improve his mind and govern his manners.

Aristotle says, that to become an able man in any profession whatever, three things are necessary, which are, nature, study and practice.

To endure present evils with patience, and wait for expected good with long suffering, is equally the part of the christian and the hero.

Rise from table with an appetite, and you will not be like to sit down without one.

He that covereth a transgression, procureth love ; but he that repeateth a matter, separateth very friends.

It is virtue that makes the mind invincible, and places us out of the reach of fortune, though not out of the malice of it. When Zeno was told that all his goods were destroyed, why then, said he, fortune hath a mind to make me a philosopher : nothing can be above him that is above fortune ; no infelicity can make a wise man quit his ground.

Adversity, overcome, is the highest glory ; and willingly undergone, the greatest virtue ; sufferings are but the trials of gallant spirits.

If you will have a constant vigorous health, a perpetual spring of youth, use temperance.

It is the glory of a man that hath abundance, to live as reason, not as appetite directs.

It is a Spanish maxim—he who loses wealth, loseth much ; he who loseth a friend, loseth more ; but he that loseth his spirits, loseth all.

The discretion of a man deferreth his anger, and it is his glory to pass by a transgression.

Of all passions there is none so extravagant and outrageous as that of anger ; other passions solicit and mislead us, but this runs away with us by force, hurries us, as well to our own, as to another's ruin : it falls many times upon the wrong person, and discharges itself upon the innocent instead of the guilty. It spares neither friend nor foe, but tears all to pieces, and casts human nature into a perpetual state of warfare.

Anger may glance into the breast of a wise man, but rests only in the bosom of fools.

Pride is an abomination in the sight of God, and the judgment is just upon us, when the subject of our vanity becomes the occasion of our ruin.

There is no passion so universal, or steals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers itself under more disguises, than pride ; and yet at the same time, there is not any single view of human nature, under its present condition, which is not sufficient to extinguish in us all the secret seeds of pride, and, on the contrary, to sink the soul into the lowest state of humility.

A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live contentedly with.

Nature bids me love myself, and hate all that hurt me ; reason bids me love my friend, and hate those that envy me : religion bids me love all, and hate none, and overcome evil with good.

There is no man so contemptible, but who in distress,

requires pity. It is inhuman to be altogether insensible of another's misery.

Envy is fixed only on merit ; and like a sore eye, is offended with every thing that is bright.

If we knew how little others enjoy, it would rescue the world from one sin—there would be no such thing as envy upon earth.

Never employ yourself to discern the faults of others, but be careful to mend and prevent your own.

There is an odious spirit in many persons, who are better pleased to detect a fault, than commend a virtue.

The worthiest people are most injured by slanderers; as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

A wise man, said Seneca, is provided for occurrences of any kind ; the good he manages, the bad he vanquishes ; in prosperity he betrays no presumption, in adversity he feels no despondency.

A man cannot be truly happy here, without a well grounded hope of being happy hereafter.

If some are refined, like gold, in the furnace of affliction, there are many more that, like chaff, are consumed in it. Sorrow, when it is excessive, takes away fervor from piety, vigor from action, health from the body, light from reason, and repose from the conscience.

The expectation of future happiness is the best relief of anxious thoughts, the most perfect cure of melancholy, the guide of life, and the comfort of death.

Fear unruly passions more than the arrows of an enemy, and the slavery of them more than the fetters of a conqueror.

If you be naturally disposed to anger, frequent the company of the patient ; by this means, without any labour, you will attain a fit temper ; for conversation is of great moment ; manners, humours, nay opinions, are thereby insensibly communicated.

It is more prudent to pass by trivial offences, than to quarrel for them ; by the last you are even with your adversary, but by the first above him.



Passion is a sort of fever in the mind, which always leaves us weaker than it found us.

Conquer your passions : it will be more glorious for you to triumph over your own heart, than it would be to take a citadel.

Defile not your mouth with swearing ; neither use yourself to the naming of the Holy One.

He is wealthy enough that wanteth not—he is great enough that is his own master—he is happy enough that lives, to die well. Other things I will not care for, says Judge Hale, nor too much for these, save only for the last, which alone can admit of no immoderation.

Restrain yourself from being too fiery and flaming in matters of argument. Truth often suffers more from the heat of its defenders, than from the argument of its opposers. And nothing does reason more right, than the coolness of those that offer it.

True quietness of heart is got by resisting our passions, not by obeying them.

The love of God and of the world are two different things ; if the love of this world dwell in you, the love of God forsakes you ; renounce that, and receive this ; it is fit the more noble love should have the best place and acceptance.

The holy spirit is an antidote against seven poisons : it is wisdom against folly ; quickness of apprehension against dullness ; faithfulness of memory against forgetfulness ; fortitude against fear ; knowledge against ignorance ; piety against profaneness ; and humility against pride.

Good breeding is the result of much good sense, some good nature and a little self-denial for the sake of others, with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.

To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast ! Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is—a devil. Oh ! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains !

OBSERVATIONS  
ON THE  
CAUSES OF BAD READING AND SPEAKING.

---

*Too slightly sounding the accented Vowels.*

One of the general faults in reading or speaking, is a short, slight, mincing pronunciation of the accented vowels, instead of that bold, round, mellow tone which forms the basis of good reading and speaking. The vowels which should especially be attended to are *a* and *o*; *e* is the most slender of all the vowels, and *i* and *u* are diphthongs which terminate in slender sounds, and do not afford a sufficient quantity to fill the ear, but *a* in all its sounds in bare, bar, war, father and water, has a bold, full sound, which the ear dwells upon with pleasure. The sound of *o* likewise, when lengthened by *e* final, as in tone, or ending a syllable, as in noble, may be prolonged with great satisfaction to the ear. It is to a judicious elongation of the sound of these vowels that pronunciation owes one of its greatest beauties.

*Too slightly sounding the unaccented Vowels.*

There is an incorrect pronunciation of the letter *u* when it ends a syllable not under the accent, which not only prevails amongst the vulgar, but is sometimes found in better society, and that is, giving it a sound which confounds it with vowels of a very different nature, Thus we hear singular, regular, and particular, prob-

nounced as if written, sing-e-lar, reg-e-lar, and partick-e-lar. Nothing tends to vulgarize pronunciation more than this short sound of the unaccented *u*. Those who wish to pronounce with elegance, must be particularly attentive to the unaccented vowels, as their correct pronunciation forms one of the great beauties of reading or speaking.

The other vowels when unaccented, are liable to nearly the same indistinctness as the *u*. The first *e* in event, the first *o* in opinion, and the *i* in insensible, terrible, are apt to go into a sound approaching the short *u*, as if written uvent, upinion, sensubble, terruble, while proper pronunciation requires these vowels to be heard distinctly as when under the accent.

The *e* in event, should be pronounced as the *e* in equal, the *o* in opinion, as that in open, the *i* in the unaccented termination, ible, ity, and at the end of other syllables not under the accent, ought to have the sound of *e*, and this sound to be preserved distinct and pure as if written sen-se-ble, ter-re-ble, de-ver-sety, u-ne-ver-sety.

*Wavering pronunciation of Vowels under the secondary accent.*

The secondary accent, is the laying a stress on another syllable independently of that which has the chief accent upon it, in order to enable us to pronounce every part of the word distinctly, forcibly, and harmoniously. This accent is on the first syllable of conversation, commendation, the principal accent being on the third syllable.

*The liquid sound of k, c or g hard before the Vowels a and i.*

There is a liquid sound of these consonants before the vowels *a* and *i*, which gives a smooth and euphonious sound to the words in which they occur, and which distinguishes polite from vulgar pronunciation.

This pronunciation is as if the *a* and *i* were preceded by *e*. Thus, kind is sounded as if written ke-ind, card

as ke-ard, and regard as regeard. The words which require this liquid sound in the *k*, *c* and *g* hard, are sky, kind, guide, gird, girt, girl, guise, guile; card, cart, carp, carpenter, carpet, carve, carbuncle, carnal, cartridge, guard and regard: these and their compounds are perhaps the only words where this sound occurs, but these words are in such continual use as to distinguish the correct from the incorrect speaker.

Polite speakers pronounce educate as if written ed-u-cate, virtue as verchew, verdure as ver-dure, Indian as Indean, odious as odeous, and insidious as insideous.

The suppressing the sound of the final consonants, is a GREAT ERROR IN READING OR SPEAKING.

The word and is frequently pronounced like the article an, both before a vowel and a consonant, as "Both men and money are wanting to carry on the war," we hear pronounced as if written, both men an money are wanting to carry on the war. It is even worse when followed by a vowel, particularly the vowel *a*, followed by *n*. We often hear, "a subject is carried on by question and answer," as if written, a subject is carried on by question an answer, and, "he made his meal of an apple and an egg," as if written, he made his meal of an apple an an egg. The best method is to sound the *d* always in and. The sound of *f*, when final, is liable to the same suppression when a consonant begins the succeeding word, particularly the *th*. We frequently hear "the want of men is occasioned by the want of money," pronounced, the want o' men is occasioned by the want o' money, and "I spoke of the man who told me of the woman you mentioned," as if written, I spoke o' the man who told me o' the woman you mentioned.

### *The sounding of the letter R.*

The letter R has two sounds, the rough or rolling, and the soft or smooth sound.

The rough *r* is formed by jarring the tip of the tongue against the roof of the mouth, near to the fore teeth; the smooth *r* is a vibration of the lower part of the tongue

near the root, against the inward region of the palate, as close to each other as possible without coming in contact.

The first *r* is proper at the beginning, and the second in the middle or at the end of words. The *r* in *bar*, *bard*, *card*, and *regard*, is pronounced so much in the throat as to be little more than the Italian *a* in *father*. We may give full force to this letter at the beginning of a word, without producing any harshness to the ear, thus *Rome*, *river*, *rage*, may have the full forcible sound of *r*, but *bar*, *bard*, *card* and *regard*, should be pronounced as above mentioned, soft as possible.

*Pronouncing S indistinctly after St.*

The letter *S*, after *St*, from the difficulty of its pronunciation, is often sounded indistinctly. This is to be avoided by letting the *t* be heard distinctly between the two hissing letters. For the acquisition of this sound, it will be proper to select nouns which end in *st*, or *ste*, form them into plurals and pronounce them forcibly and distinctly until the bad habit be thrown off. The same may be observed of the third person of verbs, ending in *sts* or *stes*, as *persists*, *wastes*, *pastes*.

*Not sounding the H where it ought to be sounded, and the reverse.*

The Cocknies generally say *art* for *heart*, and *harm* for *arm*. This is a vice similar to pronouncing the *V* for the *W*, and the *W* for the *V*, and requires a like method of correction. See head Pronunciation of this essay.

In the following words the *H* is silent: *heir*, *heirress*, *herb*, *herbage*, *honest*, *honesty*, *honestly*, *honor*, *honorable*, *honorably*, *hostler*, *hour*, *hourly*, *humble*, *humbly*, *humblest*, *humor*, *humorist*, *humorously*, *humorsome*. The *H* should have its full sound in the word *hospital*.

The author differs from one of our most distinguished orthoepists as to the pronunciation of the words *for*, *from*, and *by*. These words should always have their

single and full sounds, Mr. Walker holds that we may say, "I delivered him from the danger he was in." It should be, I delivered him from, as if pronounced *fraum* the danger he was in. He says, "I wrote to a friend *fur* his advice." It should be pronounced as if written *faur* his advice. He also asserts that we may say, "He died *be* his own hands, or he died by his own hands," This word should never be pronounced otherwise than as if written *buy*.

*Examples in proof.*

"For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead."

How could we reconcile our ears to—

"For since be man came death, be man came also the resurrection of the dead."

Although the author frequently differs from Mr. Walker's pronunciation, yet he considers his dictionary as the best authority for the pronunciation of our language.

The writer would be wanting in justice to the memory of a great and good man, were he to remain silent in a book like this, upon the subject of his stupendous work.

Noah Webster has bequeathed to his country and to posterity, a mighty and imperishable monument of his herculean labors, of his untiring industry, and of his extensive learning.

Mr. Webster's Dictionary is unquestionably the best in the English language, but like that of Doctor Samuel Johnson, it is not an authority for pronunciation.

*Observations on the Pronunciation of certain words, frequently mistaken in Reading and Speaking.*

The particular termination *ed*, should never be pronounced as a distinct syllable, unless preceded by *d* or *t*, except in the language of scripture. One distinction seems to be admitted between some adjectives and

participles, which is pronouncing the ed in an additional syllable in the former, and sinking it in the latter. Thus when learned, cursed, blessed, and winged, are adjectives, the ed is invariably pronounced as a distinct syllable, but when participles, as learn'd, curs'd, bless'd, and wing'd, the ed does not form a distinct syllable. Poetry assumes the privilege of using these adjectives either way, but correct prose rigidly exacts the pronunciation of ed in these words, when adjectives, as a distinct syllable. The ed in aged always forms a distinct syllable, as "an aged man," but when this word is compounded with another, the ed does not form a distinct syllable, as "a full ag'd horse."

When adjectives are changed into adverbs, by the addition of the termination ly, we often find the participle ed preserved long and distinct; even in those very words where it was contracted, when used adjectively. Thus though we always hear confess'd, profess'd, design'd, &c., &c., we as constantly hear confessedly, professedly, designedly. The same may be observed of the only words in the language, in which the ed is pronounced as a distinct syllable in the adverb, where it is contracted in the participial adjective. Forcedly, enforcedly, unveiledly, deformedly, feignedly, unfeignedly, designedly, resignedly, restrainedly, refinedly, unconcernedly, undiscernedly, preparedly, assuredly, advisedly, composedly, dispersedly, diffusedly, confusedly, unperceivedly, resolvedly, deservedly, undeservedly, reservedly, unreservedly, avowedly, perplexedly, fixedly, amazedly, forkedly.

*When you is to be pronounced like ye, and my like me.*

You and my, when they are contradistinguished from other pronouns, consequently emphatical, are always pronounced with their full open sound, you, my. When they are subordinate words in a sentence, and are not emphatic, they are pronounced ye and me. *Example*—"You told him all the truth," Here the word you is a nominative case, and consequently must be pronounced full, so as to rhyme with new. Again, "He told you

before he told *anybody else*." The word *you* is in the oblique case, or comes after the word denoting action, but as it is emphatical by being contradistinguished from any body else, it preserves its full open sound as before. But in this sentence, "though he told you he had no right to tell you," here the pronoun *you* is in the oblique case, or follows the word denoting action, and, having no distinctive emphasis, invariably falls into the sound of *ye*, as if written, "though he told ye, he had no right to tell ye."

The same observations hold good with respect to the pronoun *my*. If I were to say, "my pen is as bad as my paper," I should necessarily pronounce *my* like *me*, as *pen* and *paper* are the emphatic words, but if I were to say *my* pen is worse than *yours*, here *my* is in antithesis with *yours*, consequently must be pronounced full, so as to rhyme with *high*, *nigh*, &c.

The word *your*, when emphatic, is always pronounced full and open, as *ewer*; for example, "the moment I had read your letter, I sat down to write mine," but when not emphatical, it sinks into *yur*, as the last syllable of lawyer. *Example*—"I had just answered your *first* letter as your *last* arrived;" on the contrary, if I were to say, I had just answered your first letter as your last arrived, with your sounded like *ewer*, every correct ear would be offended. *Your* must always be pronounced *yur*, when it is used to signify any particular species of persons or things. *Example*—"Your merchant, your tradesman, your mechanic, and your farmer, are valuable citizens and useful members of society; but your dandy is an animal of the nondescript genus, a mere excrescence upon the face of nature, and useless to all."

*When of, for, from and by are to have a long, and when a short sound.*

A distinction seems to have taken place in the pronunciation of the preposition *of*. The consonant of this word is almost invariably pronounced like the consonant *V*, and when the word does not come before some of the



pronouns at the end of a sentence, or member of a sentence, we sometimes permit the vowel *o* to slide into the sound of the vowel *u*; and the word may be said to rhyme with love, dove, &c. &c. Thus in the couplet in the tragedy of the Fair Penitent,

"Of all the various wretches love has made,  
How few we find by men of sense betray'd."

The two *ofs* in this couplet we see, may, without departure from propriety, be pronounced as if written *uv*, rhyming with dove, &c. &c.; but when it, him, her or them, or any other personal pronoun follows of, either in the middle or at the end of a sentence, it must be pronounced as when rhyming with the first syllable of nov-el, hov-el.

*How to pronounce the possessive pronoun—thy.*

If the language be elevated, the word *thy*, should have its full sound, rhyming, with high, as in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book 1st.

"Say first, for heav'n hides nothing from thy view,  
Nor the deep tract of hell——."

Here pronouncing the pronoun *thy*, like the word *thee*, would familiarize the language and destroy the dignity of the subject. On the contrary, if the subject be familiar and void of dignity, the personal pronoun should be pronounced like *thee*. Example—as if addressing a friend :

"Give me *thee* hand."

*How to pronounce the adjective possessive pronoun—mine.*

This word may be called an adjective, possessive when used before a substantive, as it constantly is in Scripture when the substantive begins with a vowel, as, "Mine eyes have seen thy salvation," and a substantive possessive, when it stands alone, as "This book is mine." In Scripture, the *i* in this word should have its long sound as in the substantive. In authors where dignity and sublimity do not occur, the full sound

would appear stiff and pedantic. Example—"Me thought close at mine ear one called me forth to walk." Here *mine* should be pronounced *min*. Again, in the Tragedy of Hamlet:

"Sleeping within mine orchard,  
My custom always in the afternoon,  
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,  
With juice of cursed hebenon in a phial,  
And in the porches of mine ears did pour the leprous distil-  
ment."

Here also the word *mine*, should be pronounced *min*. The pronunciation of the English language has undergone great changes, and much for the better, since the days of Shakspeare and of Milton. Therefore, modern language should substitute the word *my*, pronounced *me*, instead of the mincing word, *min*.

*The indistinct sound of the word—not.*

This word ought never be pronounced in the slight and slovenly manner, as if we said *nut*, instead of *not*. Although the word *not* should never be *emphasized*, but when antithetical, yet it should always have the distinct sound of *not*—as, "I am not well."

The contraction of negative phrases, "can't, shan't, don't, should never appear in print, or even in correct conversation.

*How to pronounce the participial termination—ing.*

The termination *ing*, should never be sounded with the omission of the *g*, but always fully; for instance, singing, bringing and swinging, ought never to be pronounced singin, bringin, and swingin; nor writing, reading, and speaking, as, writin, readin, and speakin. None but imperfect speakers neglect the observance of the above termination indeed, the neglect of it is a mark of vulgarity.

*On the pronunciation of the word—to.*

The word *to*, in loose and frivolous conversation is

frequently suffered to dwindle into *te*, as, "I spoke to you about it long ago." This pronunciation is incorrect; the word *to*, should invariably have its full sound, as if written two. The other dandified method, if I may be allowed the expression, used by the higher order of young fashionables in England, has done much to injure the pronunciation of our language.

## ELOQUENCE OF RELIGION.

---

### THE SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men. Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid: Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do, and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven. For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven.

Ye have heard it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment. But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment; and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council; but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire. Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift. Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery: but I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart. And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and

not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. It hath been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement : but I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery : and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.

Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths : but I say unto you, Swearn not at all : neither by heaven, for it is God's throne : nor by the earth, for it is his footstool : neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King : neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black : but let your communication be Yea, yea ; Nay, nay : for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth : but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil ; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy : But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you ; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven ; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye ? do not even the publicans the same ? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others ? do not even the publicans so ? Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to

be seen of them ; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore, when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do, in the synagogues, and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth : that thine alms may be in secret ; and thy Father which seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly.

And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are : for they love to pray standing in the synagogues, and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet ; and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret : and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly. But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do ; for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them ; for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him. After this manner therefore pray ye : Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation ; but deliver us from evil ; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever. Amen.

For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you ; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

Moreover, when ye fast, be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance ; for they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head and wash thy face ; that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret : and thy Father which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!

No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought, can add one cubit unto his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? for after all these things do the Gentiles seek; for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what



judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged : and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye ? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye ; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye ? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye ; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.

Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you : for every one that asketh, receiveth ; and he that seeketh, findeth ; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, whom, if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone ? or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent ? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him ? Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them : for this is the law and the prophets.

Enter ye in at the strait gate ; for wide is the gate and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat : because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles ? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit ; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall

enter into the kingdom of heaven ; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name ? and in thy name have cast out devils ? and in thy name done many wonderful works ? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you : depart from me, ye that work iniquity.

Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock ; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house ; and it fell not : for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand : and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house ; and it fell : and great was the fall of it.

And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine : for he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes.

---

#### I. CORINTHIANS, XV. CHAPTER.

Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand ; by which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures ; and that he was buried, and that he arose again the third day, according to the scriptures ; and that he was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve. After that he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once ; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep : after that he was seen of James ; then of all the apostles ; and last of all he was seen of me also,

as of one born out of due time. For I am the least of the apostles, that I am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God. But by the grace of God I am what I am ; and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain ; but I laboured more abundantly than they all : yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me. Therefore, whether it were I or they, so we preach, and so ye believed. Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead ? But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen. And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God ; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ : whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not. For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised : and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain ; ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order : Christ the first fruits ; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming. Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom of God, even the Father ; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority, and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. For he hath put all things under his feet. But when he saith, all things are put under him, it is manifest that he is excepted which did put all things under him. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all. Else what shall they do which are baptised for the dead, if the dead rise not at all ? why are

they then baptized for the dead? and why stand we in jeopardy every hour? I protest by your rejoicing, which I have, in Christ Jesus our Lord, I die daily. If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts, at Ephesus, what advantageth it me if the dead rise not? let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die. Be not deceived; evil communications corrupt good manners. Awake to righteousness, and sin not; for some have not the knowledge of God. I speak this to your shame. But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die. And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain; it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead: it is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul, the last Adam was made a quickening spirit.

Howbeit, that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. Now this I say, brethren, that

flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound; and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

---

#### PAUL'S DEFENCE BEFORE AGRIPPA.

Then Agrippa said unto Paul, thou art permitted to speak for thyself. Then Paul stretched forth the hand, and answered for himself.

I think myself happy, king Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews: especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews: wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently. My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; which knew me from the beginning, if they would testify, that after the most straitest sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand, and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers: unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come: for which hope's

sake, king Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews. Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead? I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Which thing I also did in Jerusalem: and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and, being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities. Whereupon, as I went to Damascus, with authority and commission from the chief priests, at mid-day, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me, and them which journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying, in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And I said, Who art thou, Lord? And he said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me. Whereupon, O king Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision: but shewed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me. Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those

which the prophets and Moses did say should come : that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should shew light unto the people, and to the Gentiles. And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said, with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself ; much learning doth make thee mad. But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus ; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely : for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him ; for this thing was not done in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets ? I know that thou believest. Then Agrippa said unto Paul, almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian. And Paul said, I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds. And when he had thus spoken, the king rose up, and the governor and Bernice, and they that sat with them. And when they were gone aside, they talked between themselves, saying, this man doeth nothing worthy of death, or of bonds. Then said Agrippa unto Festus, this man might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed unto Cæsar.

---

#### EXTRACT FROM XIV. CHAPTER OF JOB.

Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down : he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not. His days are determined, the number of his months are with thee, thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass ; turn from him that he may rest, till he shall accomplish, as an hireling, his day. For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground ; yet

through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man dieth and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

---

#### CHARACTER OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

What a public blessing, what an instrument of the most exalted good, is a virtuous Christian mother! It would require a far other pen than mine to trace the merits of such a character. How many, perhaps, who now hear me, feel that they owe to it all the virtue and piety that adorn them; or may recollect at this moment some saint in heaven, that brought them into light to labor for their happiness, temporal and eternal! No one can be ignorant of the irresistible influence which such a mother possesses, in forming the hearts of her children, at a season when nature takes in lesson and example at every pore. Confined by duty and inclination within the walls of her own house, every hour of her life becomes an hour of instruction; every feature of her conduct a transplanted virtue. Methinks I behold her encircled by her beloved charge, like a being more than human, to which every mind is bent, and every eye directed; the eager simplicity of infancy inhaling from her lips the sacred truths of religion, in adapted phrase and familiar story; the whole rule of their moral and religious duties simplified for easier infusion. The countenance of this fond and anxious parent, all beaming with delight and love, and her eye raised occasionally to heaven in fervent supplication for a blessing on her work. O! what a glorious part does such a woman act on the great theatre of humanity; and how much is that mortal to be pitied, who is not struck with the image of such excellence! When I look to its consequences, direct and remote, I see the plants she has raised and cultivated spreading through the community with the richest increase of fruit. I see her diffusing happiness and virtue through a great portion of the human race. I can fancy generations



yet unborn rising to prove, and to hail her worth. I adore that God who can destine a single human creature to be the stem of such extended and incalculable benefit to the world.

---

#### CHARACTER OF A CHRISTIAN WIFE.

In the character of a wife we find a virtuous woman equally existing for the happiest purposes. Nothing is more true than what the Apostle has asserted, that a christian wife is the salvation of her husband. For surely, if anything can have power to wean a man from evil, it is the living image of all that is perfect, constantly before his eyes, in the person whom, next to God, he must be assured has his present and future felicity most at heart; who joins to the influence of her example the most assiduous attention to please; who knows, from the experience of every hour, where his errors and vices may be assailed with any prospect of success; who is instructed, by the close study of his disposition, when to speak and when to be silent; who watches and distinguishes that gleam of reflection which no eye can perceive but her own; who can fascinate by the mildness and humility of her manner, at the moment she expostulates and reproves; who receives him with smiles and kindness, even when conscience smites him the most with a sense of his neglect and unworthiness; who has always a resource at hand in his difficulties, and tender apologies to relieve him from himself; and a gracious presentiment ever on her lips, that the day will come when he will know how to value the advantages of good conduct, and the unruffled serenity of virtue. Yes, my brethren, the ministry of such a woman is daily found to work the reformation of our sex, when all other resources fail; when neither misfortune, nor shame, nor the counsels of friendship, nor the considerations of hell or heaven have any more effect than the whistling of the elements. How zealous-

ly should we therefore labor to diffuse such characters through the people.

---

#### CHARACTER OF A LIBERTINE.

A man born for the disaster of the sex; whose brutal and ungovernable passions, mastering every sentiment of pity and generosity in his soul, urge him to deeds beyond the very reach of atonement! Nay, the very recollection of which is often so intolerable to himself, as to require the habit of banishing even reason itself, to mitigate the horror of his feelings. And what aggravates beyond expression the enormity of such guilt, is, that where ordinary means are insufficient to the accomplishment of its diabolical purposes, it can veil itself in the deepest hypocrisy; can appeal even to heaven to witness the purity of its intentions; have recourse to the most horrid profanation of vows and promises; steal an artless creature into perfect reliance on its honor; lead her to her fall, as the innocent and unsuspecting lamb is conducted to the sacrifice; riot for a while on the polluted ruin: then leave her, like a tender blossom blasted in its spring, either to droop in silent melancholy to the grave, or rush from despair into the depths of infamy, and revenge her wrongs on the community.

Christians, why is this execrable cast of men so little reprobated in the world? To be formidable and irresistible in this way has ever been a kind of glory. The more public and notorious they are, the more pride in their steps, the more elevated their brows. There are degrees of guilt you would spurn from your presence, and blush to hold the most distant intercourse with. A man convicted, even in mean and dishonorable actions, is avoided like a pestilence. But from what society, what intercourse, what intimacy, is the libertine by profession excluded? To the scandal of all decency, religion and morals, from few. Nay, it would almost seem that the infamous title he bears was no

small recommendation. For what impression does an allusion to his pursuits usually excite but that of merriment and laughter? This goes to confirm and encourage, instead of appalling him; brings complacency into his heart, not the blush of shame into his cheek. When so few turn from him with disgust and horror, has he not a right to conclude that he is engaged in a career which the world approves? And yet what is he in fact but one of the greatest pests a community can be cursed with; whose whole life has no other object but to convert it into a scene of calamity and vice? Who is known to make charity, yes, sacred charity, the pander of his foul appetites; will open his hand with profusion to the necessitous, in order to shut their eyes on the seduction of their children; who respects not rights that are rigorously respected by very barbarians; would dishonor the family of his host or friend with the same indifference that he would that of the meanest of human creatures; and be as ready to meet, that is, to imbrue his hands in the blood of the father or brother of his victim, as he was to destroy the chief source of their pride and happiness forever. Alas! how many unfortunate parents, after the fatal dishonor of a child, have never raised their heads more, nor passed a moment of remaining life, but in counting the pulsations of a broken heart.

No woman ever voluntarily surrendered the blessing of a fair name. The sensitive plant shrinks not more instinctively from the touch, than the nature of woman from defilement. The love and pride of purity are still entwined with her being, and the last breath of virtue ever consecrated to the fair state from which she falls. Often, in the midst of the most thoughtless and headlong course of vice, will the tear of sad recollection steal down into the empoisoned cup. Though, generally, she may be found to evince a detestation of the modest and virtuous part of her sex, it is not, believe me, that happy distinction from which she recoils, but from the objects that too strongly remind her of her own infamy and degradation.

## THE MISER.

Attention to our own concerns can become culpable only, when they so far enslave and engross us, as to leave us neither leisure nor inclination to promote the happiness of our fellow creatures. Then does self-love degenerate into selfishness. This, indeed, is a dark and melancholy transformation of our natural character, and the last term of its abasement. When the light of benevolence is entirely put out, man is reduced to that state of existence, which is disavowed by nature, and abhorred of God! Let one suppose him, I say, but once radically divested of all generous feelings, and entirely involved in himself; it will be impossible to say, what deeds of shame and horror he will not readily commit: in the balance of his perverted judgment, honor, gratitude, friendship, religion, yea, even natural affection, will all be outweighed by interest. The maxim of the Roman satirist will be his rule of life, "money at any rate." If the plain and beaten paths of the world, diligence and frugality, will conduct him to that end, it is well: but if not, rather than fail of his object, I will be bold to say, he will plunge, without scruple or remorse, into the most serpentine labyrinths of fraud and iniquity. Whilst his schemes are unaccomplished, fretfulness and discontent will lower on his brow; when favorable, and even most prosperous, his unslaked and unsatisfied soul still thirsts for more. As he is insensible to the calamities of his fellow creatures, so the greatest torment he can experience, is an application to his charity and compassion. Should he stumble, like the Levite, on some spectacle of woe, he will, like the Levite, hasten to the other side of the way, resist the finest movements of nature, and cling to the demon of inhumanity, as the guardian angel of his happiness. Suppose him, however, under the accidental necessity of listening to the petition of misery; he will endeavour to beat down the evidence of the case by the meanest shifts and evasions; or will cry aloud, as the brutal and insensible Nabal did to the hungry soldiers of David, "Why should I be such a fool, as to

give my flesh, which I have prepared for my shearers, to men that I know not from whence they be?" But, admitting that a remnant of shame may goad him for once to an act of beneficence, so mean and inconsiderable, so unworthy of the great concern would it probably be, that the idol of his soul would appear more distinctly in the very relief he administers, than in the barbarous insensibility which habitually withholds it. Merciful and eternal God! what a passion! And how much ought the power and fascination of that object to be dreaded which can turn the human heart into such a pathless and irreclaimable desert. Irreclaimable, I say; for men inflamed with any other passion, even voluptuousness the most impure and inveterate, are sometimes enlightened and reformed by the ministry of religion, or the sober and deliberate judgment of manhood and experience. But who will say that such a wretch as I have described, in the extremity of selfishness, was ever corrected by any ordinary resource or expedient? Who will say that he is at any time vulnerable by reproach, or, I had almost added, even convertible by grace! No; through every stage and revolution of life he remains invariably the same; or, if any difference, it is only this, that as he advances into the shade of a long evening, he clings closer and closer to the object of his idolatry: and while every other passion lies dead and blasted in his heart, his desire for more pelf increases with renewed eagerness, and he holds by a sinking world with an agonizing grasp, till he drop into the earth with the increased curses of wretchedness on his head, without the tribute of a tear from child or parent, or any inscription on his memory; but that he lived to counteract the distributive justice of Providence, and died without hope or title to a blessed immortality.

---

#### ADVICE TO PARENTS.

If our insensibility to the pressing claims of the rising generation proceed from our corruption, that cor-

ruption has its chief source in the very education we have received. If the people are victims, because absolutely untutored, so are we, because the stress in our education is not laid where it ought to be. Nothing indeed is usually omitted that can fit the youth of both sexes to play a part in the world; the one to climb by their talents; the other to triumph in the wretched circles of vanity by the grace of manners. But a deep and indelible sense of their duty to God, a fixed horror of vice, and noble disdain of folly, where is the parent who thinks sufficiently of inspiring? But admitting that some pains are employed on this head, of what use can they be, if, from their infrequency and langour, they are considered by children rather as a debt paid to custom and routine, than a thing of serious and awful necessity? How shall the superficial tincture of religion and virtue hold against the rising passions of youth? No; when the season of their hurricane comes, what lies merely on the surface of the heart, will be torn up and swept away like chaff before the winds. No; if impressions penetrate not to the very bottom of the soul, are not united with our very being, never shall man resist, for any time, the power of the enemy within, or of the world without. The evidence of this is on every side of us. Besides, of what use are instructions, even assiduously and fervently conveyed, without unceasing vigilance to cut off all danger of corruption? We know, that to relax in this particular but a moment, is sometimes fatal. Remember that our Saviour scarce slumbered when the tempest arose to overwhelm the vessel that bore his disciples. Remember the counsel of the Wise Man, "Never lose sight of what you value, and are in danger of losing." Remember the fate of the unfortunate Dinah, "who went out without being accompanied." What tears the compliance of a moment cost the afflicted Jacob, and what torrents of blood were shed to repair the injury he received. Indefatigable attention then to this point is indispensably necessary. But who at this day, make it a rule never to admit their children

to improper intercourse? How often, on the contrary, are they permitted to pass warm from the lesson of piety and virtue into circles of pleasure and dissipation, where every thing they hear and see tends to enervate the mind and corrupt the heart? It will easily, I believe, be admitted, that the world possesses the secret of making perfect proselytes to vice without giving any direct lessons on the subject; and that many a youth may be thought a saint at home, who is known among his associates as a libertine of the very first hope; and who secretly laughs at the imbecility of his parents, who could rely on theory, and overlook the force of example.

I cannot omit reprobating on this head the too familiar intercourse to which children are admitted with servants. For to say nothing of the coarse and grovelling habits they must consequently imbibe; nothing of those arrogant, and supercilious notions that are necessarily contracted from being flattered and fawned on; the great danger is, that as servants, in general, have not been blessed with the advantage of education, and are under no sort of restraint, but what arises merely from the dread of dismissal, they will often utter language, and betray principles, that sink deep into the recollection of young minds, and naturally produce the most deplorable effects.

I would remind parents, how infinite are the qualities necessary to succeed in seducing, I may say, the understanding and the hearts of children to the knowledge and love of virtue. There should be tenderness to engage their affection; bounty to attract their confidence; gravity to draw their respect; authority to hold them in submission; affability to render their dependence amiable; severity that has nothing revolting; compliance that has nothing base; mildness that knows how to forgive; firmness that can punish and repress; wisdom that can sometimes dissemble, and seem ignorant of what it sees; deep attention to discover their ruling passions; attention, if possible, still more deep, to counteract them, and yet conceal the discovery; in fine,

almost as many forms of proceeding as there are children to educate; for as every plant requires not the same kind of culture, so, what would be useful in forming the mind of one child, would be dangerous, or even fatal in forming that of another. But where are the parents who would know themselves in this representation? Sensible they may be of its justice, but such a tax on their time and attention, is found incompatible with their ordinary pursuits; incompatible with a life of pleasure; of tranquility and repose. What is the consequence? Why in the little they may do to forward this great work, they fall into a thousand errors; being directed more by humor and impatience, than by sound and serious reflection.

Some are even brutal to excess in the treatment of their children; converting an occupation in which tenderness and insinuation should take the lead, into a system of downright persecution. When called on to reprehend, they do it in words of wormwood and gall. When forced to approve, their manner is cold and discouraging. They neither do justice to the virtues, nor can forgive the weakness of youth. No entreaties can mollify, no tears disarm them. Their families are the region of eternal tempests, where nothing is heard but the moans of the oppressed, and the bellow of the tyrant. The unhappy victims may be truly said to feed on the bread of tears and wretchedness. They consider their parents as the most cruel enemies; loathe and detest their precepts; and never can be induced to consider that virtue amiable which is recommended in accents of terror, and enforced by insupportable authority.

Hence the most ardent longing for emancipation. Hence do the youth of one sex plunge early and openly into vice, more, perhaps, from rage against their persecutors, than from natural inclination; and those of the other, often at the tenderest age, fly into the arms of the first man who offers to be their deliverer; form unequal and inglorious matches; or become victims of a far more deplorable misfortune.

There may be, however, and often is, a defect in the



conduct of parents, of a nature the very opposite ; namely, that of loving their children too much, or, more properly speaking, to their ruin. "He that spareth the rod," saith the Wise Man, "hateth his son : but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." Dreadful are the consequences of that blind affection which will see no fault in a child, and suffer all the untoward propensities of his nature to grow up and strengthen from the fear of afflicting them by control.

It is not uncommon to see such spoiled children, if I may use a received expression, treating even their too indulgent parents with habitual insolence and disrespect ; starting into ungovernable sallies of rage at the slightest opposition to their will ; become absolute pests, not only in their own families, but wherever they are admitted ; and betraying, on all occasions, such sinister propensities as should make parents tremble for their future happiness.

But what must we think, when, as they advance in years, their vices and irregularities are overlooked from the same principle ? When parents are found to treat the most notorious profligacy with unabated familiarity and affection ; nay, frequently listen with smiles and complacency to the history of the most scandalous freaks and excesses !

Great God, with what justice shall such children, at the close of an unhappy life, descending perhaps into the grave covered with abominations, and despairing of futurity, pour burning curses on the heads of those who might have prevented so dreadful a catastrophe, by loving them as they ought to have loved !

My friends, we are invested by nature and religion with a kind of sovereign authority over our children. Let us use it with tender reluctance on all occasions ; but when necessary, with inflexible justice. Nothing should stand between us and this most sacred duty.

Another capital error to which parents are liable, is, not so much the feeling, as the betraying, a greater regard for one child than another. Did such a distinction arise from a difference in their deserts, it might be jus-

tified, as going to promote a spirit of emulation in good conduct ; but founded generally on pure caprice, or some quality merely extrinsic, and often too in favor of the most unworthy, I need not observe, that it is as opposite to reason, as it is irreconcilable with the principles of religion and the impartiality of nature ; besides that it invariably goes to excite the worst passions in the breasts of children. For they who are forced into the shade, delivered over to the most mortifying neglect, to make room for the monopoly of one, will feel it to the quick ; will burn with implacable hatred and resentment against the favorite ; and be impelled to despise, if not detest, the parent who is capable of such manifest injustice. Nor is it out of experience to say, that a strong and bitter recollection of that injustice is sometimes preserved far beyond the season of youth ; and that parents have looked in vain for that filial affection and duty which they once took no pains to foment, or rather labored indirectly to extinguish.

The last obstacle to success in this cause, and one absolutely insuperable, is the want of edifying deportment in parents. Where this is wanting, all other efforts are but solemn mockery. It is the strangest abuse of common sense, to suppose children will retain lessons of religion and virtue, whatever solemnity may be used to infix them, when they have hourly before their eyes so great a contradiction, as a dissipated or vicious example in the very person of their instructor. A debauched father may indeed compose a serious face, and speak to his son in sentences on his duty to God, and the debasement of being mastered by his passions ; or a woman of the world may read, for mere variety, a lecture to her daughter on the advantages of modesty, reserve and retirement. But what effect will either produce, but a manifest impatience of, or a suppressed contempt for such barefaced effrontery ? But again, with what indignation shall we think of those who use no effort whatsoever to weaken the effect of their conduct ; but train up their children openly and directly to vice and irreligion ; sporting in their presence with the most sa

cred things ; holding language avowedly or transparently obscene ; pressing on their hearts a most irritable sense of the slightest injury or insult ; recommending, nay, consecrating the sanguinary rules of modern honor ; implanting an ardent thirst of riches and exclusive ambition of human glory ; just as if their object was to spare the devil, the world, and the flesh, the trouble of seducing them at a future day ; as if, not content with being personally impious and abandoned, they would perpetuate their crimes and impiety in a guilty race ; and, from the bottom of the tomb, continue to insult heaven and earth in the persons of their children, when no longer in a capacity of doing so themselves ? If such parents tremble not at the thought of thy vengeance, O just and righteous God ! what minister of iniquity can have cause to tremble ? Let those who are parents among us reflect on this awful and too intelligible sentence, " their blood will I require at your hands." Their blood ! If such be the language of God himself, dreadfully forewarning them, better, far better, they had never been born, than do the work of Satan in the very bosom of their families ; and, contrary to the loud cry of nature, deliberately plunge their children in an abyss temporal and everlasting.

## **ELOQUENCE OF THE BAR.**

---

### **THE CAUSE OF THE KING**

#### **AGAINST THE**

### **HONOURABLE MR. JUSTICE JOHNSON.**

**MY LORDS— :**

It has fallen to my lot, either fortunately or unfortunately, as the event may be, to rise as counsel for my client on this most important and momentous occasion. I appear before you, my lords, in consequence of a writ issued by his majesty, commanding that cause be shown to this, his court, why his subject has been deprived of his liberty, and upon the cause shown in obedience to this writ, it is my duty to address you on the most awful question, if awfulness be to be judged by consequences and events, on which you have been ever called upon to decide. Sorry am I that the task has not been confided to more adequate powers ; but, feeble as they are, they will at least not shrink from it—I move you therefore, that Mr. Justice Johnson be released from illegal imprisonment.

I cannot but observe the sort of scenic preparation with which this sad drama is sought to be brought forward. In part I approve it ; in part it excites my disgust and indignation. I am glad to find that the attorney and solicitor generals, the natural and official prosecutors for the state, do not appear ; and I infer from their absence, that his excellency the lord lieutenant, disclaims any personal concern in this execrable transaction. I think it does him much honour ; it is a conduct that equally agrees with the dignity of his character, and the feelings of his heart. To his private virtues, whenever he is left to their influence, I willingly concur in

giving the most unqualified tribute of respect. And I do firmly believe, it is, with no small regret that he even suffers his name to be formally made use of, in avowing for a return of one of the judges of the land with as much difference and *nonchalance* as if he were a beast of the plough. I observe, too, the dead silence into which the public is frowned by authority for the sad occasion. No man dares to mutter; no newspaper dares to whisper that such a question is afloat. It seems an inquiry among the tombs, or rather in the shades beyond them.

*Ibant sola sub nocte per umbram.*

I am glad it is so—I am glad of this factitious dumbness: for if murmurs dared to become audible, my voice would be too feeble to drown them; but when all is hushed—when nature sleeps—

*Cum quies mortalibus agris,*

The weakest voice is heard—the shepherd's whistle shoots across the listening darkness of the interminable heath, and gives notice that the wolf is upon his walk, and the same gloom and stillness that tempt the monster to come abroad, facilitate the communication of the warning to beware. Yes, through that silence the voice shall be heard; yes, through that silence the shepherd shall be put upon his guard; yes, through that silence shall the felon savage be chased into the toil. My lords, I feel myself cheered and impressed by the composed and dignified attention with which I see you are disposed to hear me on the most important question that has ever been subjected to your consideration; the most important to the dearest rights of the human being; the most deeply interesting and animating that can beat in his heart, or burn upon his tongue.—Oh! how recreating is it to feel that occasions may arise in which the soul of man may reassume her pretensions; in which she hears the voice of nature whisper to her,

*as homini sublimè dedicatumque tueri*; in which even I can look up with calm security to the court, and down with the most profound contempt upon the reptile I mean to tread upon! I say reptile; because when the proudest man in society becomes so the dupe of his childish malice, as to wish to inflict on the object of his vengeance, the poison of his sting, to do a reptile's work, he must shrink into a reptile's dimension; and so shrunk, the only way to assail him is to tread upon him. But to the subject:—this writ of *habeas corpus*, has had a return. That return states, that Lord Ellenborough, chief justice of England, issued a warrant reciting the foundation of this dismal transaction: that one of the clerks of the crown-office had certified to him that an indictment had been found at Westminster, charging the Hon. Robert Johnson, late of Westminster, one of the justices of his majesty's court of common pleas in Ireland, with the publication of certain slanderous libels against the government of that country; against the person of his excellency Lord Hardwicke, lord lieutenant of that country; against the person of lord Redesdale, the chancellor of Ireland; and against the person of Mr. Justice Osborne, one of the justices of the court of King's Bench in Ireland. One of the clerks of the crown-office, it seems, certified all this to his lordship. How many of those there are, or who they are, or which of them so certified, we cannot presume to guess, because the learned and noble lord is silent as to those circumstances. We are only informed that one of them made that important communication to his lordship. It puts me in mind of the information given to one of Fielding's justices.

"Did not," says his worship's wife, "the man with the wallet make his *fidary* that you was a *vagran*?" I suppose it was some such petty bag officer who gave Lord Ellenborough to understand that Mr. Justice Johnson was indicted. And being thus given to understand and be informed, he issued his warrant to a gentleman, no doubt of great respectability, a Mr. Williams, his tipstaff, to take the body of Mr. Justice Johnson and

bring him before a magistrate, for the purpose of giving bail to appear within the first eight days of this term, so that there might be a trial within the sittings after; and if, by the blessing of God, he should be convicted; then to appear on the return of the *postea*, to be dealt with according to law.

Perhaps it may be a question for you to decide, whether that warrant, such as it may be, is not now absolutely spent; and, if not, how a man can contrive to be hereafter in England on a day that is past? And high as the opinion may be in England of Irish understanding, it will be something beyond even Irish exactness, to bind him to appear in England not a fortnight hence, but a fortnight ago. I wish, my lords, we had the art of giving time this retrograde motion. If possessed of the secret, we might possibly be disposed to improve it from fortnights into years.

There is something not incurious in the juxtaposition of signatures. The warrant is signed by the chief justice of all England. In music, the ear is reconciled to strong transitions of key by a preparatory resolution of the intervening discords; but here, alas! there is nothing to break the fall: the august title of *Ellenborough* is followed by the unadorned name of brother Bell, the sponsor of his lordship's warrant. Let me not, however, be suffered to deem lightly of the compeer of the noble and learned lord. Mr. Justice Bell ought to be a lawyer; I remember him myself long a crier, and I knew his credit with the state; he has had a *nolle prosequi*. I see not therefore why it may not fairly be said "*fortunati ambo!*" It appears by this return, that Mr. Justice Bell endorses this bill of lading to another consignee, Mr. Medlicot, a most respectable gentleman; he describes himself upon the warrant, and he gives a delightful specimen of the administration of justice, and the calendar of saints in office: he describes himself a justice and a peace officer—that is, a magistrate, and a catchpole: so that he may receive informations as a justice; if he can write, he may draw them as a clerk; if not, he can execute the warrant as bailiff;

and, if it be a capital offence, you may see the culprit, the justice, the clerk, the bailiff, and the hangman, together in the same cart; and, though he may not write, he may "ride and tie!" What a pity that their journey should not be further continued together! That, as they had been "lovely in their lives, so in their deaths they might not be divided!" I find, my lords, I have undesignedly raised a laugh; never did I less feel merriment.—Let not me be condemned—let not the laugh be mistaken.—Never was Mr. Hume more just than when he says, that, "in many things the extremes are nearer to one another than the means."—Few are those events that are produced by vice and folly, that fire the heart with indignation, that do not also shake the sides with laughter. So when the two famous moralists of old beheld the sad spectacle of life, the one burst into laughter, and the other melted into tears; they were each of them right, and equally right.

*Si credas utrique  
Res sunt humana flebile ludibrium.*

But these laughs are the bitter ireful laughs of honest indignation,—or they are the laughs of hectic melancholy and despair.

It is stated to you, my lords, that these two justices, if justices they are to be called, went to the house of the defendant. I am speaking to judges, but I disdain the paltry insult it would be to them, were I to appeal to any wretched sympathy of situation. I feel I am above it. I know the bench is above it. But I know, too, that there are ranks, and degrees, and decorums to be observed; and if I had a harsh communication to make to a venerable judge, and a similar one to his crier, I should certainly address them in a very different language indeed. A judge of the land, a man not young, of infirm health, has the sanctuary of his habitation broken open by these two persons, who set out with him for the coast, to drag him from his country, to hurry him to a strange land by the "most direct



way!" till the king's writ stopt the malefactors, and left the subject of the king a waif dropt in the pursuit.

Is it for nothing, my lords, I say this? Is it without intention I state the facts in this way? It is with every intention. It is the duty of the public advocate not so to put forward the object of public attention, as that the skeleton only shall appear, without flesh, or feature, or complexion. I mean every thing that ought to be meant in a court of justice. I mean not only that this execrable attempt shall be intelligible to the court as a matter of *law*, but shall be understood by the world as an act of *state*. If advocates had always the honesty and the courage, upon occasions like this, to despise all personal considerations, and to think of no consequence but what may result to the public from the faithful discharge of their sacred trust, these phrenetic projects of power, these atrocious aggressions on the liberty and happiness of men, would not be so often attempted; for, though a certain class of delinquents may be screened from punishment, they cannot be protected from hatred and derision. The great tribunal of reputation will pass its inexorable sentence upon their crimes, their follies, or their incompetency; they will sink themselves under the consciousness of their situation; they will feel the operation of an acid so neutralizing the malignity of their natures, as to make them at least harmless, if it cannot make them honest. Nor is there any thing of risk in the conduct I recommend. If the fire be hot, or the window cold, turn not your back to either; turn your face. So, if you are obliged to arraign the acts of those in high station, approach them not with malice, nor favor, nor fear. Remember, that it is the condition of guilt to tremble, and of honesty to be bold; remember that your false fear can only give them false courage:—that while you nobly avow the cause of truth, you will find her shield an impenetrable protection; and that no attack can be either hazardous or inefficient, if it be just and resolute.—If Nathan had not fortified himself in the boldness and directness of

his charge, he might have been hanged for the malice of his parable.

It is, my lords, in this temper of mind, befitting every advocate who is worthy of the name, deeply and modestly sensible of his duty, and proud of his privilege, equally exalted above the meanness of temporizing or of offending, most averse from the unnecessary infliction of pain upon any man or men whatsoever, that I now address you on a question, the most vitally connected with the liberty and well being of every man within the limits of the British empire; which, if decided one way, he may be a freeman; which, if decided the other, he must be a slave. It is not the Irish nation only that is involved in this question. Every member of the three realms is equally embarked; and would to God all England could listen to what passes here this day! they would regard us with more sympathy and respect, when the proudest Briton saw that his liberty was defended in what he would call a provincial court, and by a provincial advocate. The abstract and general question for your consideration is this: my lord Ellenborough has signed with his own hand a warrant, which has been endorsed by Mr. Bell, an Irish justice, for seizing the person of Mr. Justice Johnson in Ireland, for conveying his person by the most direct way, in such manner as these bailiffs may choose, across the sea, and afterwards to the city of Westminster, to take his trial for an alleged libel against the persons entrusted with the government of Ireland; and to take that trial in a country where the supposed offender did not live at the time of the supposed offence, nor since a period of at least eighteen months previous thereto, has ever resided; where the subject of his accusation is perfectly unknown; where the conduct of his prosecutors, which has been the subject of the supposed libel, is equally unknown; where he has not the power of compelling the attendance of a single witness for his defence. Under that warrant he has been dragged from his family; under that warrant he was on his way to the water's edge:

his transportation has been interrupted by the writ before you, and upon the return of that writ arises the question upon which you are to decide, the legality or illegality of so transporting him for the purpose of trial.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Mr. Curran, after citing various cases in favor of his client, concluded a long and eloquent speech thus:*

Even if it should be my client's fate to be surrendered to his keepers—to be torn from his family—to have his obsequies performed by torch-light—to be carried to a foreign land, and to a strange tribunal, where no witness can attest his innocence, where no voice that he ever heard can be raised in his defence, where he must stand mute, not of his own malice, but the malice of his enemies—yes even so, I see nothing for him to fear—that all-gracious Being that shields the feeble from the oppressor, will fill his heart with hope, and confidence, and courage; his sufferings will be his armour, and his weakness will be his strength; he will find himself in the hands of a brave, a just, and a generous nation—he will find that the bright examples of her Russels and her Sidneys have not been lost to her children; they will behold him with sympathy and respect, and his persecutors with shame and abhorrence; they will feel too, that what is then his situation, may to-morrow be their own—but their first tear will be shed for him, and the second only for themselves—their hearts will melt in his acquittal; they will convey him kindly and fondly to their shore; and he will return in triumph to his country; to the threshold of his sacred home, and to the weeping welcome of his delighted family; he will find that the darkness of a dreary and a lingering night hath at length passed away, and that joy cometh in the morning. No, my lords, I have no fear for the ultimate safety of my client. Even in these very acts of brutal violence that have been committed against him, do I hail the flattering hope of final advantage to him—and not only of final

advantage to him, but of better days and more prosperous fortune for this afflicted country—that country of which I have so often abandoned all hope, and which I have been so often determined to quit for ever.

*Sæpe vale dicto multa sum deinde locutus,  
Et quasi discedens oscula summa dabam,  
Indulgens animo, pes tardus erat.*

But I am reclaimed from that infidel despair—I am satisfied that while a man is suffered to live, it is an intimation from Providence that he has some duty to discharge, which it is mean and criminal to decline; had I been guilty of that ignominious flight, and gone to pine in the obscurity of some distant retreat, even in that grave I should have been haunted by those passions by which my life had been agitated—

*Quæ cura vivos eadem sequitur tellure repostos.*

And, if the transactions of this day had reached me, I feel how my heart would have been agonized by the shame of the desertion; nor would my sufferings have been mitigated by a sense of the feebleness of that aid, or the smallness of that service, which I could render or withdraw. They would have been aggravated by the consciousness that however feeble or worthless they were, I should not have dared to thieve them from my country. I have repented—I have staid—and I am at once rebuked and rewarded by the happier hopes that I now entertain. In the anxious sympathy of the public—in the anxious sympathy of my learned brethren, do I catch the happy presage of a brighter fate for Ireland. They see, that within these sacred walls, the cause of liberty and of man may be pleaded with boldness, and heard with favor. I am satisfied they will never forget the great trust, of which they alone are now the remaining depositaries. While they continue to cultivate a sound and literate philosophy—a mild and tolerating Christianity—and to make both

the sources of a just and liberal, and constitutional jurisprudence, I see every thing for us to hope; into their hands, therefore, with the most affectionate confidence in their virtue, do I commit these precious hopes. Even I may live long enough yet to see the approaching completion, if not the perfect accomplishment of them. Pleased shall I then resign the scene to fitter actors—pleased shall I lay down my wearied head to rest, and say, “Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.”

---

#### FINERTY'S TRIAL.

Let me ask you whether you know of any language which could have adequately described the idea of mercy denied where it ought to have been granted, or of any phrase vigorous enough to convey the indignation which an honest man would have felt upon such a subject? Let me beg of you for a moment to suppose that any one of you had been the writer of this very severe expostulation with the viceroy, and that you had been the witness of the whole progress of this never to be forgotten catastrophe. Let me suppose that you had known the charge upon which Mr. Orr was apprehended, the charge of abjuring that bigotry which had torn and disgraced his country, of pledging himself to restore the people of his country to their place in the constitution, and of binding himself never to be the betrayer of his fellow-laborers in that enterprise; that you had seen him upon that charge removed from his industry and confined in a jail; that through the slow and lingering progress of twelve tedious months, you had seen him confined in a dungeon, shut out from the common use of air and of his own limbs; that day after day you had marked the unhappy captive, cheered by no sound but the cries of his family, or the clanking of his chains; that you had seen him at last brought to his trial; that you had seen the vile and

perjured informer deposing against his life ; that you had seen the drunken, and worn out and terrified jury give in a verdict of death ; that you had seen the same jury, when their returning sobriety had brought back their consciences, prostrate themselves before the humanity of the bench, and pray that the mercy of the crown might save their characters from the reproach of an involuntary crime, their consciences from the torture of eternal self-condemnation, and their souls from the indelible stain of innocent blood.

Let me suppose that you had seen the respite given, and that contrite and honest recommendation transmitted to that seat where mercy was presumed to dwell ; that new, and before unheard of, crimes are discovered against the informer ; that the royal mercy seems to relent, and that a new respite is sent to the prisoner ; that time is taken, as the learned counsel for the crown has expressed it, to see whether mercy *could* be extended or not !—that after that period of lingering deliberation passed, a third respite is transmitted ; that the unhappy captive himself feels the cheering hope of being restored to a family that he had adored, to a character that he had never stained, and to a country that he had ever loved ; that you had seen his wife and children upon their knees, giving those tears to gratitude, which their locked and frozen hearts could not give to anguish and despair, and imploring the blessings of Eternal Providence upon his head, who had graciously spared the father, and restored him to his children ; that you had seen the olive branch sent into his little ark, but no sign that the waters had subsided—“ Alas ! nor wife, nor children more shall he behold, nor friends, nor sacred home ! ” No seraph mercy unbars his dungeon, and leads him forth to light and life, but the minister of death hurries him to the scene of suffering and of shame ; where, unmoved by the hostile array of artillery and armed men collected together, to secure or to insult, or to disturb him, he dies with a solemn declaration of his innocence, and utters his last breath in a prayer for the liberty of his country ! Let

me now ask you, if any of you had addressed the public ear upon so foul and monstrous a subject, in what language would you have conveyed the feelings of horror and indignation? Would you have stooped to the meanness of qualified complaint? Would you have been mean enough—but I entreat your forgiveness—I do not think meanly of you; had I thought so meanly of you, I could not suffer my mind to commune with you as it has done; had I thought you that base and vile instrument, attuned by hope and by fear into discord and falsehood, from whose vulgar string no groan of suffering could vibrate, no voice of integrity or honor could speak; let me honestly tell you I should have scorned to fling my hand across it, I should have left it to a fitter minstrel; if I do not therefore grossly err in my opinion of you, I could use no language upon such a subject as this, that must not lag behind the rapidity of your feelings, and that would not disgrace those feelings, if it attempted to describe them.

Gentlemen, I am not unconscious that the learned counsel for the crown seemed to address you with a confidence of a very different kind; he seemed to expect a kind and respectful sympathy from you with the feelings of the castle, and the griefs of chided authority. Perhaps, gentlemen, he may know you better than I do; if he do, he has spoken to you as he ought; he has been right in telling you, that if the reprobation of this writer is weak, it is because his genius could not make it stronger; he has been right in telling you that his language has not been braided and festooned as elegantly as it might; that he has not pinched the miserable plaits of his phraseology, nor placed his patches and feathers with that correctness of millinery which became so exalted a person. If you agree with him, gentlemen of the jury, if you think that the man who ventures at the hazard of his own life, to rescue from the deep, "the drowned honour of his country," must not presume upon the guilty familiarity of plucking it up by the locks, I have no more to say—do a courteous thing—upright and honest jurors, find a civil and

obliging verdict against the printer!—And when you have done so, march through the ranks of your fellow-citizens to your own homes, and bear their looks as ye pass along: retire to the bosoms of your families and your children, and when you are presiding over the morality of the parental board, tell those infants who are to be the future men of Ireland, the history of this day. Form their young minds by your precepts, and confirm those precepts by your own example; teach them how discreetly allegiance may be perjured on the table, or loyalty be forsworn in the jury-box—and when you have done so, tell them the story of *Orr*; tell them of his captivity, of his children, of his hopes, of his disappointments, of his courage, and of his death; and when you find your little hearers hanging upon your lips, when you see their eyes overflow with sympathy and sorrow, and their young hearts bursting with the pangs of anticipated orphanage, tell them, that you had the boldness, and the injustice, to stigmatize the man who had dared to publish the transaction!

\* \* \* \* \*

Merciful God! what is the state of Ireland, and where shall you find the wretched inhabitant of this land? You may find him perhaps in a jail, the only place of security, I had almost said of ordinary habitation; you may see him flying by the conflagration of his own dwelling; or you may find his bones bleaching on the green fields of his country; or he may be found tossing upon the surface of the ocean, and mingling his groans with those tempests, less savage than his persecutors, that drift him to a returnless distance from his family and his home. And yet, with these facts ringing in the ears, and staring in the face of the prosecutor, you are called upon to say, on your oaths, that these facts do not exist! You are called upon, in defiance of shame, of truth, of honor, to deny the sufferings under which you groan, and to flatter the persecution which tramples you under foot!



But the learned gentleman is further pleased to say, that the traverser has charged the government with the encouragement of informers. This, gentlemen, is another small fact that you are to deny at the hazard of your souls, and upon the solemnity of your oaths. You are upon your oaths to say to the sister country, that the government of Ireland uses no such abominable instruments of destruction as informers. Let me ask you honestly, what do you feel, when in my hearing, when in the face of this audience, you are called upon to give a verdict that every man of us, and every man of you, know by the testimony of your own eyes to be utterly and absolutely false? I speak not now of the public proclamation of informers, with a promise of secrecy and of extravagant reward; I speak not of the fate of those horrid wretches who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory; I speak of what your own eyes have seen day after day during the course of this commission, from the box where you are now sitting; the number of horrid miscreants, who avowed upon their oaths, that they had come from the very seat of government—from the castle where they had been worked upon by the fear of death and the hopes of compensation, to give evidence against their fellows, that the mild and wholesome councils of this government are holden over these catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a man, lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a witness.

Is this fancy, or is it fact? Have you not seen him after his resurrection from that tomb, after having been dug out of the region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and of death, and the supreme arbiter of both? Have you not marked when he entered, how the stormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not marked how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of deferential horror? How his glance, like the lightning of heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused, and mark it for

the grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death ; a death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent. There was an antidote—a *juror's oath*—but even that adamant chain, that bound the integrity of man to the throne of Eternal Justice, is solved and melted in the breath that issues from the *informer's mouth*—conscience swings from her mooring, and the appalled and affrighted juror, consults his own safety in the surrender of the victim.

---

#### ROWAN'S TRIAL.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY—When I consider the period at which this prosecution is brought forward ; when I behold the extraordinary safeguard of armed soldiers resorted to, no doubt for the preservation of peace and order : when I catch, as I cannot but do, the throb of public anxiety, which beats from one end to the other of this hall ; when I reflect upon what may be the fate of a man of the most beloved personal character, of one of the most respected families of our country ; himself the only individual of that family, I may almost say of that country, who can look to that possible fate with unconcern ? Feeling as I do all these impressions, it is in the honest simplicity of my heart I speak, when I say, that I never rose in a court of justice with so much embarrassment, as upon this occasion.

If, gentlemen, I could entertain a hope of finding refuge for the disconcertion of my mind, in the perfect composure of yours ; if I could suppose that those awful vicissitudes of human events, which have been stated or alluded to, could leave your judgments undisturbed, and your hearts at ease, I know I should form a most erroneous opinion of your character : I entertain no such chimerical hopes ; I form no such unworthy opinions ; I expect not that your hearts can be more at ease than my own ; I have no right to expect it ; but I have a right to call upon you, in the name of your country, in the

the sources of a just and liberal, and constitutional jurisprudence, I see every thing for us to hope; into their hands, therefore, with the most affectionate confidence in their virtue, do I commit these precious hopes. Even I may live long enough yet to see the approaching completion, if not the perfect accomplishment of them. Pleased shall I then resign the scene to fitter actors—pleased shall I lay down my wearied head to rest, and say, “Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.”

---

#### FINERTY'S TRIAL.

Let me ask you whether you know of any language which could have adequately described the idea of mercy denied where it ought to have been granted, or of any phrase vigorous enough to convey the indignation which an honest man would have felt upon such a subject? Let me beg of you for a moment to suppose that any one of you had been the writer of this very severe expostulation with the viceroy, and that you had been the witness of the whole progress of this never to be forgotten catastrophe. Let me suppose that you had known the charge upon which Mr. Orr was apprehended, the charge of abjuring that bigotry which had torn and disgraced his country, of pledging himself to restore the people of his country to their place in the constitution, and of binding himself never to be the betrayer of his fellow-laborers in that enterprise; that you had seen him upon that charge removed from his industry and confined in a jail; that through the slow and lingering progress of twelve tedious months, you had seen him confined in a dungeon, shut out from the common use of air and of his own limbs; that day after day you had marked the unhappy captive, cheered by no sound but the cries of his family, or the clanking of his chains; that you had seen him at last brought to his trial; that you had seen the vile and

perjured informer deposing against his life ; that you had seen the drunken, and worn out and terrified jury give in a verdict of death ; that you had seen the same jury, when their returning sobriety had brought back their consciences, prostrate themselves before the humanity of the bench, and pray that the mercy of the crown might save their characters from the reproach of an involuntary crime, their consciences from the torture of eternal self-condemnation, and their souls from the indelible stain of innocent blood.

Let me suppose that you had seen the respite given, and that contrite and honest recommendation transmitted to that seat where mercy was presumed to dwell ; that new, and before unheard of, crimes are discovered against the informer ; that the royal mercy seems to relent, and that a new respite is sent to the prisoner ; that time is taken, as the learned counsel for the crown has expressed it, to see whether mercy *could* be extended or not !—that after that period of lingering deliberation passed, a third respite is transmitted ; that the unhappy captive himself feels the cheering hope of being restored to a family that he had adored, to a character that he had never stained, and to a country that he had ever loved ; that you had seen his wife and children upon their knees, giving those tears to gratitude, which their locked and frozen hearts could not give to anguish and despair, and imploring the blessings of Eternal Providence upon his head, who had graciously spared the father, and restored him to his children ; that you had seen the olive branch sent into his little ark, but no sign that the waters had subsided—“ Alas ! nor wife, nor children more shall he behold, nor friends, nor sacred home !” No seraph mercy unbars his dungeon, and leads him forth to light and life, but the minister of death hurries him to the scene of suffering and of shame ; where, unmoved by the hostile array of artillery and armed men collected together, to secure or to insult, or to disturb him, he dies with a solemn declaration of his innocence, and utters his last breath in a prayer for the liberty of his country ! Let

name of the living God, of whose eternal justice you are now administering that portion which dwells with us on this side of the grave, to discharge your breasts, as far as you are able, of every bias of prejudice or passion ; that, if my client be guilty of the offence charged upon him, you may give tranquillity to the public by a firm verdict of conviction ; or if he be innocent, by as firm a verdict of acquittal ; and that you will do this in defiance of the paltry artifices and senseless clamors that have been resorted to, in order to bring him to his trial with anticipated conviction.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gentlemen, the representation of your people is the vital principle of their political existence ; without it they are dead, or they live only to servitude ; without it there are two estates acting upon and against the third, instead of acting in co-operation with it ; without it, if the people be oppressed by their judges, where is the tribunal to which their judges can be amenable ? Without it, if they be trampled upon, and plundered by a minister, where is the tribunal to which the offender shall be amenable ? Without it, where is the ear to hear, or the heart to feel, or the hand to redress their sufferings ? Shall they be found, let me ask you, in the accursed bands of imps and minions that bask in their disgrace, and fatten upon their spoils, and flourish upon their ruin ? But let me not put this to you as a merely speculative question. It is a plain question of fact : rely upon it, physical man is every where the same ; it is only the various operation of moral causes that gives variety to the social or individual character and condition. How otherwise happens it, that modern slavery looks quietly at the despot, on the very spot where Leonidas expired ? The answer is, Sparta has not changed her climate, but she has lost that government, which her liberty could not survive.

I CALL you, therefore, to the plain question of fact. This paper recommends a reform in parliament ; I put

that question to your consciences ; do you think it needs that reform ? I put it boldly and fairly to you, do you think the people of Ireland are represented as they ought to be ?—Do you hesitate for an answer ? If you do, let me remind you, that until the last year three millions of your countrymen have, by the express letter of the law, been excluded from the reality of actual, and even from the phantom of virtual representation. Shall we then be told that this is only the affirmation of a wicked and seditious incendiary ? If you do not feel the mockery of such a charge, look at your country ; in what state do you find it ? Is it in a state of tranquillity and general satisfaction ? These are traces by which good is ever to be distinguished from bad government. Without any very minute inquiry or speculative refinement, do you feel that a veneration for the law, a pious and humble attachment to the constitution, form the political morality of your people ? Do you find that comfort and competency among your people, which are always to be found where a government is mild and moderate ; where taxes are imposed by a body who have an interest in treating the poorer orders with compassion, and preventing the weight of taxation from pressing sore upon them ?

GENTLEMEN, I mean not to impeach the state of your representation ; I am not saying that it is defective, or that it ought to be altered or amended, nor is this a place for me to say, whether I think that three millions of the inhabitants of a country, whose whole number is but four, ought to be admitted to any efficient situation in the state. It may be said, and truly, that these are not questions for either of us directly to decide ; but you cannot refuse them some passing consideration at least when you remember that on this subject the real question for your decision is, whether the allegation of a defect in your constitution is so utterly unfounded and false, that you can ascribe it only to the malice and perverseness of a wicked mind, and not to the innocent mistake of an ordinary understanding ;—whether it may not be mistake ; whether it can be only sedition.

And here, gentlemen, I own I cannot but regret, that one of our countrymen should be criminally pursued for asserting to the necessity of a reform, at the very moment when that necessity seems admitted by the parliament itself; that this unhappy reform shall at the same moment be a subject of legislative discussion, and criminal prosecution. Far am I from imputing any sinister design to the virtue or wisdom of our government, but who can avoid feeling the deplorable impression that must be made on the public mind, when the demand for that reform is answered by a criminal information?

I am the more forcibly impressed by this consideration, when I reflect that when this information was first put upon the file, the subject was transiently mentioned in the House of Commons. Some circumstances retarded the progress of the inquiry there, and the progress of the information was equally retarded here. The first day of this session you all know, that subject was again brought forward in the House of Commons, and as if they had slept together, this prosecution was also revived in the Court of Kings's Bench; and that before a jury, taken from a pannel partly composed of those very members of parliament, who, in the House of Commons, must debate upon this subject as a measure of public advantage, which they are here called upon to consider as a public crime.

This paper, gentlemen, insists upon the necessity of emancipating the Catholics of Ireland, and that is charged as a part of the libel. If they had kept this prosecution impending for another year, how much would remain for a jury to decide upon, I should be at a loss to discover. It seems as if the progress of public reformation was eating away the ground of the prosecution. Since the commencement of the prosecution, this part of the libel has unluckily received the sanction of the Legislature. In that interval, our Catholic brethren have obtained that admission, which it seems it was a libel to propose: in what way to account for this, I am really at a loss. Have any alarms been oc-

casioned by the emancipation of our Catholic brethren? Has the bigoted malignity of any individuals been crushed? Or, has the stability of the government, or has that of the country been awakened? Or, is one million of subjects stronger than three millions? Do you think the benefit they received should be poisoned by the stings of vengeance? If you think so, you must say to them, "you have demanded your emancipation, and you have got it; but we abhor your persons, we are outraged at your success; and we will stigmatize, by a criminal prosecution, the relief which you have obtained from the voice of your country." I ask you, gentlemen, do you think, as honest men, anxious for the public tranquillity, conscious that there are wounds not yet completely cicatrized, that you ought to speak this language at this time, to men who are too much disposed to think that in this very emancipation they have been saved from their own Parliament by the humanity of their Sovereign? Or, do you wish to prepare them for the revocation of these improvident concessions? Do you think it wise or humane, at this moment, to insult them, by sticking up in a pillory the man who dared to stand forth their advocate? I put it to your oaths, do you think that a blessing of that kind, that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression, should have a stigma cast upon it by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure; to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the church—the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it—giving, I say, in the so much censured words of this paper, "UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION!" I speak in the spirit of the British Law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, the British soil—which proclaims, even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter



what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him ; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down ; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery ; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust ; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty ; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible Genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION !

[Here Mr. Curran was interrupted by a sudden burst of applause from the court and hall. After some time, silence was restored by the authority of Lord Clonmell, who acknowledged the pleasure which he himself felt at the brilliant display of professional talents, but disapproved of any intemperate expressions of applause in a Court of Justice.]

Mr. Curran then proceeded. Gentlemen, I am not such a fool as to ascribe any effusion of this sort to any merit of mine.

It is the mighty theme, and not the inconsiderable advocate, that can excite interest in the hearer. What you hear is but the testimony which nature bears to her own character ; it is the effusion of her gratitude to that Power which stamps that character upon her.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gentlemen, I am glad that this question has not been brought forward earlier ; I rejoice for the sake of the court, of the jury, and of the public repose, that this question has not been brought forward till now. In Great Britain, analogous circumstances have taken place. At the commencement of that unfortunate war which has deluged Europe with blood, the spirit of the English people was tremblingly alive to the terror of French principles ; at that moment of general paroxysm, to accuse was to convict. The danger loomed larger to the public eye, from the misty medium through which it

was surveyed. We measure inaccessible heights by the shadows which they project, where the lowness and the distance of the light form the length of the shade.

There is a sort of aspiring and adventurous credulity, which disdains assenting to obvious truths, and delights in catching at the improbability of circumstances, as its best ground of faith. To what other cause, gentlemen, can you ascribe that in the wise, the reflecting, and the philosophic nation of Great Britain, a printer has been gravely found guilty of a libel, for publishing those resolutions to which the present minister of that kingdom had actually subscribed his name? To what other cause can you ascribe, what in my mind, is still more astonishing, in such a country as Scotland, a nation cast in the happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty, and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth; cool and ardent, adventurous and persevering; winging her eagle flight against the blaze of every science, with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires; crowned as she is with the spoils of every art, and decked with the wreath of every muse; from the deep and scrutinizing researches of her Humes, to the sweet and simple, but not less sublime and pathetic morality of her Burns—how from the bosom of a country like that, genius, and character, and talents, should be banished to a distant barbarous soil;\* condemned to pine under the horrid communion of vulgar vice and base born profligacy, for twice the period that ordinary calculation gives to the continuance of human life?

\* \* \* \* \*

I cannot, however, avoid adverting to a circumstance that distinguishes the case of Mr. Rowan from that of Mr. Muir.

---

\* Mr. Curran alludes to the sentence of transportation passed in Scotland upon Mr. Muir, &c. &c.

The severer law of Scotland, it seems, and happy for them that it should, enables them to remove from their sight the victim of their infatuation. The more merciful spirit of our law deprives you of that consolation; his sufferings must remain forever before our eyes, a continual call upon your shame and your remorse. But those sufferings will do more; they will not rest satisfied with your unavailing contrition, they will challenge the great and paramount inquest of society: the man will be weighed against the charge, the witness and the sentence; and impartial justice will demand, why has an Irish jury done this deed? The moment he ceases to be regarded as a criminal, he becomes of necessity an accuser; and let me ask you, what can your most zealous defenders be prepared to answer to such a charge? When your sentence shall have sent him forth to that stage, which guilt alone can render infamous; let me tell you, he will not be like a little statue upon a mighty pedestal, diminishing by elevation; but he will stand a striking and imposing object upon a monument, which, if it do not, and it cannot, record the atrocity of his crime, must record the atrocity of his conviction. Upon this subject, therefore, credit me when I say, that I am still more anxious for you, than I can possibly be for him. I cannot but feel the peculiarity of your situation. Not the jury of his own choice, which the law of England allows, but which ours refuses: collected in that box by a person, certainly no friend to Mr. Rowan, certainly not very deeply interested in giving him a very impartial jury. Feeling this, as I am persuaded you do, you cannot be surprised, however you may be distressed at the mournful presage, with which an anxious public is led to fear the worst from your possible determination. But I will not, for the justice and honor of our common country, suffer my mind to be borne away by such melancholy anticipation. I will not relinquish the confidence that this day will be the period of his sufferings; and however mercilessly he has been hitherto pursued, that your verdict will send him home to the arms of his family,

and the wishes of his country. But if, which heaven forbid, it hath still been unfortunately determined, that because he has not bent to power and authority, because he would not bow down before the golden calf and worship it, he is to be bound and cast into the furnace; I do trust in God, that there is a redeeming spirit in the constitution, which will be seen to walk with the sufferer through the flames, and to preserve him unhurt by the conflagration.

[Upon the conclusion of this speech, Mr. Curran was again for many minutes loudly applauded by the auditors; and upon leaving the court was drawn home by the populace, who took the horses from his carriage.]

## ELOQUENCE OF POPULAR ASSEMBLIES.

---

### SPEECH OF PATRICK HENRY,

*Before the Convention of Delegates for the several counties and corporations of Virginia, on Thursday, the 23rd of March, 1775.*

Mr. HENRY rose with a majesty unusual to him in an exordium, and with all that self-possession by which he was so invariably distinguished. "No man," he said, "thought more highly than he did of the patriotism; as well as of the abilities, of the very worthy gentleman who had just addressed the house. But different men often saw the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, he hoped it would not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining as he did, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, he should speak forth *his* sentiments freely, and without reserve. This was no time for ceremony. The question before the house was one of awful moment to this country.—For his own part, he considered it nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery. And in proportion to the magnitude of the subject, ought to be the freedom of the debate. It was only in this way that they could hope to arrive at truth, and fulfil the great responsibility which they held to God and to their country. Should he keep back his opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offence, he should consider himself as guilty of treason towards his country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven, which he revered above all earthly kings.

"Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth—and listen to the song of that syren, till she transform us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and ardent struggle for liberty? Were we disposed to be of the number of those, who having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation?—For his part, whatever anguish of spirit it might cost, *he* was willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

"He had but one lamp by which his feet were guided; and that was the lamp of experience. He knew of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, he wished to know what there had been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen had been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we

have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight!! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!”

“They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of

people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!!

"It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God!—I know not what course others may take; but as for me," cried he, with both his arms extended aloft, his brows knit, every feature marked with the resolute purpose of his soul, and his voice swelled to its boldest note of exclamation—"give me liberty or give me death!"

He took his seat. No murmur of applause was heard. The effect was too deep. After the trance of a moment, several members started from their seats. The cry, "to arms," seemed to quiver on every lip, and gleam from every eye! Richard H. Lee arose and supported Mr. Henry, with his usual spirit and elegance. But his melody was lost amidst the agitation of that ocean, which the master spirit of the storm had lifted up on high. That supernatural voice still sounded in their ears, and shivered along their arteries. They heard, in every pause, the cry of liberty or death. They



became impatient of speech—their souls were on fire for action.

---

#### DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

*In Congress, July 4, 1776. By the representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled.*

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires, that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that when any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments long established, should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has

been the patient sufferance of these colonies ; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former system of government. The history of the present king of Great Britian is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation, till his assent should be obtained ; and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature—a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies, at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representatives' houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected ; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large, for their exercise ; the state remaining in the meantime, exposed to all the danger of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavoured to prevent the populating of these states : for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners ; refusing to pass others, to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harrass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction, foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them by a mock trial, from punishment for any murder they should commit on the inhabitants of these states:

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our consent:

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury:

For transporting us beyond seas, to be tried for pretended offences:

For abolishing the free system of English law in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies:

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the forms of our governments:

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power, to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever:

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries, to complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy, scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress, in the most humble terms: our petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked, by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts made by their legislature, to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connexions and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war:—in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world, for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly

publish and declare, that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connexion between them and the state of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce and do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour.

*Signed by order and in behalf of the Congress.*

JOHN HANCOCK, *President.*

Attest. CHARLES THOMPSON, *Secretary.*

*New Hampshire.*

Josiah Bartlett,  
William Whipple,  
Matthew Thornton.

*Massachusetts-Bay.*

Samuel Adams,  
John Adams,  
Robert Treat Paine,  
Elbridge Gerry.

*Rhode-Island, &c.*

Stephen Hopkins,  
William Ellery.

*Connecticut.*

Roger Sherman,  
Samuel Huntington,  
William Williams,  
Oliver Wolcott.

*New-York.*

William Floyd,  
Phillip Livingston,  
Francis Lewis,  
Lewis Morris.

*New-Jersey.*

Richard Stockton,  
John Witherspoon,  
Francis Hopkinson,

John Hart,

Abraham Clark.

*Pennsylvania.*

Robert Morris,  
Benjamin Rush,  
Benjamin Franklin,  
John Morton,  
George Clymer,  
James Wilson,  
George Ross.

*Delaware.*

Cæsar Rodney,  
Thomas McKean,  
George Read.

*Maryland.*

Samuel Chase,  
William Paca,  
Thomas Stone,  
Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

*Virginia.*

George Wythe,  
Richard Henry Lee,  
Thomas Jefferson,  
Benjamin Harrison,  
Thomas Nelson, jun.  
Francis Lightfoot Lee,  
Carter Braxton.

*North Carolina.*

William Hooper,

Joseph Hewes,

John Penn.

*South Carolina.*

Edward Rutledge,

Thomas Heyward, jun.

Thomas Lynch, jun.

Arthur Middleton.

*Georgia.*

Button Gwinnett,

Lyman Hall,

George Walton.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE  
OF THE UNITED STATES.*Friends and Fellow Citizens—*

The period for a new election of a citizen to administer the executive government of the United States, being not far distant, and the time actually arrived, when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured, that this resolution has not been taken, without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that, in withdrawing the tender of service, which silence, in my situation, might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest; no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness; but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in the office to which your suffrages have twice called me, have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference for what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives

which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement from which I had been reluctantly drawn. The strength of my inclination to do this, previous to the last election, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you; but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture of our affairs with foreign nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, compelled me to abandon the idea.

I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty or propriety; and am persuaded, whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that in the present circumstances of our country, you will not disapprove my determination to retire.

The impressions with which I first undertook the arduous trust, were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust, I will only say, that I have with good intentions contributed towards the organization and administration of the government, the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious in the outset of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more so in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied that if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary. I have the consolation to believe, that while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country, for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence

enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and the guarantee of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows, that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free constitution which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration, in every department, may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these states, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation, and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and the adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop: but a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger, natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments, which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all important to the permanency of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel; nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indul-



gent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence; the support of your tranquility at home, your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee, that from different causes, and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken, in your minds, the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively, though often covertly and insidiously directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union, to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of the country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of *American*, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have, in a common cause, fought and triumphed together: the independence and

liberty you possess, are the work of joint councils, and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings and successes. But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest; here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole. The *North*, in an unrestrained intercourse with the *South*, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds, in the productions of the latter, great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise, and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The *South* in the same intercourse, benefitting by the agency of the *North*, sees its agriculture grow, and its commerce expand. Turning, partly into its own channels, the seamen of the *North*, it finds its particular navigation invigorated: and while it contributes, in different ways, to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength, to which itself is unequally adapted. The *East*, in like intercourse with the *West*, already finds, and in the progressive improvement of interior communication, by land and water, will more and more find a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad, or manufactures at home. The *West* derives from the *East* supplies requisite to its growth and comfort; and what is, perhaps, of still greater consequence, it must, of necessity, owe the secure enjoyment of indispensable outlets for its own productions, to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest as one nation. Any other tenure by which the *West* can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength, or from an apostate and unnatural connexion with any foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious.

While, then, every part of our country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in Union, all the

parties combined cannot fail to find, in the united mass of means and efforts, greater strength, greater resource, proportionably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign nations; and what is of inestimable value, they must derive from Union, an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighbouring countries, not tied together by the same government; which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to produce, but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments, and intrigues, would stimulate and embitter. Hence, likewise, they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments, which, under any form of government, are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to republican liberty; in this sense it is, that your union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

These considerations speak a persuasive language to every reflecting and virtuous mind, and exhibit the continuance of the union as a primary object of patriotic desire. Is there a doubt, whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere?—Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation, in such a case, were criminal. We are authorized to hope, that a proper organization of the whole, with the auxiliary agency of governments for the respective subdivisions, will afford a happy issue to the experiment. It is well worth a fair and full experiment. With such powerful and obvious motives to union, affecting all parts of our country, while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those, who, in any quarter, may endeavour to weaken its bands.

In contemplating the causes which may disturb our union, it occurs, as a matter of serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by geographical discriminations—*Northern* and *Southern*—*Atlantic* and *Western*; whence designing

men may endeavour to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence, within particular districts, is, to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heart burnings which spring from these misrepresentations: they tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection. The inhabitants of our western country have lately had a useful lesson on this head: they have seen, in the negociation by the Executive, and in the unanimous ratification by the Senate, of the treaty with Spain, and in the universal satisfaction at that event, throughout the United States, a decisive proof how unfounded were the suspicions propagated among them, of a policy in the general government and in the Atlantic states unfriendly to their interests in regard to the *Mississippi*: they have been witnesses to the formation of two treaties, that with Great Britain and that with Spain, which secure to them every thing they could desire, in respect to our foreign relations, towards confirming their prosperity. Will it not be their wisdom to rely for the preservation of these advantages on the union by which they were procured? Will they not henceforth be deaf to those advisers, if such there are, who would sever them from their brethren and connect them with aliens?

To the efficacy and permanency of your union, a government for the whole is indispensable. No alliance, however strict, between the parts can be an adequate substitute; they must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay, by the adoption of a constitution of government, better calculated than your former, for an intimate union and for the efficacious management of your common concerns. This government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its princi-

ples, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government: but, the constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government, pre-supposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force, to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party, often a small, but artful and enterprising minority of the community: and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans, digested by common councils, and modified by mutual interests.

However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become potent engines, by which cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and to usurp, for themselves, the reins of government; destroying afterwards, the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

Towards the preservation of your government, and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requi-

site, not only that you speedily discountenance irregular oppositions to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the constitution, alterations which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments, as of other human institutions : that experience is the surest standard, by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country : that facility in changes, upon the crédit of mere hypothesis and opinion, exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion ; and remember especially that for the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigour as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty, is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little else than a name, where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of the society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property. I have already intimated to you, the danger of parties in the state, with particular reference to the founding of them on geographical discriminations. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you, in the most solemn manner, against the baneful effects of the spirit of party generally.

This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed ; but in those of the popular form, it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.

The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dis-

sention, which in different ages and countries, has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads, at length, to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and, sooner, or later, the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of public liberty.

Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind, which nevertheless ought not to be entirely out of sight, the common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of party, are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it.

It serves always to distract the public councils and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part against another, foment, occasionally, riot and insurrection. It opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the government itself, through the channels of party passions. Thus the policy and the will of one country are subjected to the policy and the will of another.

There is an opinion that parties in free countries, are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This, within certain limits, is probably true; and in governments of a monarchical cast, patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favour upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame; lest, instead of warning, it should consume.

It is important likewise that the habits of thinking in a free country, should inspire caution in those entrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding, in the exercise of the powers of one department, to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power and proneness to abuse it, which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories and constituting each the guardian of the public weal, against invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern: some of them in our own country, and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers, be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil, any partial or transient benefit which the use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connexions with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation de-



sert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice?—And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained, without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

'Tis substantially true, that virtue and morality are necessary springs of popular government. The rule indeed extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric.

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it is to use it as sparingly as possible; avoiding occasions of expense, by cultivating peace, but remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger, frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it; avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertions in time of peace, to discharge the debts which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burthen which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belongs to your representatives, but it is necessary that public opinion should co-operate. To facilitate to them the performance of their duty it is essential that you should practically bear in mind that towards the payment of debts there must be revenue; that to have revenue there must be taxes; that no taxes can be devised which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant; that the intrinsic embarrassment, inseparable from the selection of the proper objects, which

is always a choice of difficulties, ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining revenue which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all; religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be, that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment at least is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan nothing is more essential than that permanent inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is, in some degree, a slave. It is a slave to its animosity, or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another, disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable, when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed, and bloody contests. The nation prompted by ill-will and resentment, sometimes impels to war the government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The government sometimes participates in the national propensity

and adopts, through passion, what reason would reject ; at other times it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace, often the liberty of nations, has been the victim.

So, likewise, a passionate attachment of one nation to another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite nation facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest, in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favorite nation of privileges denied to others, which are apt doubly to injure the nation making the concessions—by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained, and by exciting jealousy, ill-will, and a disposition to retaliate, in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld : and it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens, who devote themselves to the favorite nation, facility to betray, or to sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity ; gilding with the appearances of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption, or infatuation.

As avenues to foreign influence in innumerable ways, such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practise the arts of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils ! Such an attachment of a small or weak, towards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens, that the jealousy of a free people ought to be *constantly* awake ;

since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy, to be useful must be impartial ; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defence against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation, and excessive dislike of another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious ; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connexion as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off, when we may defy material injury from external annoyance ; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected ; when belligerent nations under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation ; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation ? Why quit our own, to stand upon foreign ground ?

---

Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice ?

'Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world ; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it ; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves by suitable establishments on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony and a liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand ; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences ; consulting the natural course of things ; diffusing and diversifying, by gentle means, the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing ; establishing, with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them by conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary and liable to be from time to time, abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate ; constantly keeping in view, that 'tis folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another ; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character ; that by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect,

or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. 'Tis all illusion, which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations; but if I may even flatter myself, that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigues, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare by which they have been dictated.

How far, in the discharge of my official duties I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and to the world. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

In relation to the still subsisting war in Europe, my proclamation of the 22d of April 1793, is the index to my plan. Sanctioned by your approving voice, and by that of your Representatives in both Houses of Congress, the spirit of that measure has continually governed me, uninfluenced by any attempts to deter or divert me from it.

After deliberate examination, with the aid of the best lights I could obtain, I was well satisfied that our country, under all the circumstances of the case, had a right to take, and was bound in duty and interest to take a neutral position. Having taken it, I determined, as far as should depend upon me, to maintain it with moderation, perseverance and firmness.

The considerations which respect the right to hold this conduct, it is not necessary on this occasion to detail. I will only observe that according to my understanding of the matter, that right, so far from being de-

nied by any of the belligerent powers, has been virtually admitted by all.

The duty of holding a neutral conduct may be inferred without anything more from the obligation which justice and humanity impose on every nation in cases in which it is free to act, to maintain inviolate the relations of peace and amity towards other nations.

The inducements of interest, for observing that conduct, will best be referred to your own reflections and experience. With me a predominant motive has been to endeavor to gain time to our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions, and to progress, without interruption, to that degree of strength and consistency, which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes.

Though in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects, not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life, dedicated to its service, with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate, with pleasing expectation, that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government—the ever favorite object of my heart and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors and dangers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

*United States, 17th Sept. 1796.*

*Extract from an Oration, delivered at the City Hotel, in the New-York Forum, April, 1821.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Pre-eminence in oratory was the most distinguishing mark of excellence among the enlightened of the nations of antiquity, and they brought it to a perfection which, although the lapse of ages has taken place and millions have toiled to emulate, *few* have been able to *equal, none to surpass.*

Who can read the fulminations of a Demosthenes to arouse the slumbering spirit of the Athenian against Macedonian Philip, with an eloquence whose influence, like that of the moon upon the waters, raised the tide of the multitude, till' o'erleaping all bounds, it burst an impetuous and overwhelming torrent against the encroaching object of its opposition ; who can read this and not feel a devotion to sacrifice all selfish and personal advantages for the prosperity, safety, and happiness of his native country ?

Who but must look back with an admiration approaching to Mythologic deification, at the splendor of a Cicero, encircled by the glory of his forensic eloquence, in the accusation of a Verres ?

What holy, what dignified uses—what noble results has not oratory led to, and may not oratory continue to achieve ?

In a religious point of view, what good man who contemplates that system of infidelity and demoralization, resorted to by men of a very different denomination, but must rejoice that the redeeming voice of eloquence, in the more redeeming language of christianity, may rescue ignorance or impiety from such wicked, such iniquitous procedure ! A system which, if suffered without disapprobation to be disseminated, might ultimately destroy the humanity and harmony which constitute the *present* happiness of civilized society *here*, and even a *hope of eternal* happiness *hereafter.*

Oratory, in this country, may not only be looked upon as the finger mark on the road which points at, but



the powerful impetus by which desert may be urged to *aspire* to, nay, even *seat itself* in, that highly pinnacled chair, which the suffrage of a free and independent people has so placed, to render the individual of their choice pre-eminently conspicuous.

Oratory may be hailed a *nation's* champion, rearing his majestic front for the preservation of liberty, property, and life; the firm and fearless defender of the houseless widow, the helpless orphan, the wretched and the oppressed; the strong and irresistible power which drags the guilty culprit from his dark and polluted den to the blaze of day, and the seat of justice; the Minervan shield which covers and protects the innocent and falsely accused, from shafts of slander shot to inflict wounds most deadly, most undeserved; the heaven-gifted power which reascends to the mansion of its creation, an all persuasive advocate in the righteous cause of suffering humanity: these are the uses, these the religion fulfilling effects, these the honor dispensing attributes, these the heart rendering rewards of oratory.

In our admiration of *ancient*, let not *modern* eloquence be forgotten. Partiality ought not to be attributed to me for the selection which I am about to make: *all* should receive my humble eulogy did but memory admit of the recurrence. The following are green in its storehouse. Where are those who late were wont to charm the Senate, the Pulpit, and the Bar?—those to whose accents men have listened with reverential silence, and a delight increasing with the duration of their devotion? Where Chatham, Burke, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Grattan, Kirwan, Ames, Hamilton, Henry, Pinkney, Erskine, Curran. Curran, whom alone to name is but to eulogize. Oh, how unreal, how evanescent, are all earthly acquirements! Alas! those bright luminaries, that so irradiated oratory, have passed away; but, fortunately for posterity, each has left a refulgent path which, like the skyey milky way, will baffle time by holding with him a duration equal, an existence deathless.

## LORD CHATHAM'S SPEECH AGAINST ARMING THE SAVAGES, IN 1778.

I am astonished, I am shocked to hear such principles confessed, to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country. My lords, I did not intend to encroach on your attention ; but I cannot repress my indignation ; I feel myself impelled to speak. We are called upon as members of this house, as men, as christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity—‘ that God and Nature have put into our hands ! ’ What ideas of God and Nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not ; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and to humanity. What ! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife ! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims ! such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honor. These abominable principles, and this most abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the sanctity of their lawn, upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the Genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord, frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion of Britain, against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal thirsting for blood ! against whom ? your Protestant brethren. To lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name by the aid and instrumentality of these

horrid hell-hounds of war! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose the dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon the infamous procedure the indelible stigma of public abhorrence. More particularly I call upon the holy prelates of our religion, to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin.

---

#### ON SLANDER.

I am one of those who believe that the heart of the wilful and the deliberate libeller is blacker than that of the highway robber, or of one who commits the crime of midnight arson. The man who plunders on the highway, may have the semblance of an apology for what he does. An affectionate wife may demand subsistence; a circle of children raise to him the supplicating hand for food. He may be driven to the desperate act by the high mandate of imperative necessity. The mild features of the husband and the father may intermingle with those of the robber and soften the roughness of the shade. But the robber of character plunders that which "not enricheth him," though it make his neighbor "poor indeed." The man who at the midnight hour consumes his neighbor's dwelling, does him an injury which perhaps is not irreparable. Industry may rear another habitation. The storm may indeed descend upon him until charity open a neighboring door: the rude winds of heaven may whistle around his uncovered family. But he looks forward to better days; he has yet a hook to hang a hope upon. No such consolation cheers the heart of him whose character has been torn from him. If innocent, he may look, like Anaxagoras, to the heavens; but he must be constrained

to feel that this world is to him a wilderness. For whither shall he go? Shall he dedicate himself to the service of his country? But will his country receive him? Will she employ in her counsels, or in her armies, the man at whom the "slow unmoving finger of scorn" is pointed? Shall he betake himself to the fire-side? The story of his disgrace will enter his own doors before him. And can he bear, think you, can he bear the sympathizing agonies of a distressed wife? Can he endure the formidable presence of scrutinizing, sneering domestics? Will his children receive instruction from the lips of a disgraced father? Gentlemen, I am not ranging on fairy ground. I am telling the plain story of my client's wrongs. By the ruthless hand of malice his character has been wantonly massacred;—and he now appears before a jury of his country for redress. Will you deny him this redress?—is character valuable? On this point I will not insult you with argument. There are certain things, to argue which is treason against nature. The Author of our being did not intend to leave this point afloat at the mercy of opinion, but with his own hand has he kindly planted in the soul of man an instinctive *love of character*. This high sentiment has no affinity to pride. It is the ennobling quality of the soul: and if we have hitherto been elevated above the ranks of surrounding creation, human nature owes its elevation to the *love of character*. It is the *love of character* for which the poet has sung, the philosopher toiled, the hero bled. It is the *love of character* which wrought miracles at ancient Greece; the *love of character* is the eagle on which Rome rose to empire. And it is the *love of character* animating the bosom of her sons, on which America must depend in those approaching crises that may "try men's souls." Will a jury weaken this our nation's hope? Will they by their verdict pronounce to the youth of our country, that character is scarce worth possessing?

We read of that philosophy which can smile over the destruction of property—of that religion which enables its possessor to extend the benign look of forgiveness

and complacency to his murderers. But it is not in the soul of man to bear the laceration of slander. The philosophy which could bear it, we should despise. The religion which could bear it, we should not despise—but we should be constrained to say, that its kingdom was not of this world

---

#### ROLLA'S ADDRESS.

My brave associates, partners of my toils, my feelings and my fame. Can Rolla's words add vigor to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No, you have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude ye. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which in a war like this can animate their minds and ours. They, by a strange phrenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder and extended rule; we—for our country, our altars and our homes! They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate; we serve a country which we love—a God whom we adore. Wher'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress; wher'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts and free us from the yoke of error. Yes, they will give enlightened freedom to *our* minds, who are *themselves* the slaves of passion, avarice and pride. They offer us their protection; yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs, covering and devouring them. They call on us to barter all of good we have *inherited* and *proved*, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this: The throne we honor is the *people's choice*; the laws we reverence are *our brave fathers' legacy*; the faith we follow, teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind and die—with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we *seek no change*, and least of all, such change as *they* would bring us.

## BRUTUS' HARANGUE ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

Romans, Countrymen, and Lovers!—Hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious—I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? if any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? if any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that would not love his country? if any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply—

None! Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not?—With this I depart—that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

## ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen ! Lend me your ears.  
I come to bury Cæsar not to praise him.  
The evil that men do, lives after them ;  
The good is oft interred with their bones :  
So let it be with Cæsar ! Noble Brutus  
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious.  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;  
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,  
For Brutus is an honorable man,  
So are they all, all honorable men,  
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.—

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :  
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honorable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?  
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honorable man.  
You all did see that on the Lupercal,  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown ;  
Which he did thrice refuse : Was this ambition ?  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And sure, he is an honorable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke ;  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once ; not without cause ;  
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?  
O judgment ! Thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me,  
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar ;  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar, might  
Have stood against the world ! Now lies he there  
And none so poor to do him reverence.  
O Masters ! If I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong ;  
 Who, you all know, are honorable men.  
 I will not do them wrong—I rather choose  
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
 Than I will wrong such honorable men.  
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar ;  
 I found it in his closet : 'tis his will.  
 Let but the commons hear this testament,  
 Which pardon me I do not mean to read,  
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood—  
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy,  
 Unto their issue—

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
 You all do know this mantle : I remember  
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;  
 'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,  
 That day he overcame the Nervii—  
 Look ! In this place ran Cassius' dagger through—  
 See what a rent the envious Casca made—  
 Through this the well beloved Brutus stabb'd ;  
 And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,  
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it !  
 This, this was the unkindest cut of all !  
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,  
 Quite vanquished him ! Then burst his mighty heart !  
 And in his mantle muffling up his face,  
 E'en at the base of Pompey's statue,  
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.  
 O what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
 Then I and you and all of us fell down ;  
 Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.  
 O, now you weep ; and I perceive you feel  
 The dint of pity ! These are gracious drops.  
 Kind souls ! What, weep you when you but behold  
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look ye here !—



Here is himself—marr'd as you see, by traitors.—

Good friends! Sweet friends! Let me not stir you up  
To any sudden flood of Mutiny!

They that have done this deed are honorable  
What private griefs they have, alas I know not,  
That made them do it! They are wise and honorable,  
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.

I come not friends, to steal away your hearts!

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But as you know me all, a plain blunt man  
That love my friend—and that they know full well,

That gave me public leave to speak of him!

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood—I only speak right on.

I tell you that which you yourselves do know—

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb  
mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

#### EULOGY PRONOUNCED AT THE CITY OF WASHINGTON,

Oct. 19, 1826. By WILLIAM WIRT.

The scenes which have been lately passing in our country, and of which this meeting is a continuance, are full of moral instruction. They hold up to the world a lesson of wisdom by which all may profit, if Heaven shall grant them the discretion to turn it to its use. The spectacle, in all its parts, has indeed, been most solemn and impressive; and though the first impulse be now past, the time has not yet come, and never will it come, when we can contemplate it, without renewed emotion.

In the structure of their characters ; in the course of their action ; in the striking coincidences which marked their high career ; in the lives and in the deaths of the illustrious men, whose virtues and services we have met to commemorate—and in that voice of admiration and gratitude which has since burst, with one accord, from the twelve millions of freemen who people these States, there is a moral sublimity which overwhelms the mind, and hushes all its powers into silent amazement !

The European, who should have heard the *sound* without apprehending the cause, would be apt to inquire, “What is the meaning of all this ? what had these men done to elicit this unanimous and splendid acclamation ? Why has the whole American nation risen up, as one man, to do them honor, and offer to them this enthusiastic homage of the heart ? Were they mighty warriors, and was the peal that we have heard, the shout of victory ? Were they great commanders, returning from their distant conquests, surrounded with the spoils of war, and was this the sound of their triumphal procession ? Were they covered with martial glory in any form, and was this ‘the noisy wave of the multitude rolling back at their approach ?’” Nothing of all this : No ; they were peaceful and aged patriots, who, having served their country together, through their long and useful lives, had now sunk together to the tomb. They had not fought battles ; but they had formed and moved the great machinery of which battles were only a small, and, comparatively, trivial consequence. They had not commanded armies ; but they had commanded the master springs of the nation, on which all its great political, as well as military movements depended. By the wisdom and energy of their counsels, and by the potent mastery of their spirits, they had contributed pre-eminently to produce a mighty Revolution, which has changed the aspect of the world. A Revolution which, in one half of that world has already restored man to his “long-lost liberty ;” and government to its only legitimate object, the happiness

of the People : and, on the other hemisphere, has thrown a light so strong, that even the darkness of despotism is beginning to recede. Compared with the solid glory of an achievement like this, what are battles, and what the pomp of war, but the poor and fleeting pageants of a theatre ? What were the selfish and petty strides of Alexander to conquer a little section of a savage world, compared with this generous, this magnificent advance towards the emancipation of the entire world !

And this, be it remembered, has been the fruit of intellectual exertion ! the triumph of mind ! What a proud testimony does it bear to the character of our nation, that they are able to make a proper estimate of services like these ! That while, in other countries, the senseless mob fall down in stupid admiration, before the bloody wheels of the conqueror—even of the conqueror by accident—in this, our People rise, with one accord, to pay *their* homage to intellect and virtue ! What a cheering pledge does it give of the stability of our institutions, that while abroad, the yet benighted multitude are prostrating themselves before the idols which their own hands have fashioned into Kings, here in this land of the free, our People are every where starting up with one impulse, to follow with their acclamations the ascending spirits of the great Fathers of the Republic ! This is a spectacle of which we may be permitted to be proud. It honors our country no less than the illustrious dead. And could those great Patriots speak to us from the tomb, they would tell us that they have more pleasure in the testimony which these honors bear to the character of their country, than in that which they bear to their individual services. They now see as they were seen, while in the body, and know the nature of the feeling from which these honors flow. It is love for love. It is the gratitude of an enlightened nation to the noblest order of benefactors. It is the only glory worth the aspiration of a generous spirit. Who would not prefer this living tomb in the hearts of his countrymen, to the proudest mausoleum that the Genius of Sculpture could erect !

Man has been said to be the creature of accidental position. The cast of his character has been thought to depend, materially, on the age, the country, and the circumstances, in which he has lived. To a considerable extent, the remark is, no doubt, true. Cromwell, had he been born in a Republic, might have been "guiltless of his country's blood;" and, but for those civil commotions which had wrought his great mind into tempest, even Milton might have rested "mute and inglorious." The occasion is, doubtless, necessary, to develop the talent, whatsoever it may be; but the talent, must exist, in embryo at least, or no occasion can quicken it into life. And it must exist, too, under the check of strong virtues; or the same occasion that quickens it into life, will be extremely apt to urge it on to crime. The hero who finished his career at St. Helena, extraordinary as he was, is a far more common character in the history of the world, than he who sleeps in our neighborhood, embalmed in his country's tears—or than those whom we have now met to mourn and to honor.

Jefferson and Adams were great men by nature. Not great and eccentric minds "shot madly from their spheres" to affright the world and scatter pestilence in their course; but minds, whose strong and steady light, restrained within their proper orbits by the happy poise of their characters, came to cheer and to gladden a world that had been buried for ages in political night. They were heaven-called avengers of degraded man. They came to lift him to the station for which God had formed him, and to put to flight those idiot superstitions with which tyrants had contrived to enthrall his reason and his liberty. And that Being who had sent them upon this mission, had fitted them, pre-eminently, for his glorious work. He filled their hearts with a love of country which burned strong within them, even in death. He gave them a power of understanding which no sophistry could baffle, no art elude; and a moral heroism which no dangers could appal. Careless of themselves, reckless of all personal consequences, trampling

under foot that petty ambition of office and honor which constitutes the master-passion of little minds, they bent all their mighty powers to the task for which they had been delegated—the freedom of their beloved country and the restoration of fallen man. They felt that they were Apostles of *human liberty*; and well did they fulfil their high commission. They rested not until they had accomplished their work at home, and given such an impulse to the great ocean of mind, that they saw the waves rolling on the farthest shore, before they were called to their reward. And then left the world, hand in hand, exulting, as they rose, in the success of their labors.

\* \* \* \* \*

Adams and Jefferson were born, the *first* in Massachusetts on the 19th of October, 1735; the *last* in Virginia, on the 2d of April, 1743. On the earliest opening of their characters, it was manifest that they were marked for distinction. They both displayed that thirst for knowledge, that restless spirit of inquiry, that fervid sensibility, and that bold, fearless independence of thought, which are among the surest prognostics of exalted talent; and fortunately for them, as well as for their country and mankind, the Universities in their respective neighborhoods opened to their use, all the fountains of ancient and modern learning. With what appetite they drank at these fountains, we need no testimony of witnesses to inform us. The living streams which afterwards flowed from their own lips and pens, are the best witnesses that can be called, of their youthful studies. They were, indeed, of that gifted order of minds, to which early instruction is of little other use than to inform them of their own powers, and to indicate the objects of human knowledge. Education was not with them as with minor characters, an attempt to plant new talents and new qualities in a strange and reluctant soil. It was the development, merely of those which already existed. Thus, the

pure and disinterested patriotism of Aristides, the firmness of Cato, and the devotion of Curtius, only awakened the principles that were sleeping in their young hearts, and touched the responding chords with which heaven had attuned them. The statesman-like vigor of Pericles; and the spirit-stirring energy of Demosthenes, only roused their own lion powers and informed them of their strength. Aristotle, and Bacon, and Sidney, and Locke, could do little more than to disclose to them their native capacity for the profound investigation and ascertainment of truth; and Newton taught their power to range among the stars. In short, every model to which they looked, and every great master to whom they appealed, only moved into life the scarcely dormant energies with which Heaven had endued them; and they came forth from the discipline, not decorated for pomp, but armed for battle.

From this first coincidence, in the character of their minds and studies, let us proceed to another. They both turned their attention to the same profession, the profession of the law; and they both took up the study of this profession on the same enlarged scale which was so conspicuous in all their other intellectual operations. They had been taught by Hooker to look with reverence upon the science of the law: for, he had told them that "her seat was the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world." Pursued in the spirit, on the extended plan, and with the noble aim, with which they pursued it, may it not be said, without the hazard of illiberal construction, that there was no profession in this country to which Heaven could have directed their choice, so well fitted to prepare them for the eventful struggle which was coming on.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was now open war between Great Britain and her colonies. Yet the latter looked no farther than resistance to the specific power of the parent country to tax them at pleasure. A dissolution of the union had

not yet been contemplated, either by Congress or the nation ; and many of those who had voted for the war, would have voted, and did afterwards vote against that dissolution.

Such was the state of things under which the Congress of 1776 assembled, when Adams and Jefferson again met. It was, as you know, in this Congress, that the question of American Independence came, for the first time, to be discussed ; and never, certainly, has a more momentous question been discussed in any age or in any country ; for, it was fraught, not only with the destinies of this wide extended continent, but, as the event has shown, and is still showing, with the destinies of man all over the world.

How fearful that question then was, no one can tell but those who forgetting all that has since past, can transport themselves back to the time, and plant their feet on the ground which those patriots then occupied. "Shadows, clouds, and darkness" then covered all the future, and the present was full only of danger and terror. A more unequal contest never was proposed. It was, indeed, as it was then said to be, the shepherd boy of Israel going forth to battle against the giant of Gath ; and there were yet among us, enough to tremble when they heard that giant say, "Come to me, and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field." But, there were those who never trembled—who knew that there was a God in Israel, and who were willing to commit their cause "to his even-handed justice," and his Almighty power. That their great trust was in Him, is manifest from the remarks that were continually breaking from the lips of the patriots. Thus, the patriot Hawley, when pressed upon the inequality of the contest, could only answer, "We must put to sea—Providence will bring us into port ;" and Patrick Henry, when urged upon the same topic, exclaimed, "True, true ; but there is a God above, who rules and overrules the destinies of nations."

Amid this appalling array that surrounded them, the first to enter the breach, sword in hand, was John Adams—the vision of his youth at his heart; and his country in every nerve. On the 6th of May, he offered, in committee of the whole, the significant resolution, that the colonies should form governments independent of the crown. This was the harbinger of more important measures, and seems to have been put forward to feel the pulse of the House. The resolution after a bloody struggle, was adopted on the 15th of May following. On the 7th of June, by previous concert, Richard Henry Lee moved the great resolution of Independence, and was seconded by John Adams; and “then came the tug of war.” The debate upon it was continued from the 7th to the 10th, when the further consideration of it was postponed to the 1st of July, and at the same time a committee of five was appointed to prepare, provisionally, a draft of a Declaration of Independence. At the head of this important committee, which was then appointed by a vote of the House, although he was probably the youngest member, and one of the youngest men in the House, for he had served only part of the former session, and was but thirty-two years of age, stands the name of Thomas Jefferson—Mr. Adams stands next. And these two gentlemen having been deputed a sub-committee to prepare the draft, that draft, at Mr. Adams’ earnest importunity, was prepared by his more youthful friend. Of this transaction Mr. Adams is himself the historian, and the authorship of the Declaration, though once disputed, is thus placed forever beyond the reach of question.

The final debate on the resolution was postponed as we have seen for nearly a month. In the mean time, all who were conversant with the course of action of all deliberative bodies, know how much is done by conversation among the members. It is not often, indeed, that proselytes are made on great questions by public debate. On such questions, opinions are far more frequently formed in private, and so form-



ed, that debate is seldom known to change them. Hence the value of the out-of-door talent of chamber consultation, where objections, candidly stated, are candidly, calmly, and mildly discussed; where neither pride, nor shame, nor anger, take part in the discussion, nor stand in the way of a correct conclusion: but where every thing being conducted frankly, delicately, respectfully, and kindly, the better cause and the better reasoner are almost always sure of success. In this kind of service, as well as in all that depended on the power of composition, Mr. Jefferson was as much a master-magician, as his eloquent friend Adams was in debate. They were, in truth, hemispheres of the same golden globe, and required only to be brought and put together, to prove that they were parts of the same heaven-formed whole.

On the present occasion however, much still remained to be effected by debate. The first of July came, and the great debate on the resolution for Independence was resumed, with fresh spirit. The discussion was again protracted for two days, which, in addition to the former three, were sufficient, in that age, to call out all the speaking talent of the House.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Jefferson has told us that "the *Colossus* of that Congress—the great pillar of support to the Declaration of Independence, and its ablest advocate and champion on the floor of the House, was John Adams."

\* \* \* \* \*

The resolution having been carried, the draft of the Declaration came to be examined in detail; and so faultless had it issued from the hands of its author, that it was adopted as he had prepared it, pruned only of a few of its brightest inherent beauties, through a prudent deference to some of the States. It was adopted about noon of the Fourth, and proclaimed to an exulting nation, on the evening of the same day.

That brave and animated band who signed it—where are they now? What heart does not sink at the question? One only survives: CHARLES CARROLL, of Carrollton—a noble specimen of the age that has gone by, and now the single object of that age, on whom the veneration and prayers of his country are concentrated. The rest have bequeathed to us the immortal record of their virtue and patriotism, and have ascended to a brighter reward than man can confer.

Of that instrument to which you listen with reverence on every returning anniversary of its adoption, “which forms the ornament of our halls, and the first political lesson of our children,” it is needless to speak. You know that in its origin and object, it was a statement of the causes which had compelled our Fathers to separate themselves from Great Britain, and to declare these States free and independent. It was the voice of the American Nation addressing herself to the other Nations of the earth: and the address is, in all respects, worthy of this noble personification. It is the great argument of America in vindication of her course; and as Mr. Adams had been the Colossus of the cause on the floor of Congress, his illustrious friend, the author of this instrument, may well be pronounced to have been its Colossus on the theatre of the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is a remark of one of the most elegant writers of antiquity, in the beautiful essay which he has left us “on Old Age,” “that “to those who have not within themselves the resources of living well and happily, every age is oppressive; but that to those who have, nothing is an evil which the necessity of nature brings along with it.” How rich our two patriots were in these internal resources, you all know. How lightly they bore the burthen of increasing years was apparent from the cheerfulness and vigor with which, after having survived the age to which they properly belonged, they continued to live among their

posterity. How happy they were in their domestic relations, how beloved by their neighbors and friends, how revered and honored by their country, and by the friends of liberty in every quarter of the world, is a matter of open and public notoriety. Their houses were the constant and thronged resort of the votaries of virtue, and science, and genius, and patriotism, from every portion of the civilized globe : and no one ever left them without confessing that his highest expectations had been realized, and even surpassed, in the interview.

Of "the chief of the Argonauts," as Mr. Jefferson so classically and so happily styled his illustrious friend of the North, it is my misfortune to be able to speak only by report. But every representation concurs, in drawing the same pleasing and affecting picture of the Roman simplicity in which that Father of his Country lived ; of the frank, warm, cordial, and elegant reception that he gave to all who approached him ; of the interesting kindness with which he disbursed the golden treasures of his experience, and shed around him the rays of his decending sun. His conversation was rich in anecdote and characters of the times that were past ; rich in political and moral instruction ; full of that best of wisdom, which is learnt from real life, and flowing from his heart with that warm and honest frankness, that fervour of feeling and force of diction, which so strikingly distinguished him in the meridian of his life. Many of us heard that simple and touching account given of a parting scene with him, by one of our eloquent divines : When he rose up from that little couch behind the door, on which he was wont to rest his aged and weary limbs, and with his silver locks hanging on each side of his honest face, stretched forth that pure hand, which was never soiled by a suspicion, and gave his kind and parting benediction. Such was the blissful and honored retirement of the sage of Quincy. Happy the life which, verging upon a century, had met with but one serious political disappointment ! and even for that, he

had lived to receive a golden atonement, "even in that quarter in which he had garnered up his heart."

Let us now turn for a moment to the patriot of the South. The Roman moralist, in that great work which he has left for the government of man in all the offices of life, has descended even to prescribe the kind of habitation in which an honored and distinguished man should dwell. It should not, he says, be small, and mean, and sordid: nor, on the other hand, extended with profuse and wanton extravagance. It should be large enough to receive and accommodate the visitors which such a man never fails to attract, and suited in its ornaments, as well as its dimensions, to the character and fortune of the individual. Monticello has now lost its great charm. Those of you who have not already visited it, will not be very apt to visit it hereafter; and, from the feelings which you cherish for its departed owner, I persuade myself that you will not be displeased with a brief and rapid sketch of that abode of domestic bliss, that temple of science. Nor is it, indeed, foreign to the express purpose of this meeting, which, in looking to "his life and character," naturally embraces his home and his domestic habits. Can any thing be indifferent to us, which was so dear to him, and which was a subject of such just admiration to the hundreds and thousands that were continually resorting to it, as to an object of pious pilgrimage?

The Mansion House at Monticello was built and furnished in the days of his prosperity. In its dimensions, its architecture, its arrangements and ornaments, it is such a one as became the character and fortune of the man. It stands upon an elliptic plain, formed by cutting down the apex of a mountain; and, on the West, stretching away to the North and the South, it commands a view of the Blue Ridge for a hundred and fifty miles, and brings under the eye one of the boldest and most beautiful horizons in the world; while on the East, it presents an extent of prospect, bounded only by the spherical form of the earth, in which nature seems to sleep in eternal repose, as if to form one of her finest

contrasts with the rude and rolling grandeur on the West. In the wide prospect, and scattered to the North and South, are several detached mountains, which contribute to animate and diversify this enchanting landscape: and among them to the South, Willis's Mountain, which is so interestingly depicted in his Notes. From this summit, the Philosopher was wont to enjoy that spectacle, among the sublimest of Nature's operations, the looming of the distant mountains; and to watch the motions of the planets, and the greater revolution of the celestial sphere. From this summit, too, the patriot could look down, with uninterrupted vision, upon the wide expanse of the world around, for which he considered himself born; and upward, to the open and vaulted heavens which he seemed to approach, as if to keep him continually in mind of his high responsibility. It is, indeed, a prospect in which you see and feel, at once, that nothing mean or little could live. It is a scene fit to nourish those great and high-souled principles which formed the elements of his character, and was a most noble and appropriate post, for such a sentinel, over the rights and liberties of man.

Approaching the house on the east, the visiter instinctively paused, to cast around one thrilling glance at this magnificent panorama: and then passed to the vestibule, where, if he had not been previously informed, he would immediately perceive that he was entering the house of no common man. In the spacious and lofty hall which opens before him, he marks no tawdry and unmeaning ornaments: but before, on the right, on the left, all around, the eye is struck and gratified with objects of science and taste, so classed and arranged as to produce their finest effect. On one side, specimens of sculpture set out, in such order, as to exhibit at a *coup d'œil*, the historical progress of that art; from the first rude attempts of the aborigines of our country, up to that exquisite and finished bust of the great patriot himself, from the master hand of Caracci. On the other side, the visiter sees displayed a vast collection of specimens of Indian art, their paintings, weapons, orna-

ments, and manufactures ; on another, an array of the fossil productions of our country, mineral and animal ; the polished remains of those colossal monsters that once trod our forests, and are no more ; and a variegated display of the branching honors of those " monarchs of the waste," that still people the wilds of the American Continent.

From this hall he was ushered into a noble saloon, from which the glorious landscape of the West again burst upon his view ; and which, within, is hung thick around with the finest productions of the pencil—historical paintings of the most striking subjects from all countries and all ages ; the portraits of distinguished men and patriots, both of Europe and America, and medallions and engravings in endless profusion.

While the visitor was yet lost in the contemplation of these treasures of the arts and sciences, he was startled by the approach of a strong and sprightly step, and turning with instinctive reverence to the door of entrance he was met by a tall, and animated, and stately figure of the patriot himself—his countenance beaming with intelligence and benignity, and his outstretched hand, with its strong and cordial pressure, confirming the courteous welcome of his lips. And then came that charm of manner and conversation that passes all description—so cheerful, so unassuming, so free, and easy, and frank, and kind, and gay—that even the young, and over-awed, and embarrassed visitor at once forgot his fears, and felt himself by the side of an old and familiar friend. There was no effort, no ambition in the conversation of the philosopher. It was as simple and unpretending as nature itself. And while in this easy manner he was pouring out instruction, like light from an inexhaustible solar fountain, he seemed continually to be asking, instead of giving information. The visitor felt himself lifted by the contact, into a new and nobler region of thought, and became surprised at his own buoyancy and vigor. He could not, indeed, help being astounded, now and then, at those transcendent leaps of the mind, which he saw made without the

slightest exertion, and the ease with which this wonderful man played with subjects which he had been in the habit of considering among the *argumenta crucis* of the intellect. And then there seemed to be no end to his knowledge. He was a thorough master of every subject that was touched. From the details of the humblest mechanic art, up to the highest summit of science, he was perfectly at his ease, and every where at home. There seemed to be no longer any *terra incognita* of the human understanding : for what the visitor had thought so, he now found reduced to a familiar garden walk ; and all this carried off so lightly, so playfully, so gracefully, so engagingly, that he won every heart that approached him, as certainly as he astonished every mind.

Mr. Jefferson was wont to remark, that he never left the conversation of Dr. Franklin without carrying away with him something new and useful. How often, and how truly, has the same remark been made of him. Nor is this wonderful, when we reflect, that that mind of matchless vigor and versatility had been all his life, intensely engaged in conversing with the illustrious dead, or following the march of science in every land, or bearing away, on its own steady and powerful wing, into new and unexplored regions of thought.

Shall I follow him to the table of his elegant hospitality, and show him to you in the bosom of his enchanting family ? Alas ! those attic days are gone ; that sparkling eye is quenched ; that voice of pure and delicate affection, which ran with such brilliancy and effect through the whole compass of colloquial music, now bright with wit, now melting with tenderness, is hushed for ever in the grave !

\* \* \* \* \*

These two great men, so eminently distinguished among the patriots of the Revolution, and so illustrious by their subsequent services, became still more so by having so long survived all that were most highly conspicuous among their coevals. All the stars of first

magnitude in the equatorial and tropical regions had long since gone down, and still they remained. Still they stood full in view, like those two resplendent constellations near the opposite poles, which never set to the inhabitants of the neighboring zone.

But they, too, were doomed at length to set: and such was their setting as no American bosom can ever forget!

In the midst of their fast decaying strength, and when it was seen that the approach of death was certain, their country and its glory still occupied their thoughts, and circulated with the last blood that was ebbing to their hearts. Those who surrounded the death bed of Mr. Jefferson report, that in the few short intervals of delirium that occurred, his mind manifestly relapsed to the age of the Revolution. He talked, in broken sentences, of the committee of safety, and the rest of that great machinery which he imagined to be still in action. One of his exclamations was, "Warn the Committee to be on their guard;" and he instantly rose in his bed, with the help of his attendants, and went through the act of writing a hurried note. But these intervals were few and short. His reason was almost constantly upon her throne, and the only aspiration he was heard to breathe, was the prayer that he might live to see the fourth of July. When that day came, all that he was heard to whisper was the repeated ejaculation,—"*Nunc Domine dimittas*," now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace! And the prayer of the patriot was heard and answered.

The Patriarch of Quincy, too, with the same certainty of death before him, prayed only for the protraction of his life to the same day. His prayer was also heard: and when a messenger from the neighboring festivities, unapprized of his danger, was deputed to ask him for the honor of a toast, he showed the object on which his dying eyes were fixed, and exclaimed with energy, "Independence for ever!" His country first, his country last, his country always!

"O save my country—heaven! he said,—and died!"



Hitherto, fellow citizens, the Fourth of July had been celebrated among us only as the anniversary of our Independence, and its votaries had been merely human beings. But at its last recurrence—the great jubilee of the nation—the anniversary, it may well be termed, of the liberty of man—Heaven itself mingled visibly in the celebration, and hallowed the day anew by a double apotheosis. Is there one among us to whom this language seems too strong? Let him recall his own feelings, and the objection will vanish. When the report first reached us, of the death of the great man whose residence was nearest, who among us was not struck with the circumstance that he should have been removed on the day of his own highest glory? And who, after the first shock of the intelligence had passed, did not feel a thrill of mournful delight at the characteristic beauty of the close of such a life. But while our bosoms were yet swelling with admiration at this singularly beautiful coincidence, when the second report immediately followed, of the death of the great sage of Quincy, *on the same day*—I appeal to yourselves—Is there a voice that was not hushed, is there a heart that did not quail, at this close manifestation of the hand of Heaven in our affairs! Philosophy, recovered of her surprise, may affect to treat the coincidence as fortuitous. But Philosophy herself was mute, at the moment, under the pressure of the feeling that these illustrious men had rather been translated, than had died. It is in vain to tell us that men die by thousands every day in the year, all over the world. The wonder is, not that two men have died on the same day, but that two *such* men, after having performed so many and such splendid services in the cause of liberty—after the multitude of other coincidences which seem to have linked their destinies together—after having lived so long together, the objects of their country's joint veneration—after having been spared to witness the great triumph of their toils at home—and looked together from Pisgah's top on the sublime effect of that grand impulse which they had given to the same glorious cause throughout the world,

should on this fiftieth anniversary of the day on which they had ushered that cause into light, be both caught up to Heaven, together, in the midst of their raptures! Is there a being, of heart so obdurate and sceptical, as not to feel the hand and hear the voice of Heaven in this wonderful dispensation? And may we not, with reverence, interpret its language? Is it not this? "These are my beloved servants, in whom I am well pleased. They have finished the work for which I sent them into the world: and are now called to their reward. *Go ye, and do likewise!*"

One circumstance, alone, remains to be noticed. In a *private* memorandum found among some other obituary papers and relics of Mr. Jefferson, is a suggestion, in case a memorial over him should ever be thought of, that a granite obelisk, of small dimensions, should be erected, with the following inscription:

HERE WAS BURIED  
**THOMAS JEFFERSON,**  
 Author of the Declaration of Independence,  
 Of the Statutes of Virginia, for Religious Freedom,  
 And Father of the University of Virginia.

All the long catalogue of his great, and splendid, and glorious services, reduced to this brief and modest summary!

Thus lived, and thus died, our sainted Patriots! May their spirits still continue to hover over their countrymen, inspire all their councils, and guide them in the same virtuous and noble path! And may that God, in whose hands are the issues of all things, confirm and perpetuate, to us, the inestimable boon, which, through their agency, he has bestowed; and make our Columbia the bright exemplar for all the struggling sons of liberty around the globe!

*Description of General Conway's Situation on the  
Repeal of the American Stamp Act.*

I will likewise do justice, I ought to do it, to the honorable gentleman who led us in this house.\* Far from the duplicity wickedly charged on him, he acted his part with alacrity and resolution. We all felt inspired by the example he gave us, down even to myself, the weakest in that phalanx. I declare for one, I knew well enough, it could not be concealed from any body, the true state of things; but, in my life, I never came with so much spirits into this house. It was a time for a man to act in. We had powerful enemies; but we had faithful and determined friends, and a glorious cause. We had a great battle to fight; but we had the means of fighting; not as now, when our arms are tied behind us. We did fight that day and conquer.

I remember, Sir, with a melancholy pleasure, the situation of the honorable gentleman\* who made the motion for the repeal; in that crisis, when the whole trading interest of this empire, crammed into your lobbies, with a trembling and anxious expectation, waited, almost to a winter's return of light, their fate from your resolutions. When, at length, you had determined in their favor, and your doors, thrown open, showed them the figure of their deliverer in the well-earned triumph of his important victory, from the whole of that grave multitude there arose an involuntary burst of gratitude and transport. They jumped upon him like children on a long absent father. They clung about him as captives about their redeemer. All England, all America, joined in his applause. Nor did he seem insensible to the best of all earthly rewards, the love and admiration of his fellow citizens. *Hope elevated and joy brightened his crest.* I stood near him; and his face, to use the expression of the scripture of the first martyr, "his face was as if it had been the face of an angel."

---

\* General Conway.

I do not know how others feel; but if I had stood in that situation, I never would have exchanged it for all that kings in their profusion could bestow.

---

#### DESCRIPTION OF JUNIUS.

Where, then, Sir, shall we look for the origin of this relaxation of the laws and of all government? How comes this Junius to have broken through the cobwebs of the law, and to range uncontrolled, unpunished, through the land? The myrmidons of the court have been long, and are still, pursuing him in vain. They will not spend their time upon me, or you, or you: no; they disdain such vermin, when the mighty boar of the forest, that has broken through all their toils, is before them. But, what will all their efforts avail? No sooner has he wounded one, than he lays down another dead at his feet. For my part, when I saw his attack upon the King, I own my blood ran cold. I thought he had ventured too far, and that there was an end of his triumphs; not that he had not asserted many truths. Yes, Sir, there are in that composition many bold truths by which a wise prince might profit. It was the rancour and venom with which I was struck. In these respects the North Briton is as much inferior to him, as in strength, wit, and judgment. But while I expected from this daring flight his final ruin and fall, behold him rising still higher, and coming down souse upon both houses of parliament. Yes, he did make you his quarry, and you still bleed from the wounds of his talons. You crouched, and still crouch beneath his rage. Nor has he dreaded the terror of your brow, Sir; he has attacked even you—he has—and I believe you have no reason to triumph in the encounter. In short, after carrying away our royal eagle in his pounces, and dashing him against a rock, he has laid you prostrate. King, Lords, and Commons, are but the sport of his fury. Were he a member of this house, what might not be expected from his knowledge, his firmness, and

---

integrity ! He would be easily known by his contempt of all danger, by his penetration, by his vigor. Nothing would escape his vigilance and activity ; bad ministers could conceal nothing from his sagacity ; nor could promises nor threats induce him to conceal any thing from the public.

---

#### LAMENTATION FOR THE LOSS OF HIS SON.

Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family ; I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honor, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shown himself inferior to the duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line.

\* \* \* \* \*

But a disposer whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behoves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and, whatever my querulous weakness might suggest, a far better. The storm has gone over me ; and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honors ; I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth ! There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognize the divine justice, and in some degree submit to it. But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity, those ill-natured neighbors of his, who visited

his dunghill, to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my lord, I greatly deceive myself, if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honor in the world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury; it is a privilege; it is an indulgence for those who are at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace, as we are made to shrink from pain, and poverty, and disease. It is an instinct: and, under the direction of reason, instinct is always in the right. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me have gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation, which ever must subsist in memory, that act of piety, which he would have performed to me; I owe it to him to show that he was not descended, as the duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.

---

CHARACTER OF MR. FOX IN SUPPORT OF HIS INDIA  
BILL.

And now, having done my duty to the bill, let me say a word to the author. I should leave him to his own noble sentiments, if the unworthy and illiberal language with which he has been treated, beyond all example of parliamentary liberty, did not make a few words necessary; not so much in justice to him, as to my own feelings. I must say then, that it will be a distinction honorable to the age, that the rescue of the greatest number of the human race that ever were so grievously oppressed, from the greatest tyranny that was ever exercised, has fallen to the lot of abilities and dispositions equal to the task; that it has fallen to one who has the enlargement to comprehend, the spirit to undertake, and the eloquence to support, so great a measure of hazardous benevolence. His spirit is not owing to his ignorance of the state of men and things

tercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to counsel and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the the name of Pitt through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories ; but the history of his country and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents : his eloquence was an æra in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom ; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully ; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtilty of argumentation ; nor was he like Townshend, for ever on the rack of exertion ; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform ; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority ; something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

---

#### INVECTIVE AGAINST MR. CORRY, IN REPLY TO HIS ASPERSIONS.

My guilt or innocence have little to do with the question here.—I rose with the rising fortunes of my country—I am willing to die with her expiring liberties. To the voice of the people I will bow, but never shall

I submit to the calumnies of an individual hired to betray them and slander me. The indisposition of my body has left me perhaps no means but that of lying down with fallen Ireland and recording upon her tomb my dying testimony against the flagitious corruption that has murdered her independence. The right honorable gentleman has said that this was not my place—that instead of having a voice in the councils of my country, I should now stand a culprit at her bar—at the bar of a court of criminal judicature, to answer for my treasons. The Irish people have not so read my history—but let that pass—if I am what he has said I am, the people are not therefore to forfeit their constitution. In point of argument the attack is bad—in point of taste or feeling, if he had either, it is worse—in point of fact it is false, utterly and absolutely false, as rancorous a falsehood as the most malignant motives could suggest to the prompt sympathy of a shameless and a venal defence. The right honorable gentleman has suggested examples which I should have shunned, and examples which I should have followed. I shall never follow his, and I have ever avoided it. I shall never be ambitious to purchase public scorn by private infamy—the lighter characters of the model have as little chance of weaning me from the habits of a life spent, if not exhausted, in the cause of my native land. Am I to renounce those habits now for ever, and at the beck of whom? I should rather say of what—half a minister—half a monkey—a 'prentice politician, and a master coxcomb. He has told you that what he said of me here, he would say any where. I believe he would say thus of me in any place where he thought himself safe in saying it.—Nothing can limit his calumnies but his fears—in parliament he has calumniated me to-night, in the king's courts he would caluminate me to-morrow, but had he said or dared to insinuate one-half as much elsewhere, the indignant spirit of an honest man would have answered the vile and venal slanderer with—a blow:



tercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to counsel and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the the name of Pitt through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories ; but the history of his country and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents : his eloquence was an æra in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom ; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully ; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtilty of argumentation ; nor was he like Townshend, for ever on the rack of exertion ; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform ; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority ; something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

---

#### INVECTIVE AGAINST MR. CORRY, IN REPLY TO HIS ASPERSIONS.

My guilt or innocence have little to do with the question here.—I rose with the rising fortunes of my country—I am willing to die with her expiring liberties. To the voice of the people I will bow, but never shall

I submit to the calumnies of an individual hired to betray them and slander me. The indisposition of my body has left me perhaps no means but that of lying down with fallen Ireland and recording upon her tomb my dying testimony against the flagitious corruption that has murdered her independence. The right honorable gentleman has said that this was not my place—that instead of having a voice in the councils of my country, I should now stand a culprit at her bar—at the bar of a court of criminal judicature, to answer for my treasons. The Irish people have not so read my history—but let that pass—if I am what he has said I am, the people are not therefore to forfeit their constitution. In point of argument the attack is bad—in point of taste or feeling, if he had either, it is worse—in point of fact it is false, utterly and absolutely false, as rancorous a falsehood as the most malignant motives could suggest to the prompt sympathy of a shameless and a venal defence. The right honorable gentleman has suggested examples which I should have shunned, and examples which I should have followed. I shall never follow his, and I have ever avoided it. I shall never be ambitious to purchase public scorn by private infamy—the lighter characters of the model have as little chance of weaning me from the habits of a life spent, if not exhausted, in the cause of my native land. Am I to renounce those habits now for ever, and at the beck of whom? I should rather say of what—half a minister—half a monkey—a 'prentice politician, and a master coxcomb. He has told you that what he said of me here, he would say any where. I believe he would say thus of me in any place where he thought himself safe in saying it.—Nothing can limit his calumnies but his fears—in parliament he has calumniated me to-night, in the king's courts he would calumniate me to-morrow, but had he said or dared to insinuate one-half as much elsewhere, the indignant spirit of an honest man would have answered the vile and venal slanderer with—a blow:

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH AGAINST WARREN  
HASTINGS.

Had a stranger, at this time, gone into the province of Oude, ignorant of what had happened since the death of Sujuh Dowla, that man, who, with a savage heart, had still great lines of character, and who with all his ferocity in war, had still, with a cultivating hand, preserved to his country the riches which it derived from benignant skies and a prolific soil.—If this stranger, ignorant of all that had happened in the short interval, and observing the wide and general devastation, and all the horrors of the scene—of plains unclothed and brown—of vegetation burnt up and extinguished—of villages depopulated and in ruins—of temples unroofed and perishing—of reservoirs broken down and dry—he would naturally inquire what war had thus laid waste the fertile fields of this once beautiful and opulent country—what civil dissensions have happened, thus to tear asunder and separate the happy societies that once possessed those villages—what disputed succession—what religious rage has, with unholy violence, demolished those temples, and disturbed fervent, but unobtruding piety in the exercise of its duties?—What merciless enemy has thus spread the horrors of fire and sword—what severe visitation of Providence has dried up the fountain, and taken from the face of the earth every vestige of verdure? Or rather, what monsters have stalked over the country, tainting and poisoning, with pestiferous breath, what the voracious appetite could not devour? To such questions, what must be the answer? No wars have ravaged these lands, and depopulated these villages—no civil discord has been felt—no disputed succession—no religious rage—no cruel enemy—no affliction of Providence, which, while it scourged for a moment, cut off the sources of resuscitation—no voracious and poisoning monsters—no: all this has been accomplished by the *friendship, generosity and kindness* of the English nation.

They have embraced us with their protecting arms, and lo! these are the fruits of their alliance. What,

then, shall we be told, that under such circumstances, the exasperated feelings of a whole people thus goaded and spurred on to clamor and resistance, were excited by the poor and feeble influence of the Begums?—When we hear the description of the paroxysm, fever, and delirium, into which despair had thrown the natives, when on the banks of the polluted Ganges, panting for death, they tore more widely open the lips of their gaping wounds, to accelerate their dissolution; and while their blood was issuing, presented their ghastly eyes to heaven, breathing their last and fervent prayer, that the dry earth might not be suffered to drink their blood, but that it might rise up to the throne of God, and rouse the eternal Providence to avenge the wrongs of their country.

\* \* \* \* \*

The counsel, in recommending attention to the public in preference to the private letters, had remarked, in particular, that one letter should not be taken as evidence, because it was manifestly and abstractedly private, as it contained in one part the anxieties of Mr. Middleton for the illness of his son. This was a singular argument indeed; and the circumstance, in his mind, merited strict observation, though not in the view in which it was placed by the counsel. It went to show that some at least of those concerned in these transactions, felt the force of those ties, which their efforts were directed to tear asunder; that those who could ridicule the respective attachment of a mother and a son; who would prohibit the reverence of the son to the mother who had given him life;—who could deny to *maternal debility* the protection which *filial tenderness* should afford;—were yet sensible of the *straining* of those *chords* by which they were united. There was something connected with this transaction so horrible, and so loathsome, as to excite the most contemptuous disgust. If it were not a part of his duty, it would be superfluous to speak of the sacredness of the ties

which those aliens to feeling—those apostates to humanity had thus divided. In such an assembly as that which I have the honor of addressing, there is not an eye but must dart reproof at this conduct; not a heart but must anticipate its condemnation. “**FILIAL PIETY!**” It is the primal bond of society—it is that instinctive principle, which, panting for its proper good, soothes, unbidden, each sense and sensibility of man!—it now quivers on every lip!—it now beams from every eye!—it is an emanation of that gratitude, which softening under the sense of recollected good, is eager to own the vast countless debt it ne’er, alas! can pay, for so many long years of unceasing solitudes, honorable self-denials, life-preserving cares!—it is that part of our practice, where duty drops its awe!—where reverence refines into love!—it asks no aid of memory!—it needs not the deductions of reason!—pre-existing, paramount over all, whether law, or human rule, few arguments can increase, and none can diminish it!—it is the sacrament of our nature!—not only the duty but the indulgence of man—it is his first great privilege—it is amongst his last most endearing delights!—it causes the bosom to glow with reverberated love!—it requites the visitations of nature, and returns the blessings that have been received!—it fires emotion into vital principle—it renders habituated instinct into a master-passion—sways all the sweetest energies of man—hangs over each vicissitude of all that must pass away—aids the melancholy virtues in their last sad tasks of life, to cheer the langour of decrepitude and age—explores the thought—elucidates the aching eye!—and breathes sweet consolation even in the awful moment of dissolution!

---

*A Speech delivered at Cheltenham, on the 7th Oct. 1819.  
at the Fourth Anniversary of the Gloucester Mission-  
ary Society.*

MR. CHAIRMAN—After the eloquence with which so many gentlemen have gratified and delighted this most

respectable assembly, and after the almost inspired address of one of them, I feel ashamed of having acceded to the wishes of the committee by proposing the resolution which I have the honor to submit. I should apologize, sir, for even the few moments intrusion which I mean to make upon this meeting, did I not feel that I had no right to consider myself as quite a stranger; did I not feel that the subject unites us all into one great social family, and gives to the merest sojourner the claim of a brother and a friend. At a time like this, perhaps, when the infidel is abroad, and the atheist and disbeliever triumph in their blasphemy, it behoves the humblest Christian to range himself beneath the banners of his faith, and attest, even by his martyrdom, the sincerity of his allegiance. When I consider the source from whence Christianity sprung—the humility of its origin—the poverty of its disciples—the miracles of its creation—the mighty sway it has acquired, not only over the civilized world, but which your missions are hourly extending over lawless, mindless, and imbruted regions—I own the awful presence of the Godhead—nothing less than a Divinity could have done it! The powers, the prejudices, the superstition of the earth, were all in arms against it; it had nor sword nor sceptre—its founder was in rags—its apostles were lowly fishermen—its inspired prophets, lowly and uneducated—its cradle was a manger—its home a dungeon—its earthly diadem a crown of thorns! And yet, forth it went—that lowly, humble, persecuted spirit—and the idols of the heathen fell; and the thrones of the mighty trembled; and paganism saw her peasants and her princes kneel down and worship the unarmed conqueror! If this be not the work of the Divinity, then I yield to the reptile ambition of the athiest. I see no God above—I see no government below; and I yield *my* consciousness of an immortal soul to *his* boasted fraternity with the worm that perishes! But, sir, even when I thus concede to him the divine origin of our Christian faith, I arrest him upon worldly principles—I desire him to produce from all

the wisdom of the earth, so pure a system of practical morality—a code of ethics more sublime in its conception—more simple in its means—more happy and more powerful in its operation: and if he cannot do so, I then say to him, Oh! in the name of your own darling policy, filch not its guide from youth, its shield from manhood, and its crutch from age! Though the light I follow may lead me astray, still I think it is light from Heaven! The good, and great, and wise, are my companions—my delightful hope is harmless, if not holy; and wake me not to a disappointment, which in *your tomb of annihilation*, I shall not taste hereafter! To propagate the sacred creed—to teach the ignorant—to enrich the poor—to illumine this world with the splendors of the next—to make men happy you have never seen—and to redeem millions you can never know—you have sent your hallowed missionaries forward; and never did a holier vision rise, than that of this celestial and glorious embassy. Methinks I see the band of *willing exiles* bidding farewell perhaps forever, to their native country; foregoing home, and friends and luxury—to tempt the savage sea, or men more savage than the raging element—to dare the polar tempest, and the tropic fire, and often doomed by the forfeit of their lives to give their precepts a proof and an expiation. It is quite delightful to read over their reports, and see the blessed products of their labors. They leave no clime unvisited, no peril unencountered. In the South Sea Islands they found the population almost eradicated by the murder of idolatry. “It was God Almighty,” says the royal convert of Otaheite, “who sent your mission *to the remainder of my people!*” I do not wish to shock your Christian ears with the cruelties from which you have redeemed these islands. Will you believe it, that they had been educated in such cannibal ferocity, as to excavate the earth, and form an oven of burning stones, into which they literally threw their living infants, and gorged their infernal appetites with the flesh! Will you believe it, that they thought murder grateful to the God of

Mercy!—and the blood of his creatures as their best libation! In nine of these islands those abominations are extinct—infanticide is abolished—their prisoners are exchanged—society is now cemented by the bond of brotherhood, and the accursed shrines that streamed with human gore, and blazed with human unction, now echo the songs of peace, and the sweet strains of piety. In India, too, where Providence for some special purpose, permits these little insular specks to hold above one hundred millions in subjection—phenomena scarcely to be paralleled in history—the spell of *Brahma* is dissolving—the chains of Caste are falling off—the wheels of Juggernaut are scarce ensanguined—the horrid custom of self-immolation is daily disappearing—and the sacred stream of Jordan mingles with the Ganges. Even the rude soldier, 'mid the din of arms, and the license of the camp, "makes," says our missionary, "the Bible the inmate of his knapsack, and the companion of his pillow." Such has been the success of your missions in that country, that one of your own judges has publicly avowed, that those who left India some years ago can form no just idea of what now exists there. Turn from these lands to that of Africa, a name I now can mention without horror. In sixteen of their towns and many of their Islands, we see the sun of Christianity arising, and as it rises, the whole spectral train of superstition vanishing in air. Agriculture and civilization are busy in the desert, and the poor Hottentot kneeling at the altar, implores his God to remember not the slave trade. If any thing, sir, could add to the satisfaction that I feel, it is the consciousness that knowledge and Christianity are advancing, hand in hand, and that wherever I see your missionaries journeying, I see schools rising up, as it were, *the landmark* of their progress. And who can tell what the consequences of this may be in after ages? Who can tell whether those remote regions may not hereafter become the rivals of European improvement? Who shall place a ban upon the intellect derived from the Almighty? Who shall say that the



future poet shall not fascinate the wilds, and that the philosopher and the statesman shall not repose together beneath the shadow of their palm trees? This may be visionary, but surely, in a moral point of view, the advantages of education are not visionary. [*A long and continued burst of applause followed this passage, and prevented the reporter from detailing some most excellent remarks on the advantages of the cultivation of the human mind.*] These, sir—the propagation of the gospel—the advancement of science and industry—the perfection of the arts—the diffusion of knowledge—the happiness of mankind here and hereafter—these are the blessed objects of your missionaries, and compared with these, all human ambition sinks into the dust: the ensanguined chariot of the conqueror pauses—the sceptre falls from the imperial grasp—the blossom withers even in the patriot's garland. But deeds like these require no panegyric—in the words of that dear friend whose name can never die—[*In this allusion to his lamented friend, Curran, Mr. Phillips' feelings were evidently much affected*].—“They are recorded in the heart from whence they sprung, and in the hour of adverse vicissitude, if it should ever arrive, sweet will be the odor of their memory, and precious the balm of their consolation.”

Before I sit down, sir, I must take the liberty of saying that the principal objection which I have heard raised against your institution is with me the principal motive of my admiration—I allude, sir, to the diffusive principles on which it is founded. *I have seen too much, sir, of sectarian bigotry*—as a man, I abhor it—as a Christian, I blush at it—it is not only degrading to the religion that employs even the shadow of intolerance, but it is an impious despotism in the government that countenances it. These are my opinions, and I will not suppress them. Our religion has its various denominations, but they are struggling to the same mansion, though by different avenues, and when I meet them on their way—I care not whether they be protestant or presbyterian, dissenter or catholic, I know

## SUBJECTS DESCRIPTIVE AND MISCELLANEOUS.

---

### THE SELF-INFLICTING TORMENTS OF THE GAMESTER.

No man who has not felt, can possibly image to himself the tortures of a gamester. Of a gamester like me, who played for the improvement of his fortune, who played with the recollection of a wife and children, dearer to him than the blood that bubbled through the arteries of his heart ; who might be said like the savages of ancient Germany, to make these relations the stake for which he threw ; who saw all his own happiness and all theirs, through the long vista of life, depending on the turn of a card ! All bodily racks and torments are nothing compared with certain states of the human mind. The gamester would be the most *pitiable*, if he were not the most *despicable* creature that exists. Arrange ten bits of painted paper in a certain order, and he is ready to go wild with the extravagance of his joy. He is only restrained by some remains of shame from dancing about the room, and displaying the vileness of his spirit by every sort of freak and absurdity. At another time, when his hopes have been gradually worked up into a paroxysm, an unexpected turn arrives, and he is made the most miserable of men. Never shall I cease to recollect the sensation which I have repeatedly felt, in the instantaneous sinking of the spirits, the conscious fire that spread over my visage, the anger in my eye, the burning dryness of my throat, the sentiment that in a moment was ready to overwhelm with curses the cards, the stake,

Like the holy symbol which blazed upon the cloud before the hesitating Constantine, if man follow but its precepts, purely, it will not only lead him to the victories of *this* world, but open the very portals of *Omnipotence* for his admission.

## SUBJECTS DESCRIPTIVE AND MISCELLANEOUS.

---

### THE SELF-INFLICTING TORMENTS OF THE GAMESTER.

No man who has not felt, can possibly image to himself the tortures of a gamester. Of a gamester like me, who played for the improvement of his fortune, who played with the recollection of a wife and children, dearer to him than the blood that bubbled through the arteries of his heart; who might be said like the savages of ancient Germany, to make these relations the stake for which he threw; who saw all his own happiness and all theirs, through the long vista of life, depending on the turn of a card! All bodily racks and torments are nothing compared with certain states of the human mind. The gamester would be the most *pitiable*, if he were not the most *despicable* creature that exists. Arrange ten bits of painted paper in a certain order, and he is ready to go wild with the extravagance of his joy. He is only restrained by some remains of shame from dancing about the room, and displaying the vileness of his spirit by every sort of freak and absurdity. At another time, when his hopes have been gradually worked up into a paroxysm, an unexpected turn arrives, and he is made the most miserable of men. Never shall I cease to recollect the sensation which I have repeatedly felt, in the instantaneous sinking of the spirits, the conscious fire that spread over my visage, the anger in my eye, the burning dryness of my throat, the sentiment that in a moment was ready to overwhelm with curses the cards, the stake,

---

my *own* existence, and all mankind. How every malignant and insufferable passion seemed to rush upon my soul! What nights of dreadful solitude and despair did I repeatedly pass during the progress of my ruin! It was the night of the soul! My mind was wrapped in a gloom that could not be pierced! My heart was oppressed with a weight that no power appeared equal to remove! My eyelids seemed to press downward with an invincible burthen! My eyeballs were ready to start and crack their sockets! I lay motionless, the victim of ineffable horror!

---

*A description of the field of battle, where Varus, the Roman General and his army, had been destroyed by Arminius. Also of the tribute of respect paid by Germanicus and his legions to the scattered and unburied bones of their slaughtered countrymen.*

Touched by this affecting circumstance, Germanicus resolved to pay the last human office to the relics of that unfortunate commander and his slaughtered soldiers. The same tender sentiment diffused itself throughout the army. Some felt the touch of nature for their relations, others for their friends, and all lamented the disasters of war, and the wretched lot of human kind. The army marched through a gloomy solitude; the place presented an awful spectacle, and the memory of a tragical event increased the horror of the scene. The first camp of Varus appeared in view, the extent of the ground, and the three different enclosures for the eagles, still distinctly seen, left no doubt that the whole was the work of the three legions.

Farther on were traced the ruins of a rampart and the hollow of a ditch well nigh filled up. This was supposed to be the spot where the few who escaped the general massacre, made their last effort, and perished in the attempt. The plains around were white with bones: on some places thinly scattered, in others lying

in heaps, as the men happened to fall in flight, or in a body, resisted to the last; fragments of javelins, and the limbs of horses lay scattered about the field: human skulls were seen upon the trunks of trees. In the adjacent woods stood the savage altars where the tribunes, and the principal centurions were offered up a sacrifice with barbarous rites. Some of the soldiers who survived that dreadful day, and afterwards broke their chains, related circumstantially several particulars. "Here the commanders of the legions were put to the sword; on that spot the eagles were seized; there Varus received his first wound, and this the place where he gave himself the mortal stab, and died by his own sword.

"Yonder mound was the tribunal from which Arminius harangued his countrymen. Here he fixed his *gibbets*, there he dug his *funeral trenches*, and in *that* quarter he offered every mark of scorn and *insolence* to the *Roman Eagles*." Six years had elapsed since the overthrow of Varus, and in the same spot the Roman *army* collected the bones of their slaughtered countrymen. Whether they were burying the remains of *strangers* or of their *own friends*, no man knew; *all*, however, considered themselves as performing the *last obsequies* to their *kindred* and their *brother soldiers*. While employed in this pious office, their hearts were torn with contending passions; by turns *oppressed with grief*, and *burning for revenge*.

A monument to the memory of the dead was raised with turf; Germanicus, with his own hand, laid the first sod; discharging at once a tribute due to the legions, and sympathizing with the rest of the army.

---

#### EULOGY ON GENERAL WASHINGTON.

In contemplating the revolution of this country, the mind naturally recurs to the means by which so great an object was accomplished, and its eye at once rests upon Washington! A man, a soldier, and a patriot—"take him for all in all," we "shall not look upon his

---

my *own* existence, and all mankind. How every malignant and insufferable passion seemed to rush upon my soul! What nights of dreadful solitude and despair did I repeatedly pass during the progress of my ruin! It was the night of the soul! My mind was wrapped in a gloom that could not be pierced! My heart was oppressed with a weight that no power appeared equal to remove! My eyelids seemed to press downward with an invincible burthen! My eyeballs were ready to start and crack their sockets! I lay motionless, the victim of ineffable horror!

---

*A description of the field of battle, where Varus, the Roman General and his army, had been destroyed by Arminius. Also of the tribute of respect paid by Germanicus and his legions to the scattered and unburied bones of their slaughtered countrymen.*

Touched by this affecting circumstance, Germanicus resolved to pay the last human office to the relics of that unfortunate commander and his slaughtered soldiers. The same tender sentiment diffused itself throughout the army. Some felt the touch of nature for their relations, others for their friends, and all lamented the disasters of war, and the wretched lot of human kind. The army marched through a gloomy solitude; the place presented an awful spectacle, and the memory of a tragical event increased the horror of the scene. The first camp of Varus appeared in view, the extent of the ground, and the three different enclosures for the eagles, still distinctly seen, left no doubt that the whole was the work of the three legions.

Farther on were traced the ruins of a rampart and the hollow of a ditch well nigh filled up. This was supposed to be the spot where the few who escaped the general massacre, made their last effort, and perished in the attempt. The plains around were white with bones: on some places thinly scattered, in others lying

in heaps, as the men happened to fall in flight, or in a body, resisted to the last; fragments of javelins, and the limbs of horses lay scattered about the field: human skulls were seen upon the trunks of trees. In the adjacent woods stood the savage altars where the tribunes, and the principal centurions were offered up a sacrifice with barbarous rites. Some of the soldiers who survived that dreadful day, and afterwards broke their chains, related circumstantially several particulars. "Here the commanders of the legions were put to the sword; on that spot the eagles were seized; there Varus received his first wound, and this the place where he gave himself the mortal stab, and died by his own sword.

"Yonder mound was the tribunal from which Arminius harangued his countrymen. Here he fixed his *gibbets*, there he dug his *funeral trenches*, and in *that* quarter he offered every mark of scorn and *insolence* to the *Roman Eagles*." Six years had elapsed since the overthrow of Varus, and in the same spot the Roman army collected the bones of their slaughtered countrymen. Whether they were burying the remains of *strangers* or of their *own friends*, no man knew; *all*, however, considered themselves as performing the *last obsequies* to their *kindred* and their *brother soldiers*. While employed in this pious office, their hearts were torn with contending passions; by turns *oppressed with grief*, and *burning for revenge*.

A monument to the memory of the dead was raised with turf; Germanicus, with his own hand, laid the first sod; discharging at once a tribute due to the legions, and sympathizing with the rest of the army.

---

#### EULOGY ON GENERAL WASHINGTON.

In contemplating the revolution of this country, the mind naturally recurs to the means by which so great an object was accomplished, and its eye at once rests upon Washington! A man, a soldier, and a patriot—"take him for all in all," we "shall not look upon his



like again." Between Cincinnatus and him, many characteristic features of resemblance may be distinctly traced ;—that admirable Roman, after having successfully fought his country's battles, turned the sword of death into the life-providing plough share, and laying down all dignity, save that of human nature, retired to the cultivation of his fields. So did the great, the *more* than great, the *good* Washington. Cincinnatus possessed the *amor patriæ* in no less a degree ; but his merit in the possession was certainly less for with the first breath he drew, he inhaled the air of freedom, and the first drop of milk that sustained him, was strongly impregnated with the love of liberty ! In him, not to have been a republican, had been criminal. Not so was it with Columbia's hero. Although born, fostered, and educated under a monarchy, yet, when the great, the paramount call of country, aroused him to the assertion of her rights, he arose a colossal pillar to perpetuate to future ages the glory of the emancipation of America ! But why should such a feeble pen as mine attempt an eulogy ? His memory is embalmed with the tears of a grateful people, and his immortal part has met that immortality which is the sure reward of the just and good.

---

ON GENERAL LA FAYETTE'S RECEPTION IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1824.

Never was the aphorism *Vox Populi ! Vox Dei !* exemplified until now. It remained for Columbia to give the elucidation. What have been all earthly triumphs compared to the one which is now passing before our eyes.—Alexander entered Babylon reeking with the gore, and riding upon the necks of a prostrate people. Cæsar entered Rome, trampling upon the liberties of his country. *La Fayette* enters America with the halo of Washington around his head, and the shouts and blessings of free millions vibrating in his heart, standing upon earth with feelings raised to heaven ! Oh what

a glorious lesson to poor weak infidelity! and what a proof that man has a soul, and is an emanation of the Deity! But expression sinks under the magnitude of the subject.

Soldier! again thou comest to save thy adopted country, for hereafter, when republics may tauntingly be accused of ingratitude, let America say—*LA FAYETTE!*

#### THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

Pittie old age, within whose silver hairs  
Honor and reverence evermore have reign'd.

MARLOWE'S *TAMBURLAINE*.

During my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, its dark oaken panneling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation. A Sunday, too, in the country, is so holy in its repose: such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature, that every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us.

Sweet day! so pure, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky.

I do not pretend to be what is called a devout man, but there are feelings that visit me in a country church, amidst the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience no where else; and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday than on any other day of the seven. But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true christian, was a poor decrepid old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were

visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, has been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love all friendship, all society, and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer,—habitually conning her prayer book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes could not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart—I felt persuaded that the faulting voice of that poor woman arose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir. I am fond of loitering about country churches, and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew trees, which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two laborers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the church-yard, where, by the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were hurried into the earth. I was told that the new made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected wo, but there was one real mourner, who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman

whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by an humble friend, who was endeavoring to comfort her. A few of the neighboring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and sometimes pausing to gaze with childish curiosity on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued out of the church porch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well fed priest scarcely moved ten steps from the church door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummary of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—"George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped as if in prayer; but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last reliques of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

The service being ended, preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir that breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection: directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel, which at the grave of those we love is of all sounds the most withering. The bustle around seemed to awaken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavored to raise her from the earth, and to

whisper something like consolation—"Nay, now—nay now—don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head and wring her hands as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of wordly suffering.

I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the church-yard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich! they have friends to soothe—pleasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young? Their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine around new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years; these are the sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

It was some time before I left the church-yard. On my way homeward, I met with the woman who had acted as comforter: she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and a blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age.—“Oh, sir!” said the good woman, “he was such a likely lad, so sweet tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents! It did one’s heart good to see him of a Sunday, drest out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church—for she was always fonder of leaning on George’s arm, than on her good man’s; and, poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round.”

Unfortunately, the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighboring river. He had not been long in this employ, when he was entrapped by a pressgang, and carried off to sea. His parents received the tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind feeling towards her throughout the village, and a certain respect as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbors would now and then cultivate for her. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage door that faced the garden suddenly opened. A stranger came out, and

---

seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seamen's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her, and hastened toward her, but his steps were faint and faltering, he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye—"Oh my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son! your poor boy George!" It was, indeed, the wreck of her once noble lad; who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had, at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended: still he was alive!—he was come home!—he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if any thing had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet where his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He, however, was too weak to talk—he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant, and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has suffered, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency—who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land—but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothened his pillow, and administered to his helplessness. Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart.

It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity: and, if adversity overtake him, he will be the dearer to her by misfortune; and, if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him; and, if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Somers had known well what it was to be in sickness, and none to soothe—lonely and in prison, and none to visit him.—He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, look anxiously up until he saw her venerable form bending over him, when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse, on hearing this humble tale of affliction, was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do every thing that the case admitted: and as the poor know best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday I was at the village church; when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty: a black riband or so—a faded black handkerchief—and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble



pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride ; and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved at it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I left the neighborhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

---

#### REFLECTIONS ON FIRST APPROACHING ROME.

On the heights above Baccano the postillions stopped, and pointing to a pinnacle that appeared between two hills, exclaimed—"Roma!"—that pinnacle was the cross of St. Peter's.—The "ETERNAL CITY" rose before us !

As the traveller advances over the dreary wilds of the Campagna, where not one object occurs to awaken his attention, he has time to recover from the surprise and agitation which the first view of Rome seldom fails to excite in liberal and ingenuous minds. He may naturally be supposed to inquire into the cause of these emotions, and at first he may be inclined to attribute them solely to the influence of early habits, and ascribe the feelings of the man to the warm imagination of the school boy. Without doubt the name of Rome echoes in our ears from our infancy : our lisping tongues are tuned to her language ; and our first and most delightful years are passed among her orators, poets and historians. We are taught betimes to take a deep interest

in her fortunes, and to adopt her cause, as that of our own country, with spirit and with passion. Such impressions, made at such an age, are indelible, and it must be admitted, are likely to influence our feelings and opinions during life.

But the prejudices instilled into the mind of the boy, and strengthened by the studies of youth, are neither the sole nor even the principal causes of our veneration for Rome. The Mistress of the World claims our respect and affection, on grounds which the Christian and the philosopher must admit with grateful acknowledgment. In addition to her ancient origin and venerable fame, to her mighty achievements and vast empire, to her heroes and her saints, to the majesty of her language, and the charms of her literature; "*habe ante oculos hanc esse terram quæ nobis miserit jura quæ leges dederit.*" Rome has been, in the hands of Providence, the instrument of communicating to Europe and to a considerable portion of the globe, the three greatest blessings of which human nature is susceptible—Civilization, Science, and Religion.

The system of Roman government was peculiarly adapted to the attainment of this great end, and the extension of its empire, seems to have been ordained by Heaven for its full accomplishment. The despotism of the Eastern monarchies kept all prostrate on the ground in abject slavery; the narrow policy of the Greek republics confined the blessings of liberty within their own precincts: Rome, with more enlarged and more generous sentiments, considering the conquered countries as so many nurseries of citizens, gradually extended her rights and privileges to their capitals, enrolled their natives in her legions, and admitted their nobles into her senate. Thus her subjects, as they improved in civilization, advanced also in honors, and approached every day nearer to the manners and to the virtues of their masters, till every province became another Italy, every city another Rome. With her laws and franchises she communicated to them her arts and sciences; wherever the Roman eagles penetrated, schools were

opened, and public teachers were pensioned. Aqueducts and bridges, temples and theatres were raised in almost every town; and all the powers of architecture, of sculpture, and of painting, were employed to decorate the capitals of the most distant provinces. Roads, the remains of which astonish us even at this day, were carried from the Roman Forum, the centre of this vast empire, to its utmost extremities; and all the tribes and nations that composed it were linked together, not only by the same laws and by the same government, but by all the facilities of commodious intercourse, and of frequent communication. Compare the state of Gaul, of Spain, and of Britain, when covered with numberless cities, and flourishing in all the arts of peace under the protection of Rome, with their forests, their swamps, and the sordid huts of half naked savages scattered thinly over their wastes previous to their subjugation; and you will be enabled to appreciate the blessings which they owed to Rome.

Rome, in thus civilizing and polishing mankind, had prepared them for the reception of that divine religion, which alone can give to human nature its full and adequate perfection; and she completed her godlike work, when influenced by her instructions and example Europe embraced Christianity. Thus she became the metropolis of the world, by a new and more venerable title, and assumed in a most august sense, the appellation of the "Holy City," the "Light of Nations," the "Parent of Mankind." When in the course of the two succeeding ages, she was stript of her imperial honors; when her provinces were invaded, and all the glorious scene of cultivation, peace and improvement was ravaged by successive hordes of barbarians; she again renewed her benevolent exertions, and sent out, not consuls and armies to conquer, but apostles and teachers to reclaim, the savage tribes which had wasted her empire. By them she bore the light of heaven into the dark recesses of idolatry; and displaying in this better cause all the magnanimity, the wisdom, the perseverance, which marked her former career, she tri-

umphed, and, in spite of ignorance and barbarism, again diffused the blessings of Christianity over the Western world.

Nor is it to be objected that the religion of Rome was erroneous, or that she blinded and enslaved her converts. The religion which Rome taught was Christianity. With it the convert received in the Scriptures the records of truth; and in the sacraments, the means of sanctification; in the creeds, the rule of faith; and in the commandments, the code of morality. In these are comprised all the belief and all the practices of a Christian, and to communicate these to a nation is to open to it the sources of life and happiness. But whatever may be the opinions of my reader in this respect, he must admit that the Latin muses, which had followed the Roman eagles in their victorious flight, now accompanied her humble missionaries in their expeditions of charity: and with them penetrated the swamps of Batavia, the forests of Germany, and the mountains of Caledonia.

Schools that vied in learning and celebrity with seminaries of the south, rose in these benighted regions, and diffused the beams of science over the vast tracts of the north, even to the polar circles. Thus the predictions of the Roman poets were fulfilled, though in a manner very different from their conceptions; and their immortal compositions were rehearsed in the remote islands of the Hebrides, and in the once impenetrable forests of Scandinavia.

At the same time, the arts followed the traces of the muse, and the untutored savages saw with surprise, temples of stone rise in their sacred groves, and arches of rock spread into a roof over their heads. The figure of the Redeemer, till then unknown, seemed to breathe on canvass to their eyes; the venerable forms of the apostles in Parian marble replaced the grim uncouth statues of their idols; and music surpassing in sweetness the strains of their bards, announced to them the mercies of that God whom they were summoned to adore. It was not wonderful that they should eagerly

embrace a religion adorned with so many graces, and accompanied by so many blessings ; and Europe finally settled in the profession of Christianity, and once more enlightened by the beams of science, was indebted to the exertions of Rome for both these blessings.

But the obligation did not end here, as the work of civilization was not yet finished. The northern tribes long established in the invaded provinces had indeed become Christians, but they still remained, in many respects, barbarians. Hasty and intemperate, they indulged the caprice or the vengeance of the moment ; they knew no law but that of the sword, and would submit to no decision but that of arms. Here again we behold the genius of Rome interposing her authority as a shield between ferocity and weakness, appealing from the sword to reason, from private combat to public justice, from the will of the judge and the uncertain rules of custom, to the clear prescriptions of her own written code. This grand plan of civilization, though impeded and delayed by the brutality and the obstinacy of the barbarous ages, was at length carried into effect, and the Roman law was adopted by consenting nations as the general code of the civilized world.

Rome, therefore, may still be said to rule nations ; not, indeed, with the rod of power, but with the sceptre of justice ; and may still be supposed to exercise the high commission of presiding over the world, and of regulating the destinies of mankind.

---

#### THE CAPITOL.

The Capitol was anciently both a fortress and a sanctuary. A fortress surrounded with precipices, biding defiance to all the means of attack employed in ancient times ; a sanctuary, crowded with altars and temples, the repository of the fatal oracles, the seat of the tutelar deities of the empire. Romulus began the grand work, by erecting the temple of Jupiter Fe-

Tarquinius Priscus, Servius Tullius, and Tarquinius Superbus continued, and the consul, Horatius Pulvillus, a few years after the expulsion of the kings, completed it, with a solidity and magnificence, says Livy, which the riches of succeeding ages might have increased, but could not increase. It was burnt during the civil wars between Marius and Sylla, and rebuilt shortly after; but again destroyed by fire in the dreadful conflagration that took place in the very forum itself, and on the sides of the Capitoline Mount, between the partisans of Vitellius and Vespasian. This event, Tacitus represents, with the spirit and indignation of a Roman, as the greatest disaster that had ever befallen the city. Indeed, if we consider that the public archives, and consequently the most valuable records of its history were deposited there, we must allow, that the catastrophe was peculiarly unfortunate, not to Rome only, but to the world at large. However, the capitol rose once more from its ashes, with redoubled splendor, and received from the munificence of Vespasian, and of Domitian his son, its last and most glorious embellishments. The edifices were probably in site and destination nearly the same as before the conflagration; but more attention was paid to symmetry, to costliness, and above all, to grandeur and magnificence. The northern entrance led under a triumphal arch to the centre of the hill, and to the sacred grove, the asylum opened by Romulus, and almost the cradle of Roman power. On the right on the eastern summit, stood the temple of Jupiter Feretrius. On the left, on the western summit, was that of Jupiter Custos; near each of these temples were the fanes of inferior divinities, that of Fortune and that of Fides alluded to by Cicero. In the midst, to crown the pyramid formed by such an assemblage of majestic edifices, rose the residence of the guardian of the empire, the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus on a hundred steps, supported by a hundred pillars, adorned with all the refinements of art, and blazing with the plunder of the world. In the centre of the temple, with Juno on his left, and Minerva on his

right side, the thunderer sat on a throne of gold, grasping the lightning in one hand ; and in the other wielding the sceptre of the universe. Hither the consuls were conducted by the senate, to assume the military dress, and to implore the favor of the Gods before they marched to battle. Hither the victorious generals used to repair in triumph, in order to suspend the spoils of conquered nations, to present captive monarchs, and to offer up hecatombs to Tarpeian Jove. Here, in cases of danger and distress, the senate was assembled, and the magistrates convened to deliberate in the presence, and under the immediate influence, of the tutelar gods of Rome. Here the laws were exhibited to public inspection, as if under the sanction of the divinity ; and here, also, they were deposited, as if intrusted to his guardian care. Hither Cicero turned his hands and eyes, when he closed his first oration against Catiline, with that noble address to Jupiter, presiding in the capitol over the destinies of the empire, and dooming its enemies to destruction. In the midst of these magnificent structures, of this wonderful display of art and opulence, stood for ages the humble straw roofed palace of Romulus, a monument of primitive simplicity, dear and venerable in the eyes of the Romans. This cottage, it may easily be supposed, vanished in the first conflagration. But not the cottage only, the temples, the towers, the palaces, also, that once surrounded it, have disappeared. Of all the ancient glory of the capitol, nothing now remains but the solid foundation, and vast substructions raised on the rock, Capitoli immobile saxum. Not only is the capitol fallen, but its very name, expressive of dominion, and once fondly considered as an omen of empire, is now almost lost in the semi-barbarous appellation of Campidoglio.

---

#### THE FORUM.

The Roman Forum now lay extended before us, a scene in the ages of Roman greatness of unparalleled splendor and magnificence. It was bordered on both

aides with temples, and lined with statues. It terminated in triumphal arches, and was bounded here by the Palatine hill with the imperial residence glittering on its summit, and there by the Capitol, with its ascending ranges of porticos and of temples. Thus it presented one of the richest exhibitions that eyes could behold, or human ingenuity invent. In the midst of these superb monuments, the memorials of their greatness, and the trophies of their fathers, the Roman people assembled to exercise their sovereign power, and to decide the fates of heroes, of kings, and of nations.

Nor did the contemplation of such glorious objects fail to produce a corresponding effect. Manlius, as long as he could extend his arm, and fix the attention of the people on the Capitol which he had saved, suspended his fatal sentence. Caius Gracchus melted the hearts of his audience, when in the moment of distress he pointed to the Capitol, and asked with all the emphasis of despair, whether he could expect to find an asylum in that sanctuary whose pavement still streamed with the blood of his brother. Scipio Africanus, when accused by an envious faction, and obliged to appear before the people as a criminal, instead of answering the charge, turned to the Capitol, and invited the assembly to accompany him to the temple of Jupiter, and give thanks to the gods for the defeat of Annibal and the Carthaginians. Such, in fact, was the influence of locality, and such the awe, interest, and even emotion, inspired by the surrounding edifices. Hence the frequent references that we find in the Roman historians, and orators, to the Capitol, the Forum, the temples of the gods; and hence those noble addresses to the deities themselves, as present in their respective sanctuaries, and watching over the interests of their favoured city, "*Ita præsentis his temporibus opem et auxilium nobis tulerunt ut eos pene oculis videre possimus.*"

But the glories of the Forum are now fled forever; its temples are fallen; its sanctuaries have crumbled into dust; its colonnades encumber its pavements now



buried under their remains. The walls of the Rostra stripped of their ornaments, and doomed to eternal silence, a few shattered porticos and here and there an insulated column standing in the midst of broken shafts, vast fragments of marble capitals and cornices heaped together in masses, remind the traveller, that the field which he now traverses, was once the Roman Forum.

A fountain fills a marble basin in the middle, the same possibly to which Propertius alludes when, speaking of the Forum in the time of Tatius, he says,

Murus erant montes, ubi nunc est Curia septum,  
Bellicus ex illo fonte bibebat equus.

A little farther on commences a double range of trees that lead along the Via Sacra by the temples of Antoninus, and of Peace, to the arch of Titus. A herdsman seated on a pedestal while his oxen were drinking at the fountain, and a few passengers moving at a distance in different directions, were the only living beings that disturbed the silence and solitude which reigned around. Thus the place seemed restored to its original wildness described by Virgil, and abandoned once more to flocks and herds of cattle. So far have the modern Romans forgotten the theatre of the glory and of the imperial power of their ancestor, as to degrade it into a common market for cattle, and sink its name, illustrated by every page of Roman history, into the contemptible appellation of *Campo Vaccino*.

Proceeding along the Via Sacra, and passing under the arch of Titus, on turning a little to the left, we beheld the amphitheatre of Vespasian and Titus, now called the Coliseum. Never did human art present to the eye a fabric so well calculated, by its size and form, to surprise and delight. Let the spectator first place himself to the north, and contemplate that side which depredation, barbarism, and ages have spared, he will behold with admiration its wonderful extent, well proportioned stories and flying lines, that retire and

vanish without break or interruption. Next let him turn to the south, and examine those stupendous arches, which, stripped as they are of their external decorations, still astonish us by their solidity and duration. Then let him enter, range through the lofty arcades, and ascending the vaulted seats, consider the vast mass of ruin that surrounds him ; insulated walls, immense stones suspended in the air, arches covered with weeds and shrubs, vaults opening upon other ruins ; in short, above, below, and around, one vast collection of magnificence and devastation, of grandeur and of decay.

Need I inform the reader that this stupendous fabric,

“ Which on its public shows unpeopled Rome,  
“ And held uncrowded nations in its womb.”

was erected by the above mentioned emperors, out of part only of the materials, and on a portion of the site of Nero's golden house, which had been demolished by order of Vespasian, as too sumptuous even for a Roman Emperor.

The Coliseum, owing to the solidity of its materials, survived the era of barbarism, and was so perfect in the thirteenth century, that games were exhibited in it, not for the amusement of the Romans only, but of all the nobility of Italy. The destruction of this wonderful fabric is to be ascribed to causes more active in general in the erection than in the demolition of magnificent buildings, to taste and vanity.

When Rome began to revive, and architecture arose from its ruins, every rich and powerful citizen wished to have, not a commodious dwelling merely, but a palace. The Coliseum was an immense quarry at hand ; the common people stole, the grandees obtained permission to carry off its materials, till the interior was dismantled, and the exterior half stripped of its ornaments. It is difficult to say where this system of depredation, so sacrilegious in the opinion of the antiquary, would have stopped, had not Benedict XIV., a pontiff of great judgment, erected a cross in the centre of the arena, and

declared the place sacred, out of respect to the blood of the many martyrs who were butchered there during the persecutions. This declaration, if issued two or three centuries ago, would have preserved the Coliseum entire; those who only protect its remains, and transmit them in their present state to posterity.

We then ascended the Palatine Mount, after having walked round its base in order to examine its bearings. This hill, the nursery of infant Rome, and finally the residence of imperial grandeur, presents now two solitary ruins and a convent, with their deserted gardens and vineyards. Its numerous temples, its palaces, its porticoes, and its churches, once the glory of Rome, and the admiration of the universe, are now mere heaps of ruins, or chaplains and scattered, that the antiquary and architect are at a loss to discover their site, their place, and their elevation. Of that wing of the imperial palace, which looks to the west, and on the Circus Maximus, some apartments remain washed and of the proportions, but so deeply buried in ruins, as to be now subterranean.

A hall of immense size was discovered about the beginning of the last century, concealed under the ruins of its own massive roof. The pillars of *Verdantic* that supported its vaults, the statues that ornamented its niches, and the rich marbles that formed its pavement, were found buried in rubbish; and were immediately carried away by the Farnesian family, the proprietors of the soil, to adorn their palaces, and furnish their galleries.

This hall is now cleared of its encumbrances, and presents to the eye a vast length of naked wall, and an area covered with weeds. As we stood contemplating its extent and proportions, a fox started from an aperture, once a window, at one end, and crossing the open space, scrambled up the ruins at the other, and disappeared in the rubbish. This scene of desolation reminded me of Ossian's beautiful description, "the thistle there its lonely head; the moss whistled to the fox looked out from the windows; the waves waved round his head," and almost seemed

the accomplishment of that awful prediction, "There the wild beasts of the desert shall lodge, and howling monsters shall fill the houses; and wolves shall howl to one another in their palaces, and dragons in their voluptuous pavilions."

#### THE THERMÆ, OR THE BATHS OF CARACALLA.

The length of the Thermæ of Caracalla was one thousand eight hundred and forty feet, its breadth, one thousand four hundred and seventy-six. At each end were two temples, one to Apollo, and another to Æsculapius, as the "Genii Tutelares" of a place sacred to the improvement of the mind, and to the care of the body. The two other temples were dedicated to the two protecting divinities of the Antonine family, Hercules and Bacchus. In the principal building were, in the first place, a grand circular vestibule with four halls on each side, for cold, tepid, warm, and steam baths; in the centre was an immense square, for exercise, when the weather was unfavourable to it in the open air; beyond it a great hall, where sixteen hundred marble seats were placed for the convenience of the bathers; at each end of this hall were libraries. This building terminated on both sides in a court surrounded with porticos, with an odeum for music, and in the middle a capacious basin for swimming. Round this edifice were walks shaded by rows of trees, particularly the plane; and in its front extended a gymnasium for running, wrestling, &c. in fine weather. The whole was bounded by a vast portico opening into exedræ or spacious halls, where poets declaimed, and philosophers gave lectures.

This immense fabric was adorned within and without with pillars, stucco work, paintings, and statues. The stucco and painting, though faintly indeed, are yet in many places perceptible. Pillars have been dug up, and some still remain amidst the ruins; while the Farnesian bull, and the famous Hercules found in one of these halls, announce the multiplicity, and beauty, of

buried under their remains. The walls of the Rostra stripped of their ornaments, and doomed to eternal silence, a few shattered porticos and here and there an insulated column standing in the midst of broken shafts, vast fragments of marble capitals and cornices heaped together in masses, remind the traveller, that the field which he now traverses, was once the Roman Forum.

A fountain fills a marble basin in the middle, the same possibly to which Propertius alludes when, speaking of the Forum in the time of Tatius, he says,

Murus erant montes, ubi nunc est Curis septum,  
Bellicus ex illo fonte bibebat equus.

A little farther on commences a double range of trees that lead along the Via Sacra by the temples of Antoninus, and of Peace, to the arch of Titus. A herdsman seated on a pedestal while his oxen were drinking at the fountain, and a few passengers moving at a distance in different directions, were the only living beings that disturbed the silence and solitude which reigned around. Thus the place seemed restored to its original wildness described by Virgil, and abandoned once more to flocks and herds of cattle. So far have the modern Romans forgotten the theatre of the glory and of the imperial power of their ancestor, as to degrade it into a common market for cattle, and sink its name, illustrated by every page of Roman history, into the contemptible appellation of *Campo Vaccino*.

Proceeding along the Via Sacra, and passing under the arch of Titus, on turning a little to the left, we beheld the amphitheatre of Vespasian and Titus, now called the Coliseum. Never did human art present to the eye a fabric so well calculated, by its size and form, to surprise and delight. Let the spectator first place himself to the north, and contemplate that side which depredation, barbarism, and ages have spared, he will behold with admiration its wonderful extent, well proportioned stories and flying lines, that retire and

vanish without break or interruption. Next let him turn to the south, and examine those stupendous arches, which, stripped as they are of their external decorations, still astonish us by their solidity and duration. Then let him enter, range through the lofty arcades, and ascending the vaulted seats, consider the vast mass of ruin that surrounds him ; insulated walls, immense stones suspended in the air, arches covered with weeds and shrubs, vaults opening upon other ruins ; in short, above, below, and around, one vast collection of magnificence and devastation, of grandeur and of decay.

Need I inform the reader that this stupendous fabric,

“ Which on its public shows unpeopled Rome,  
“ And held uncrowded nations in its womb.”

was erected by the above mentioned emperors, out of part only of the materials, and on a portion of the site of Nero's golden house, which had been demolished by order of Vespasian, as too sumptuous even for a Roman Emperor.

The Coliseum, owing to the solidity of its materials, survived the era of barbarism, and was so perfect in the thirteenth century, that games were exhibited in it, not for the amusement of the Romans only, but of all the nobility of Italy. The destruction of this wonderful fabric is to be ascribed to causes more active in general in the erection than in the demolition of magnificent buildings, to taste and vanity.

When Rome began to revive, and architecture arose from its ruins, every rich and powerful citizen wished to have, not a commodious dwelling merely, but a palace. The Coliseum was an immense quarry at hand ; the common people stole, the grandees obtained permission to carry off its materials, till the interior was dismantled, and the exterior half stripped of its ornaments. It is difficult to say where this system of depredation, so sacrilegious in the opinion of the antiquary, would have stopped, had not Benedict XIV., a pontiff of great judgment, erected a cross in the centre of the arena, and

declared the place sacred, out of respect to the blood of the many martyrs who were butchered there during the persecutions. This declaration, if issued two or three centuries ago, would have preserved the Coliseum entire ; it can now only protect its remains, and transmit them in their present state to posterity.

We then ascended the Palatine Mount, after having walked round its base in order to examine its bearings. This hill, the nursery of infant Rome, and finally the residence of imperial grandeur, presents now two solitary villas and a convent, with their deserted gardens and vineyards. Its numerous temples, its palaces, its porticos, and its libraries, once the glory of Rome, and the admiration of the universe, are now mere heaps of ruins, so shapeless and scattered, that the antiquary and architect are at a loss to discover their site, their plans and their elevation. Of that wing of the imperial palace, which looks to the west, and on the Circus Maximus, some apartments remain vaulted and of fine proportions, but so deeply buried in ruins, as to be now subterranean.

A hall of immense size was discovered about the beginning of the last century, concealed under the ruins of its own massive roof. The pillars of *Verde antico* that supported its vaults, the statues that ornamented its niches, and the rich marbles that formed its pavement, were found buried in rubbish ; and were immediately carried away by the Farnesian family, the proprietors of the soil, to adorn their palaces, and furnish their galleries.

This hall is now cleared of its encumbrances, and presents to the eye a vast length of naked wall, and an area covered with weeds. As we stood contemplating its extent and proportions, a fox started from an aperture, once a window, at one end, and crossing the open space, scrambled up the ruins at the other, and disappeared in the rubbish. This scene of desolation reminded me of Ossian's beautiful description, " the thistle shook there its lonely head ; the moss whistled to the gale ; the fox looked out from the windows ; the rank grass waved round his head," and almost seemed

the accomplishment of that awful prediction, "There the wild beasts of the desert shall lodge, and howling monsters shall fill the houses; and wolves shall howl to one another in their palaces, and dragons in their voluptuous pavilions."

#### THE THERMÆ, OR THE BATHS OF CARACALLA.

The length of the Thermæ of Caracalla was one thousand eight hundred and forty feet, its breadth, one thousand four hundred and seventy-six. At each end were two temples, one to Apollo, and another to *Æsculapius*, as the "Genii Tutelares" of a place sacred to the improvement of the mind, and to the care of the body. The two other temples were dedicated to the two protecting divinities of the Antonine family, *Hercules* and *Bacchus*. In the principal building were, in the first place, a grand circular vestibule with four halls on each side, for cold, tepid, warm, and steam baths; in the centre was an immense square, for exercise, when the weather was unfavourable to it in the open air; beyond it a great hall, where sixteen hundred marble seats were placed for the convenience of the bathers; at each end of this hall were libraries. This building terminated on both sides in a court surrounded with porticos, with an odeum for music, and in the middle a capacious basin for swimming. Round this edifice were walks shaded by rows of trees, particularly the plane; and in its front extended a gymnasium for running, wrestling, &c. in fine weather. The whole was bounded by a vast portico opening into *exedræ* or spacious halls, where poets declaimed, and philosophers gave lectures.

This immense fabric was adorned within and without with pillars, stucco work, paintings, and statues. The stucco and painting, though faintly indeed, are yet in many places perceptible. Pillars have been dug up, and some still remain amidst the ruins; while the *Farnesian bull*, and the famous *Hercules* found in one of these halls, announce the multiplicity, and beauty, of



declared the place sacred, out of respect to the blood of the many martyrs who were butchered there during the persecutions. This declaration, if issued two or three centuries ago, would have preserved the Coliseum entire ; it can now only protect its remains, and transmit them in their present state to posterity.

We then ascended the Palatine Mount, after having walked round its base in order to examine its bearings. This hill, the nursery of infant Rome, and finally the residence of imperial grandeur, presents now two solitary villas and a convent, with their deserted gardens and vineyards. Its numerous temples, its palaces, its porticos, and its libraries, once the glory of Rome, and the admiration of the universe, are now mere heaps of ruins, so shapeless and scattered, that the antiquary and architect are at a loss to discover their site, their plans and their elevation. Of that wing of the imperial palace, which looks to the west, and on the Circus Maximus, some apartments remain vaulted and of fine proportions, but so deeply buried in ruins, as to be now subterranean.

A hall of immense size was discovered about the beginning of the last century, concealed under the ruins of its own massive roof. The pillars of *Verdeantico* that supported its vaults, the statues that ornamented its niches, and the rich marbles that formed its pavement, were found buried in rubbish ; and were immediately carried away by the Farnesian family, the proprietors of the soil, to adorn their palaces, and furnish their galleries.

This hall is now cleared of its encumbrances, and presents to the eye a vast length of naked wall, and an area covered with weeds. As we stood contemplating its extent and proportions, a fox started from an aperture, once a window, at one end, and crossing the open space, scrambled up the ruins at the other, and disappeared in the rubbish. This scene of desolation reminded me of Ossian's beautiful description, " the thistle shook there its lonely head ; the moss whistled to the gale ; the fox looked out from the windows ; the rank grass waved round his head," and almost seemed

the accomplishment of that awful prediction, "There the wild beasts of the desert shall lodge, and howling monsters shall fill the houses; and wolves shall howl to one another in their palaces, and dragons in their voluptuous pavilions."

#### THE THERMÆ, OR THE BATHS OF CARACALLA.

The length of the Thermæ of Caracalla was one thousand eight hundred and forty feet, its breadth, one thousand four hundred and seventy-six. At each end were two temples, one to Apollo, and another to *Æsculapius*, as the "Genii Tutelares" of a place sacred to the improvement of the mind, and to the care of the body. The two other temples were dedicated to the two protecting divinities of the Antonine family, *Hercules* and *Bacchus*. In the principal building were, in the first place, a grand circular vestibule with four halls on each side, for cold, tepid, warm, and steam baths; in the centre was an immense square, for exercise, when the weather was unfavourable to it in the open air; beyond it a great hall, where sixteen hundred marble seats were placed for the convenience of the bathers; at each end of this hall were libraries. This building terminated on both sides in a court surrounded with porticos, with an odeum for music, and in the middle a capacious basin for swimming. Round this edifice were walks shaded by rows of trees, particularly the plane; and in its front extended a gymnasium for running, wrestling, &c. in fine weather. The whole was bounded by a vast portico opening into *exedræ* or spacious halls, where poets declaimed, and philosophers gave lectures.

This immense fabric was adorned within and without with pillars, stucco work, paintings, and statues. The stucco and painting, though faintly indeed, are yet in many places perceptible. Pillars have been dug up, and some still remain amidst the ruins; while the *Farnesian bull*, and the famous *Hercules* found in one of these halls, announce the multiplicity, and beauty, of

the statues which once adorned the Thermæ of Caracalla. The flues and reservoirs for water still remain. The height of the pile was proportioned to its extent, and still appears very considerable, even though the ground be raised at least twelve feet above its ancient level. It is now changed into gardens and vineyards; its high massive walls form separations, and its limy ruins spread over the surface, burn the soil, and check its natural fertility.

---

#### THE PANTHEON.

The pantheon, it is true, retains its majestic portico, and presents its graceful dome uninjured: the pavement laid by Agrippa, and trodden by Augustus, still forms its floor; the compartments and fluted pillars of the richest marble, that originally lined its walls, still adorn its inward circumference; the deep tints that age has thrown over it only contribute to raise its dignity, and augment our veneration; and the traveller enters its portal, through which twice twenty generations have flowed in succession, with a mixture of awe and religious veneration. Yet the Pantheon itself has been "shorn of its beams," and looks eclipsed through the "disastrous twilight" of eighteen centuries. Where is now its proud elevation, and the flight of steps that conducted to its threshold? Where the marbles that clothed, or the handmaid edifices that concealed its brick exterior? Where the statues that graced its cornice? The bronze that blazed on its dome, that vaulted its portico, and formed its sculptured doors? And where the silver that lined the compartments of its roof within, and dazzled the spectator with its brightness? The rapacity of Genseric began, the avarice of succeeding barbarians continued to strip it of these splendid decorations; and time, by levelling many a noble structure in its neighborhood, has raised the pavement, and deprived it of all the advantages of situation. The two celebrated pillars of Antoninus, and Trajan,

stand each in its square ; but they have also lost several feet of their original elevation ; and the colonnade or portico that enclosed the latter, supposed to be the noblest structure of the kind ever erected, has long since sunk in the dust, and its ruins probably lie buried under the foundations of the neighboring houses.

---

#### ST. PETER'S.

From the bridge and *Castle de St. Angelo*, a wide street conducts in a direct line to a square, and that square presents at once the court or portico, and part of the Basilica.—When the spectator approaches the entrance of this court, he views four rows of lofty pillars *sweeping* off to the right and left in a bold semicircle. In the centre of the area formed by this immense colonnade, an Egyptian obelisk, of one solid piece of granite, ascends to the height of one hundred and thirty feet ; two perpetual fountains, one on each side, play in the air, and fall in sheets round the basins of porphyry that receive them.—Before him, raised on three successive flights of marble steps, extending four hundred feet in length, and towering to the elevation of one hundred and eighty, he beholds the majestic front of the Basilica itself. This front is supported by a single row of Corinthian pillars and pilasters, and adorned with an attic, a balustrade, and thirteen colossal statues.—Far behind and above it, rises the matchless Dome, the justly celebrated *wonder of Rome and of the world*. The colonnade of coupled pillars that surround and strengthen its vast base, the graceful attic that surmounts this colonnade, the bold and expansive swell of the dome itself, and the pyramid seated on a cluster of columns, and bearing the ball and cross to the skies, all perfect in their kind, form the most magnificent and singular exhibition that the human eye perhaps ever contemplated. Two lessercupolas, one on each side, partake of the state, and add not a little to the majesty of the principal dome.

---

the statues which once adorned the *Thermæ* of Caracalla. The flues and reservoirs for water still remain. The height of the pile was proportioned to its extent, and still appears very considerable, even though the ground be raised at least twelve feet above its ancient level. It is now changed into gardens and vineyards; its high massive walls form separations, and its limy ruins spread over the surface, burn the soil, and check its natural fertility.

---

#### THE PANTHEON.

The pantheon, it is true, retains its majestic portico, and presents its graceful dome uninjured: the pavement laid by Agrippa, and trodden by Augustus, still forms its floor; the compartments and fluted pillars of the richest marble, that originally lined its walls, still adorn its inward circumference; the deep tints that age has thrown over it only contribute to raise its dignity, and augment our veneration; and the traveller enters its portal, through which twice twenty generations have flowed in succession, with a mixture of awe and religious veneration. Yet the Pantheon itself has been "shorn of its beams," and looks eclipsed through the "disastrous twilight" of eighteen centuries. Where is now its proud elevation, and the flight of steps that conducted to its threshold? Where the marbles that clothed, or the handmaid edifices that concealed its brick exterior? Where the statues that graced its cornice? The bronze that blazed on its dome, that vaulted its portico, and formed its sculptured doors? And where the silver that lined the compartments of its roof within, and dazzled the spectator with its brightness? The rapacity of Genseric began, the avarice of succeeding barbarians continued to strip it of these splendid decorations; and time, by levelling many a noble structure in its neighborhood, has raised the pavement, and deprived it of all the advantages of situation. The two celebrated pillars of Antoninus, and Trajan,

stand each in its square ; but they have also lost several feet of their original elevation ; and the colonnade or portico that enclosed the latter, supposed to be the noblest structure of the kind ever erected, has long since sunk in the dust, and its ruins probably lie buried under the foundations of the neighboring houses.

---

#### ST. PETER'S.

From the bridge and *Castle de St. Angelo*, a wide street conducts in a direct line to a square, and that square presents at once the court or portico, and part of the Basilica.—When the spectator approaches the entrance of this court, he views four rows of lofty pillars *sweeping* off to the right and left in a bold semicircle. In the centre of the area formed by this immense colonnade, an Egyptian obelisk, of one solid piece of granite, ascends to the height of one hundred and thirty feet ; two perpetual fountains, one on each side, play in the air, and fall in sheets round the basins of porphyry that receive them.—Before him, raised on three successive flights of marble steps, extending four hundred feet in length, and towering to the elevation of one hundred and eighty, he beholds the majestic front of the Basilica itself. This front is supported by a single row of Corinthian pillars and pilasters, and adorned with an attic, a balustrade, and thirteen colossal statues.—Far behind and above it, rises the matchless Dome, the justly celebrated *wonder of Rome and of the world*. The colonnade of coupled pillars that surround and strengthen its vast base, the graceful attic that surmounts this colonnade, the bold and expansive swell of the dome itself, and the pyramid seated on a cluster of columns, and bearing the ball and cross to the skies, all perfect in their kind, form the most magnificent and singular exhibition that the human eye perhaps ever contemplated. Two lessercupolas, one on each side, partake of the state, and add not a little to the majesty of the principal dome.

---

declared the place sacred, out of respect to the blood of the many martyrs who were butchered there during the persecutions. This declaration, if issued two or three centuries ago, would have preserved the Coliseum entire ; it can now only protect its remains, and transmit them in their present state to posterity.

We then ascended the Palatine Mount, after having walked round its base in order to examine its bearings. This hill, the nursery of infant Rome, and finally the residence of imperial grandeur, presents now two solitary villas and a convent, with their deserted gardens and vineyards. Its numerous temples, its palaces, its porticos, and its libraries, once the glory of Rome, and the admiration of the universe, are now mere heaps of ruins, so shapeless and scattered, that the antiquary and architect are at a loss to discover their site, their plans and their elevation. Of that wing of the imperial palace, which looks to the west, and on the Circus Maximus, some apartments remain vaulted and of fine proportions, but so deeply buried in ruins, as to be now subterranean.

A hall of immense size was discovered about the beginning of the last century, concealed under the ruins of its own massive roof. The pillars of *Verde antico* that supported its vaults, the statues that ornamented its niches, and the rich marbles that formed its pavement, were found buried in rubbish ; and were immediately carried away by the Farnesian family, the proprietors of the soil, to adorn their palaces, and furnish their galleries.

This hall is now cleared of its encumbrances, and presents to the eye a vast length of naked wall, and an area covered with weeds. As we stood contemplating its extent and proportions, a fox started from an aperture, once a window, at one end, and crossing the open space, scrambled up the ruins at the other, and disappeared in the rubbish. This scene of desolation reminded me of Ossian's beautiful description, " the thistle shook there its lonely head ; the moss whistled to the gale ; the fox looked out from the windows ; the rank grass waved round his head," and almost seemed

of the furniture, depending with the  
 itself. Around the  
 indeed when com-  
 of great boldness  
 piers, three on either  
 of the aisles, and six  
 as many chapels, or  
 churches. All these  
 and dome itself, lined  
 of the master-pieces of  
 this edifice, have been  
 which retain all the  
 impressed on a more  
 The aisles and altars are  
 antique pillars, that border  
 a secondary and sub-  
 walls are, in many  
 wreaths, angels,  
 representing the effigies  
 decorations are of the most  
 of marble, and often of  
 Various monuments rise in  
 but, in their size and ac-  
 attention has been paid to  
 that they appear rather  
 than posterior additions.  
 admired for their groups and  
 some very conspicuous features  
 of this noble temple.

Under the dome, and thus as  
 it becomes the most striking  
 its relief and give it all its  
 ancient custom still retained  
 as Rome, and in most of the  
 canopy rises above it, and  
 repose for the eye be-  
 of the dome above. The  
 of this decoration are  
 the steps of the altar, and



The interior corresponds perfectly with the grandeur of the exterior, and fully answers the expectations, however great, which such an approach must naturally have raised.—Five lofty portals open into the portico or vestibulum, a gallery in dimensions and decorations equal to the most spacious cathedrals. It is four hundred feet in length, seventy in height, and fifty in breadth, paved with variegated marble, covered with a gilt vault, adorned with pillars, pilasters, mosaic and basso-relievos, and terminated at both ends by equestrian statues, one of Constantine, the other of Charlemagne. A fountain at each extremity supplies a stream sufficient to keep a reservoir always full, in order to carry off every unseemly object, and perpetually refresh and purify the air and the pavement. Opposite the five portals of the vestibule are the five doors of the church; three are adorned with pillars of the finest marble; that in the middle has valves of bronze.

As you enter, you behold the most extensive hall ever constructed by human art, expanded in magnificent perspective before you; advancing up the nave, you are delighted with the beauty of the variegated marble under your feet, and with the splendor of the golden vault over your head. The lofty Corinthian pilasters with their bold entablature, the intermediate niches with their statues, the arcades with the graceful figures that recline on the curves of their arches, charm your eye in succession as you pass along.—But how great your astonishment when you reach the foot of the altar, and standing in the centre of the church contemplate the four superb vistas that open around you; and then raise your eyes to the dome, at the prodigious elevation of four hundred feet, extended like a firmament over your head, and presenting, in glowing mosaic, the companies of the just, the choirs of celestial spirits, and the whole hierarchy of heaven arrayed in the presence of the Eternal, whose “throne high raised above all height,” crowns the awful scene.

When you have feasted your eye with the grandeur of this unparalleled exhibition in the whole, you will

turn to the parts, the ornaments, and the furniture, which you will find perfectly corresponding with the magnificent form of the temple itself. Around the dome rise four other cupolas, small indeed when compared to its stupendous magnitude, but of great boldness when considered separately; six more, three on either side, cover the different divisions of the aisles, and six more of greater dimensions canopy as many chapels, or, to speak more properly, as many churches. All these inferior cupolas are like the grand dome itself, lined with mosaics; many indeed of the master-pieces of painting which formerly graced this edifice, have been removed and replaced by mosaics which retain all the tints and beauties of the originals, impressed on a more solid and durable substance. The aisles and altars are adorned with numberless antique pillars, that border the church all around, and form a secondary and subservient order. The variegated walls are, in many places, ornamented with festoons, wreaths, angels, tiaras, crosses, and medallions representing the effigies of different pontiffs. These decorations are of the most beautiful and rarest species of marble, and often of excellent workmanship. Various monuments rise in different parts of the church; but, in their size and accompaniments, so much attention has been paid to general as well as local effect, that they appear rather as parts of the original plan, than posterior additions. Some of these are much admired for their groups and exquisite sculpture, and form very conspicuous features in the ornamental part of this noble temple.

The high altar stands under the dome, and thus as it is the most important, so it becomes the most striking object. In order to add to its relief and give it all its majesty, according to the ancient custom still retained in the patriarchal churches at Rome, and in most of the cathedrals in Italy, a lofty canopy rises above it, and forms an intermediate break or repose for the eye between it and the immensity of the dome above. The form, materials, and magnitude of this decoration are equally astonishing. Below the steps of the altar, and

of course some distance from it, at the corners, on four massive pedestals, rise four twisted pillars fifty feet in height, and support an entablature which bears the canopy itself topped with a cross. The whole soars to the elevation of one hundred and thirty-two feet from the pavement, and, excepting the pedestals, is of Corinthian brass! the most lofty massive work of that or of any other metal, now known. But this brazen edifice, for so it may be called, notwithstanding its magnitude, is so disposed as not to obstruct the view by concealing the chancel and veiling the *Cathedral or Chair* of St. Peter. This ornament is also of bronze, and consists of a group of four gigantic figures, representing the four principal Doctors of the Greek and Latin churches, supporting the patriarchal chair of St. Peter. The chair is a lofty throne elevated to the height of seventy feet from the pavement; a circular window tinged with yellow throws from above a mild splendor around it, so that the whole not unfitly represents the pre-eminence of the apostolic See, and is acknowledged to form a most becoming and majestic termination to the first of Christian temples.

---

#### DESCRIPTION OF ÆTNA.

At day break we set off from Catania to visit Mount Ætna, that venerable and respectable father of mountains. His base and his immense declivities, are covered with a numerous progeny of his own; for every great eruption produces a new mountain; and, perhaps, by the number of these, better than by any other method, the number of eruptions, and the age of Ætna itself, might be ascertained.

The whole mountain is divided into three distinct regions, called La Regione Culta, or Piemontese, the fertile region; La Regione Sylvosa or Nemorosa, the woody region; and La Regione Deserta or Scoperta, the barren region. These three are as different, both in climate and productions, as the three zones of the earth; and, perhaps, with equal propriety, might have

been styled the Torrid, the Temperate, and the Frigid Zone. The first region surrounds the mountain, and constitutes the most fertile country in the world on all sizes of it, to the extent of fourteen or fifteen miles, where the woody region begins. It is composed almost entirely of lava, which, after a number of ages, is at last converted into the most fertile of all soils. At Nicolosi, which is twelve miles up the mountain, we found the barometer at 27: 1-2, at Catania it stood at 29: 8 1-2.

\* \* \* \* \*

After leaving Nicolosi in an hour and a half's travelling over barren ashes and lava, we arrived on the confines of the Regione Sylvosa, or Temperate Zone. As soon as we entered those delightful forests, we seemed to have gotten into another world. The air which before was sultry and hot, was now cool and refreshing; and every breeze was loaded with a thousand perfumes, the whole ground being covered with the richest aromatic plants. Many parts of this region are surely the most delightful spots upon earth. This mountain unites every beauty, and every horror; and the most opposite and dissimilar objects in nature. Here you observe a gulf, that formerly threw out torrents of fire, now covered with the most luxuriant vegetation; and from an object of terror, become one of delight. Here you gather the most delicious fruit, rising from what was but lately a barren rock. Here the ground is covered with flowers; and we wander over these beauties and contemplate this wilderness of sweets, without considering that under our feet, but a few yards separate us from lakes of liquid fire and brimstone. But our astonishment still increases, upon raising our eyes to the higher regions of the mountain. There we behold in perpetual union the two elements which are at perpetual war; an immense gulf of fire, forever existing in the midst of snows which it has not power to melt and immense fields of snow and ice forever surrounding this gulf of fire, which they have not

the power to extinguish. The woody region of *Ætna* ascends for about eight or nine miles, and forms a zone or girdle of the brightest green all around the mountain. This night we passed through little more than half of it; arriving some time before sun-set at our lodging, which was a large cave, formed by one of the most ancient and venerable lavas. Here we were delighted with the contemplation of many beautiful objects; the prospect on all sides being immense; and we already seemed to have been lifted from the earth, and to have gotten into a new world. After a comfortable sleep, and other refreshments, at eleven o'clock at night we recommenced our expedition.

Our guide now began to display his great knowledge of the mountain, and we followed him with implicit confidence, where, perhaps, human foot had never trod before. Sometimes through gloomy forests, which by day light were delightful, but now, from the universal darkness, the rustling of the trees, the heavy dull bellying of the mountain, the vast expanse of ocean stretched at an immense distance below us, inspired a kind of awful horror. Sometimes we found ourselves ascending great rocks of lava, where, if our mules should make but a false step, we might be thrown headlong over the precipice.—However, by the assistance of our guide, we overcame all these difficulties, and in two hours we had gotten above the region of vegetation, and had left the forests of *Ætna* far below, which now appeared like a dark and gloomy gulf surrounding the mountain. The prospect before us was of a very different nature; we beheld an expanse of snow and ice which alarmed us exceedingly, and almost staggered our resolution. In the centre of this we descried the high summit of the mountain, rearing its tremendous head, and vomiting out torrents of smoke. It, indeed, appeared altogether inaccessible, from the vast extent of the fields of snow and ice which surrounded it.

\* \* \* \* \*

The ascent for some time was not steep, and as the

surface of the snow sunk a little, we had tolerable good footing ; but as it soon began to grow steeper, we found our labour greatly increased ; however, we determined to persevere, calling to mind that the emperor Adrian, and the philosopher Plato, had undergone the same ; and from a like motive, too, to see the rising sun from the top of *Ætna*.

\* \* \* \* \*

From this spot it was only about three hundred yards to the summit, where we arrived in full time to see the most wonderful and sublime sight in nature.

But here description must ever fall short ; for no imagination has dared to form an idea of so glorious and so magnificent a scene.—Neither is there on the surface of this globe, any one point that unites so many awful and sublime objects.—The immense elevation from the surface of the earth, drawn as it were to a single point, without any neighboring mountain for the senses and imagination to rest upon, and recover from their astonishment in their way down to the world. This point or pinnacle, raised on the brink of a bottomless gulf, as old as the world, often discharging rivers of fire, and throwing out burning rocks, with a noise that shakes the whole island. Add to this, the unbounded extent of the prospect, comprehending the greatest diversity and the most beautiful scenery in nature ; with the rising sun, advancing in the east, to illuminate the wondrous scene.

The whole atmosphere by degrees kindled up, and showed dimly and faintly the boundless prospect around. Both sea and land looked dark and confused, as if only emerging from their original chaos, and light and darkness seemed still undivided ; till the morning, by degrees advancing, completed the separation. The stars are extinguished, and the shades disappear. The forests, which but now seemed black and bottomless gulfs, from which no ray was reflected to show their form or colours, appear a new creation rising to the sight ;

Cast your eyes a little farther, and you embrace the whole island, and see all its cities, rivers and mountains, delineated in the great chart of Nature : all the adjacent islands, the whole coast of Italy, as far as your eye can reach ; for it is no where bounded, but every where lost in space. On the sun's first rising, the shadow of the mountain extends across the whole island, and makes a large track visible even in the sea and in the air. By degrees this is shortened, and in a little time is confined only to the neighborhood of *Ætna*.

We had now time to examine a fourth region of that wonderful mountain, very different, indeed, from the others, and productive of very different sensations : but which has undoubtedly given being to all the rest ; I mean the region of fire.

The present crater of this immense volcano is a circle of about three miles and a half in circumference. It goes shelving down on each side, and forms a regular hollow like a vast amphitheatre. From many places of this space issue volumes of sulphureous smoke, which being much heavier than the circumambient air, instead of rising in it, as smoke generally does, immediately on its getting out of the crater, rolls down the side of the mountain like a torrent till coming to that part of the atmosphere of the same specific gravity with itself, it shoots off horizontally, and forms a large track in the air, according to the direction of the wind, which, happily for us, carried it exactly to the side opposite to that where we were placed. The crater is so hot that it is very dangerous, if not impossible to go down into it ; besides, the smoke is very incommodious, and, in many places, the surface is so soft, there have been instances of people sinking into it, and paying for their temerity with their lives. Near the centre of the crater is the great mouth of the volcano ;—that tremendous gulf so celebrated in all ages, and looked upon as the terror and scourge both of this and another life. We beheld it with awe and with horror, and were not surprised that it had been considered as the place of eternal punishment. When we reflect upon the immensity of its

depth, the vast cells and caverns whence so many lavas have issued ; the force of its internal fire, to raise up those lavas to so vast a height, to support as it were in the air, and even to force them over the very summit of the crater, with all the dreadful accompaniments ; the boiling of the matter, the shaking of the mountain, the explosion of flaming rocks, &c.; we must allow that the most enthusiastic imagination, in the midst of all its terrors, hardly ever formed an idea of a hell more dreadful.

---

#### SNOWDON.

Few persons mount a towering eminence, but feel their souls elevated : the whole frame acquires unwonted elasticity ; and the spirits flow, as it were, in one aspiring stream of satisfaction and delight. For what can be more animating than, from one spot, to behold the pomp of man, and the pride of nature, lying at our feet ? Who can refrain from being charmed, when, observing those innumerable sections, which divide a long extent of country into mountains and vales ; and which, in their turn, subdivide into fields, glens, and dingles ; containing trees of every height ; cottages of the humble ; and mansions of the rich ; here groups of cattle, there shepherds tending their flocks : and, at intervals, viewing, with admiration, a broad expansive river, sweeping its course along an extended vale : now encircling a mountain, and now overflowing a valley ; here gliding beneath large boughs of trees ; there rolling over rough ledges of rocks ; in one place concealing itself in the heart of a forest under huge massy cliffs, which impend over it ; and in another washing the walls of some ivied ruin, bosomed in wood ! "Behold the Eternal," is written on every object ; and in every view we are ready to exclaim with the poet of the East, "If there be a paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this." Never can I cease to be grateful for the satisfaction I experienced, on the summit of immortal Snowdon ! After



Cast your eyes a little farther, and you embrace the whole island, and see all its cities, rivers and mountains, delineated in the great chart of Nature : all the adjacent islands, the whole coast of Italy, as far as your eye can reach ; for it is no where bounded, but every where lost in space. On the sun's first rising, the shadow of the mountain extends across the whole island, and makes a large track visible even in the sea and in the air. By degrees this is shortened, and in a little time is confined only to the neighborhood of *Ætna*.

We had now time to examine a fourth region of that wonderful mountain, very different, indeed, from the others, and productive of very different sensations : but which has undoubtedly given being to all the rest ; I mean the region of fire.

The present crater of this immense volcano is a circle of about three miles and a half in circumference. It goes shelving down on each side, and forms a regular hollow like a vast amphitheatre. From many places of this space issue volumes of sulphureous smoke, which being much heavier than the circumambient air, instead of rising in it, as smoke generally does, immediately on its getting out of the crater, rolls down the side of the mountain like a torrent till coming to that part of the atmosphere of the same specific gravity with itself, it shoots off horizontally, and forms a large track in the air, according to the direction of the wind, which, happily for us, carried it exactly to the side opposite to that where we were placed. The crater is so hot that it is very dangerous, if not impossible to go down into it ; besides, the smoke is very incommodious, and, in many places, the surface is so soft, there have been instances of people sinking into it, and paying for their temerity with their lives. Near the centre of the crater is the great mouth of the volcano ;—that tremendous gulf so celebrated in all ages, and looked upon as the terror and scourge both of this and another life. We beheld it with awe and with horror, and were not surprised that it had been considered as the place of eternal punishment. When we reflect upon the immensity of its

depth, the vast cells and caverns whence so many lavas have issued; the force of its internal fire, to raise up those lavas to so vast a height, to support as it were in the air, and even to force them over the very summit of the crater, with all the dreadful accompaniments; the boiling of the matter, the shaking of the mountain, the explosion of flaming rocks, &c.; we must allow that the most enthusiastic imagination, in the midst of all its terrors, hardly ever formed an idea of a hell more dreadful.

---

#### SNOWDON.

Few persons mount a towering eminence, but feel their souls elevated: the whole frame acquires unwonted elasticity; and the spirits flow, as it were, in one aspiring stream of satisfaction and delight. For what can be more animating than, from one spot, to behold the pomp of man, and the pride of nature, lying at our feet? Who can refrain from being charmed, when, observing those innumerable sections, which divide a long extent of country into mountains and vales; and which, in their turn, subdivide into fields, glens, and dingles; containing trees of every height; cottages of the humble; and mansions of the rich; here groups of cattle, there shepherds tending their flocks: and, at intervals, viewing, with admiration, a broad expansive river, sweeping its course along an extended vale: now encircling a mountain, and now overflowing a valley; here gliding beneath large boughs of trees; there rolling over rough ledges of rocks; in one place concealing itself in the heart of a forest under huge massy cliffs, which impend over it; and in another washing the walls of some ivied ruin, bosomed in wood! "Behold the Eternal," is written on every object; and in every view we are ready to exclaim with the poet of the East, "If there be a paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this." Never can I cease to be grateful for the satisfaction I experienced, on the summit of immortal Snowdon! After

paying a visit to the waterfall of Nant-Mill, we set out from a small cottage, situated on the side of the lake Cwellin. It was a morning of August; not a breath of air relieved the heat of the atmosphere; and not a tree offered a momentary shelter. In all the times the guide had travelled up this great mountain, he confessed that he had never been so oppressed with the intensity of the heat. Climbing for the space of an hour, sometimes over bogs, and sometimes over heaths, we arrived at what we earnestly hoped was the apex of the mountain:—it was, however, merely the first station. Who could fail to remember the fine passage in Pope, imitated from Drummond of Hawthornden, where he compares the progress of man, in the attainment of science, to the enlarged views that are spread progressively before the eye, in climbing lofty mountains? The whole passage is eminently beautiful. As we ascended, those mountains, which from below bore the character of sublimity, shrunk into mere eminences: others more noble, rose in the perspective, and proceeding higher, they appeared, as it were, to approach us, and to be no longer at a distance. The road now lay over a smooth, mossy heath, where we sat down, entirely overcome with heat and fatigue. After resting for some time, the guide led us to the edge of a precipice, nearly fifteen hundred feet in depth; at the bottom of which appeared the dark green lake of Llyn-y-Glas, and Llyn-Llydaw. We approached to the edge of it, it appeared the fit abode of an echo!

The sombre lake of Llyn-y-Glas associates itself, in some degree, with that of a lake in the neighborhood of Bergen, the capital of Norway. That lake is, however, much darker than this: it is surrounded by high rocks; its water is motionless, and the stars being discerned on its bosom at noon-day, those who have surmounted the difficulty of climbing the rocks, become, on a sudden, so transported with the view of this "Heaven reversed," that they feel an indescribable, and almost uncontrollable, desire to throw themselves into it. We had not much time to contemplate the scene

before us ; as a cloud suddenly appeared to rise out of the rocks beneath ; and, rolling into a globular form, seemed like an immense balloon, balanced in the air ; which, rising gradually up to the place where we stood, shut out the whole of this tremendous scene. Viewed from below, this precipice excites emotions of sublimity, unmixed with apprehensions ; from its edge, terror is predominant. In the latter instance, our thoughts are, for a time, concentrated in our fears ; in the former, the mind, upon the instant, wings its course to heaven !

Height and depth create a much more awful sensation than length or width. The difference between looking up and looking down a precipice is well marked by Mr. Jefferson, in the account he furnished the Marquis de Chastelluse, of the Virginian bridge of rocks. "Though the sides of the bridge," says he, "are provided, in some parts, with a parapet of fixed rocks, yet few men have resolution to walk to them, and look over into the abyss. You involuntarily fall on your hands and knees, creep to the parapet, and look over it. Looking from the height about a minute, gave me a violent head ache. If the view from the top be painful and intolerable, that from below is delightful in the extreme. It is impossible for the emotions, arising from the sublime, to be felt beyond what they are on the sight of so beautiful an arch, so elevated and so light, springing up, as it were, to Heaven. The rapture of the spectator, is indescribable." After ascending above half a mile, we again paused to take a look around us. Below, appeared those innumerable mountains, by which Snowdon is, on all sides, surrounded. These are sometimes studded with lakes, which appear like large mirrors, placed for the purpose of reflecting the clouds, which are seen in three different directions. They glide over our heads, their shadows are depicted on the mountains ; they are reflected in the lakes below. Some of the mountains are round upon their summits ; others wear a triangular appearance ; while some rise like pyramids. Now they seem like backs of immense whales, or couchant lions ; and, while the apices of some resemble the cra-

ters of volcanos, the more elevated lift their points above those clouds, which roll, in columns, along their gigantic sides. Near the place where we paused to observe this fine prospect, we stopped to quench our almost ungovernable thirst at a spring, which wells out of the side of the mountain. No travellers over the deserts of Ethiopia were ever more rejoiced at coming to an unexpected fountain, than we were at this delightful spring. "O Fons," we were ready to exclaim.

*"O Fons Snowdoniæ, splendidior vitro,  
Dulcedineque mero, non sine floribus,  
Cras donaberis hædo."*

Well may the nations of the east consecrate their wells and fountains! Ere we departed, we took large libations; consecrated it with our praises and our blessings; and called it Hygeia's fountain.

After climbing over masses of crags and rocks, we ascended the peak of Snowdon, the height of which is 3671 feet above the level of the Irish sea. Arrived at its summit, a scene presented itself magnificent beyond the powers of language!—Indeed language is indigent and impotent, when it would presume to sketch scenes on which the great Eternal has placed his matchless finger with delight.—From this point are seen more than five and twenty lakes.—Seated on one of the crags it was long before the eye, unaccustomed to measure such elevations, could accommodate itself to scenes so admirable:—the whole appearing as if there had been a war of the elements, and as if we were the only inhabitants of the globe permitted to contemplate the ruins of the world.—Rocks and mountains, which, when observed from below, bear all the evidences of sublimity, when viewed from the summit of Snowdon, are blended with others as dark, as rugged, and as elevated as themselves; the whole resembling the swellings of an agitated ocean. The extent of this prospect appears almost unlimited. The four kingdoms are seen at once; Wales, England, Scotland, and Ireland! forming the finest panorama the empire can boast. The circle begins with the moun-

tains of Cumberland and Westmoreland ; those of Ingleborough and Penygent, in the county of York, and the hills of Lancashire, follow ; then are observed the counties of Chester, Flint, and Denbigh, and a portion of Montgomeryshire. Nearly the whole of Merioneth succeeds ; and, drawing a line with the eye along the diameter of the circle, we take in those regions, stretching from the triple-crown of Cader Idris, to the sterile crags of Carnedd's David, and Llewellyn. Snowdon, rising in the centre, appears as if he could touch the south with his right hand, and the north with his left. Surely Cæsar sat upon these crags, when he formed the daring conception of governing the world ! At this moment, how contemptible appeared the vanity and folly of Xerxes, when he formed the resolution of cutting through a mountain which casts its shadow more than eighty miles :—"Athos, thou proud and aspiring mountain, that liftest thy head unto the heavens, be not so audacious as to put obstacles in my way, If thou doest, I will cut thee down, and throw thee headlong into the sea." From Cader Idris, the eye, pursuing the orbit of the bold geographical outline, glances over the bay of Cardigan, and reposes for a while on the summit of the Rivel. After observing the indented shores of Carnarvonshire, it travels over a long line of ocean, till, in the extremity of the horizon, the blue mountains of Wicklow terminate the perspective. Those mountains gradually sink along the coast, till they are lost to the eye ; which, ranging along the expanse, at length, as weary of the journey, reposes on the Island of Man and the distant mountains of Scotland. The intermediate space is occupied by the sides and summits of mountains, hollow crags, masses of rocks, the towers of Carnarvon, the fields of Anglesea, with woods, lakes, and glens, scattered in magnificent confusion. A scene like this commands our feelings to echo, as it were, in unison to its grandeur and sublimity ; the thrill of astonishment and the transport of admiration seem to contend for the mastery ; and nerves are touched that never thrilled before ! We seem as if our former existence

were annihilated ; and as if a new epoch were commenced. Another world opens upon us ; and an unlimited orbit appears to display itself, as a theatre for our ambition. In viewing scenes so decidedly magnificent, to which neither the pen of the poet, nor the pencil of the painter, can ever promise justice ; and the contemplation of which has the power of making ample atonement for having studied mankind ; the soul, expanding and sublimed, quickens with a spirit of divinity, and appears, as it were, associated with the Deity himself. Few ever mounted this towering eminence, but, for a time, they became wiser and better. Here the proud may learn humility : the unfortunate acquire confidence ; and the man, who climbs Snowdon as an atheist, feels as it were, ere he descends, an ardent desire to fall down and worship its Creator ! Before our guide could induce us to leave this spot, the clouds formed around us ; and at the moment in which we passed the Red Ridge, a peal of thunder murmured among the mountains. He, who has passed this tremendous rampire, will conceive the effect of the explosion, and the danger of our situation. The Red Ridge is a long narrow pass, elevated more than two thousand feet above the vale ; the top of it, in some places, is not more than twelve feet across ; and, by a slight inclination of the eye, a rocky valley is seen on one side, as deep, and nearly as perpendicular as the one on the other. The lightning now flashed over our heads ; and the thunder, as we might have expected from the intensity of the day, rolled in sonorous volumes around us. If the prospect from the summit of Snowdon had been the finest we had ever seen, so were these the most tremendous sounds that we had ever heard. Upon returning to Bethgelart, a sequestered village, rendered famous for the retirement of Vortigern, who insulated himself upon a lofty rock, since called the fort of Ambrosius, the moon, rising from behind the crags, threw a matchless glory over all the heavens. A transition more delightful to the imagination, it were scarcely possible to conceive.

## THE OCEAN.

The ocean, which Sophocles considered the finest and most beautiful object in nature, fills every contemplative mind with that grateful awe, which bears witness that it acknowledges the hand of the Deity ; and that we know the value of that religion which a French writer would call "the science of the soul," the language of which is that of the mind, in unison with the affections. This vast collection of globules, and fountain of vapor, occupies more than three parts of the globe ; is the source of circulation and growth to all organized bodies ; and the general reservoir of vegetable and animal decompositions, with sulphureous and mineral substances. While the myriads of animals it contains, no pen could ever number. Neither could it enumerate the multitude of shells, gems, and plants, which grow to us invisibly ; and to which, doubtless, the present species, genera, orders, and classes, could not be referred. Some floating with the wind ; others at the mercy of every wave ; some secured to stones and rocks ; some rising to the surface from the bottom : and others, sheltered from agitations, rising not more than two inches above the great bed of the ocean ; receiving nourishment from its saline particles ; and giving sustenance, in return, to innumerable fishes and insects. Thales was, therefore, not far from the truth when he said that the Deity formed all things out of water :—nor Proclus, when he taught that the ocean was the cause of secondary natures of every description. When we sit upon the ledges of rocks, rising over the ocean ; when we behold its boundless surface, agitated with perpetual motion ; and when we listen to the music of its murmur, or the deep intonations of its roar, what amplitude doth the mind acquire, as to extent, to numbers and duration ! Amid storms and tempests it is that nature assumes the most terrific attitudes. Those who have beheld the waves beating along the recesses of Norway, heard the vast ice islands of Spitzbergen crash against each other when contending winds strive for the mastery ; and those who have had

---



the power of contrasting them with the tempests of the Cape, where the electric fluid, bursting from an azure sky foretells the monsoon, so admirably delineated by Camoens, feel an awful sensation while reflecting on the length of ages that was requisite to acquire a knowledge of the watery waste. Nature often speaks with most miraculous organ; and sometimes with force even equal to that of the decalogue. "If I ascend into heaven," says the Hebrew poet, "thou art there; If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand hold me." Coasting along the rocks of Portugal, the imagination listens to the hymn of "Adeste Fideles;" along those of Sicily, it rests upon the "O Sanctissima" of the Sicilian mariners; along the shores of the Adriatic, the soul inhales delight from the poems of Petrarch and Tasso; and when gliding along the waters of Palestine, we recall that awful period when "the earth was without form, and void; and darkness sat upon the face of the deep." The ocean, a solitude more solemn and awful than that of mountains, forests, or deserts, penetrates the soul with a spirit of devotion. Every agitation produces new beauty or new wonder: the miracles of the firmament are reflected in every wave, in the unceasing restlessness of which we recognize the ever marching progress of time: and, as the waves gradually accumulate at a distance, seeming to collect their strength in their approach to the shore, and fall on the beach in the form of a semicircular cascade, contemplation seems to have the power of producing ambrosial slumbers; and silently whispering to the imagination that the soul is of ethereal origin and of eternal duration, we seem for a moment to be, like Enoch, translated to heaven. The rising and setting of the sun; the splendor of Orion in a night of Autumn; and the immensity of the Ocean, far beyond the pencil of painters, or the imagery of poets, awaken ideas of power awful and magnificent. Raised above the level of human thought, the soul acknowledges a wild and ter-

rible grandeur; while, recognizing in the heavens, a

—————"Sea covering sea:  
Sea without shore;"

Chaos seems, as it were, to have yielded to order; and infinity, in one solemn picture, astonishes every faculty of the mind. But

"—— Who shall tempt, with wandering feet,  
"The dark, unfathomed, infinite abyss,  
"And, through the palpable obscure, find out  
"His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight,  
"Upborne with indefatigable wings,  
"Over the vast abrupt?"

In the Ocean we contemplate a Being, capable of measuring all its waters "in the hollow of his hand;" and who seems to our finite imaginations to have exercised, in forming it, the greatest possible exertion of omnipotence. Philosophy itself acknowledges, in its contemplation, all the fire and enthusiasm of poetry. In man, and in the works of man, we observe no permanent order. The laws of Nature on the contrary, forever are the same; operating with equal constancy, whether in the Scythian, the Atlantic, or the Indian; the Antarctic or Pacific. When the waves swell with storms, the sky darkens with clouds, and rocks reverberate, till echo wearies repeating their sounds; how vast is the conception of a power alone capable of commanding obedience to his mandate:

"Silence, ye troubled waves; and thou, deep, peace,"  
Said then th' omnific word; "Your discord cease."

---

#### THE VALE OF TEMPE.

If towering and impending rocks; abrupt and gigantic mountains, and above all, the ocean, elevate the mind and exalt it above mortality, the woody dingle, the deep

and romantic glen, the rocky valley, and the wide, the rich, the fascinating vale, associating ideas of rural comfort and of peaceful enjoyment, cheerful industry, robust health, and tranquil happiness, draw us from subjects too high for human thought, chain us to the earth, and enchant us with magic spells. No country abounds more in those characters in which Nature delights to speak to the imagination, than Greece. Her mountains were not more the theme of her poets than her vales and her valleys. In that fine country, no vale was more celebrated than that of Tempe: a vale in which the peasants frequently assembled, in order to give entertainments to each other, and to offer sacrifices. A Greek writer calls it "a festival for the eyes," and the gods were believed frequently to wander in it. Of this enchanting spot, Pliny has given a description in the fourth book of his Natural History; but Ælian has left the most copious and accurate account of it. "Tempe," says he, "is situated between the mountains of Ossa and Pelion, which are the highest mountains in Thessaly; and are divided in this place with a singular kind of attention. They enclose a valley of five miles in length, but which in breadth often does not exceed a hundred feet. In the middle flows the river Peneus, which, at first, is little more than a cataract; but, by the addition of many smaller streams, it at length assumes considerable magnitude. Among the rich shrubs upon its banks, are various beautiful windings and recesses; not the works of human hands, but of spontaneous nature, which seems to have formed every thing in this spot with the solicitude of a mother. A profusion of ivy is seen in all parts of the woods, which, with the vine, ascend the tops of the highest trees, cling round their branches, and fall luxuriantly between them. The different species of convolvulus, which grow upon the sides of the hills, throw their white flowers and creeping foliage over the rocks; while in the vale, or wherever they can find a level surface, groves of all kinds, in venerable arches or capricious forms, afford a cool and refreshing retreat. Nor

are there wanting frequent falls of water, with the most pure and crystal springs, sweet to drink, and wholesome to the bather. The thrush, the wood lark, and the nightingale, procreate in the thickets, and with their songs shorten the way, and soothe the ears of the traveller; who finds, in every path, arbors and grottos, and seats of repose. The Peneus still continues through the vale, idly, as it were, and with a glassy smoothness; while the depending boughs which crowd over its surface, yield an almost constant shade to those who navigate the river." In the vale of Tempe, Ford has laid the scene of a contest between a nightingale and a lutanist; finely imitated from a passage in Strada's Pro-lusions.

"Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales,  
Which poets of an elder time have feigned,  
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me  
Desire of visiting that paradise.  
To Thessaly I came; and living private,  
I day by day frequented silent groves,  
And solitary walks. One morning early  
This accident encounter'd me. I heard  
The sweetest and most ravishing contention,  
That art and nature ever were at strife at."

This contest was begun by a nightingale, who, chancing to hear a lutanist play several airs upon his lute, endeavored to surpass them. In this attempt, however, the unfortunate bird failed: on which—

" ————— Down dropt she on the lute,  
And broke her heart!"

## POETIC PIECES.

---

### ON TIME.

MOV'D by a strange mysterious power,  
That hastes along the rapid hour,  
    I touch the deep ton'd string.  
E'en now I see his wither'd face,  
Beneath yon tower's mouldering base,  
    Where mossy vestments cling.

Dark roll'd his cheerless eye around,  
Severe his grisly visage frown'd,  
    No locks his head array'd,  
He grasp'd a hero's antique bust,  
The marble crumbled into dust,  
    And sunk amidst the shade.

Malignant triumph fill'd his eyes,  
"See hapless mortals, see," he cries,  
    "How vain your idle schemes.  
Beneath my grasp, the fairest form,  
Dissolves and mingles with the worm,  
    Thus vanish mortal dreams.

The works of God! and man I spoil,  
The proudest proof of human toil,  
    I treat as childish toys.  
I crush the noble and the brave,  
Beauty I mar, and in the grave  
    I bury human joys."

Hold! ruthless phantom—hold! I cried,  
If thou canst mock the dreams of pride,  
    And meaner hopes devour,  
Virtue! beyond thy reach shall bloom,  
When other charms sink to the tomb,  
    She scorns thy envious power.

On frosty wings the demon fled,  
 Howling, as o'er the wall he sped,  
 "Another year is gone!"  
 The ruin'd spire,—the crumbling tow'r,  
 Nodding, obey'd his awful pow'r,  
 As time flew swiftly on.

Since beauty then to time must bow,  
 And age deform the fairest brow,  
     Let brighter charms be yours;  
 The virtuous mind, embalmed in truth,  
 Shall bloom in everlasting youth,  
     While time himself endures.

#### THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Nor a drum was heard nor a funeral note,  
 As his corse o'er the rampart we hurried,  
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,  
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
 The sod with our bayonets turning,  
 By the trembling moon-beams' misty light,  
 And our lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him,  
 But like a warrior taking his rest,  
 His martial cloak wrapt around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
 We spoke not a word of sorrow,  
 But steadfastly gaz'd on the face of the dead,  
 And bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
 And smooth'd down his lowly pillow,  
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
 And we, far away o'er the billow.

Lightly they'll speak of the spirit that's gone,  
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;  
 But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on  
 In the grave where his comrades have laid him.

and romantic glen, the rocky valley, and the wide, the rich, the fascinating vale, associating ideas of rural comfort and of peaceful enjoyment, cheerful industry, robust health, and tranquil happiness, draw us from subjects too high for human thought, chain us to the earth, and enchant us with magic spells. No country abounds more in those characters in which Nature delights to speak to the imagination, than Greece. Her mountains were not more the theme of her poets than her vales and her valleys. In that fine country, no vale was more celebrated than that of Tempe: a vale in which the peasants frequently assembled, in order to give entertainments to each other, and to offer sacrifices. A Greek writer calls it "a festival for the eyes," and the gods were believed frequently to wander in it. Of this enchanting spot, Pliny has given a description in the fourth book of his Natural History; but Ælian has left the most copious and accurate account of it. "Tempe," says he, "is situated between the mountains of Ossa and Pelion, which are the highest mountains in Thessaly; and are divided in this place with a singular kind of attention. They enclose a valley of five miles in length, but which in breadth often does not exceed a hundred feet. In the middle flows the river Peneus, which, at first, is little more than a cataract; but, by the addition of many smaller streams, it at length assumes considerable magnitude. Among the rich shrubs upon its banks, are various beautiful windings and recesses; not the works of human hands, but of spontaneous nature, which seems to have formed every thing in this spot with the solicitude of a mother. A profusion of ivy is seen in all parts of the woods, which, with the vine, ascend the tops of the highest trees, cling round their branches, and fall luxuriantly between them. The different species of convolvulus, which grow upon the sides of the hills, throw their white flowers and creeping foliage over the rocks; while in the vale, or wherever they can find a level surface, groves of all kinds, in venerable arches or capricious forms, afford a cool and refreshing retreat. Nor

are there wanting frequent falls of water, with the most pure and crystal springs, sweet to drink, and wholesome to the bather. The thrush, the wood lark, and the nightingale, procreate in the thickets, and with their songs shorten the way, and soothe the ears of the traveler; who finds, in every path, arbors and grottos, and seats of repose. The Peneus still continues through the vale, idly, as it were, and with a glassy smoothness; while the depending boughs which crowd over its surface, yield an almost constant shade to those who navigate the river." In the vale of Tempe, Ford has laid the scene of a contest between a nightingale and a lutanist; finely imitated from a passage in Strada's Pro-lusions.

"Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales,  
Which poets of an elder time have feigned,  
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me  
Desire of visiting that paradise.  
To Thessaly I came; and living private,  
I day by day frequented silent groves,  
And solitary walks. One morning early  
This accident encounter'd me. I heard  
The sweetest and most ravishing contention,  
That art and nature ever were at strife at."

This contest was begun by a nightingale, who, chancing to hear a lutanist play several airs upon his lute, endeavored to surpass them. In this attempt, however, the unfortunate bird failed: on which—

" ————— Down dropt she on the lute,  
And broke her heart!"



We break from the tree-groups; a glade deep with grass;  
 The white clover's breath loads the sense as we pass,  
 A sparkle—a streak—a broad glitter is seen  
 The bright Callikoon through its thickets of green!  
 We rush to the banks—its sweet music we hear,  
 Its gush, dash and gurgle all blent to the ear,  
 No shadows are drawn by the cloud cover'd sun,  
 We plunge in the crystal, our sport is begun;  
 Our line where that ripple shoots onward, we throw,  
 It sweeps to the foam-spangled eddy below,  
 A tremor—a pull—the trout upward is thrown,  
 He swings to our basket—the prize is our own.

We pass the still shallows—a plunge at our side—  
 The dive of the muskrat, its terror to hide;  
 A clamor is heard, spots are darting from sight—  
 The duck with her brood speeding on in affright;  
 A rush—the quick water-snipe cleaving the air—  
 We pass the still shallows—our prey is not there.

But here, where the trunk stretches half o'er the brook,  
 And slumbers the pool in a leaf-shadow'd nook,  
 Where eddies are dimpling and circling away,  
 Steal gently, for here lies the king of our prey.  
 Throw stilly—if greater the sound meets his ear  
 Than the burst of a bubble, you strike him with fear:  
 How cautious his touch of the death-hiding bait,  
 The rod now is trembling; wait! patiently wait!  
 A pull—raise your line, yet most gently—'twill bring  
 The credulous victim more sure to his spring,  
 A jerk, and the angle is bent to its length,  
 Play the line from the reel or 'twill break with his strength!  
 He darts round in foam, but his vigor is past,  
 Draw steadily to you—you'll have him at last!  
 Raise up, but beware that strong struggle and gasp,  
 And the noble snar'd creature is filling your grasp.  
 How bright with the water-gloss glitters the pride,  
 Of his brown clouded back, red and gold spotted side!  
 But we leave the reft scene of the dead monarch's reign  
 Like a despot that moves on to triumph again.

The voice of the rapid now burthens the air,  
 Approach, for our prey's crowded city is there!  
 Here whirlpools, there eddies, here stillness, there foam,  
 We ply well our efforts—no further we roam;  
 Our baskets we fill, but our muscles are tired,  
 And a shade in the sky tells that day has expired;  
 The robin has chanted his vespers and flown;  
 The frog from the creek has commenc'd his trombone;

The spider has ceas'd his slight furrow to show;  
 The brown sprawling shrimp seeks the pebbles below  
 The bank then we clamber, our home-path resume,  
 The torch-bearing fire-fly to lighten the gloom,  
 And dreams of our sleep-fetter'd pillow restore  
 Our day-sport, distorted but pleasing, once more.

#### THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,  
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild;  
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
 A man he was, to all the country dear,  
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;  
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
 Nor e'er had chang'd nor wished to change his place:  
 Unpractic'd he to fawn or seek for power,  
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;  
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,  
 More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise;  
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
 He chid their wand'rings but reliev'd their pain:  
 The long remember'd beggar was his guest,  
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;  
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd;  
 The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,  
 Sat by his fire and talk'd the night away,  
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,  
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.  
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,  
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;  
 Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,  
 His pity gave ere charity began:  
 Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
 And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side;  
 But in his duty prompt at every call,  
 He watch'd and wept, he felt and pray'd for all;  
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
 To tempt its new fledg'd offspring to the skies;  
 He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
 Allur'd to brighter worlds and led the way.  
 Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,  
 The reverend champion stood, at his control,  
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;

Not the half of our heavy task was done,  
 When the bell toll'd the hour for retiring,  
 And we knew by the distant random gun,  
 That the foe was then suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
 From the field of his fame, fresh and gory,  
 We carv'd not a line, we raised not a stone,  
 But left him alone—with his glory.

#### THE SAILOR-BOY'S DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,  
 His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind:  
 But, watchworn and weary, his cares flew away,  
 And visions of happiness danc'd o'er his mind.  
 He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bow'rs,  
 And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;  
 While Mem'ry stood sideways, half cover'd with flow'rs,  
 And displayed ev'ry rose, but secreted its thorn.  
 Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,  
 And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise,  
 Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,  
 And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes:  
 The jessamine clammers, in flow'r, o'er the thatch,  
 And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall,  
 All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,  
 And the voices of lov'd ones reply to his call;  
 A Father bends o'er him with looks of delight—  
 His cheek is impearl'd with a mother's warm tear;  
 And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite  
 With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.  
 The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,  
 Joy quickens his pulse—all his hardships seem o'er,  
 And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—  
 "Kind fate thou hast blest me—I ask for no more."  
 Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?  
 Ah! what is that sound which now larums his ear?  
 'Tis the *lightning's* red glare painting *hell* on the sky,—  
 'Tis the crashing of *thunders*, the groan of the sphere.  
 He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck.  
 Amazement confronts him with images dire;  
 Wild winds and waves drive the vessel a wreck,  
 The masts fly in splinters, the shrouds are on fire.  
 Like *mountains* the billows tremendously swell:  
 In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save,  
 Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,  
 And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave.

They fought—like brave men, long and well,  
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain;  
 They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,  
 Bleeding at every vein:  
 His few surviving comrades saw  
 His smile, when rang their proud—"hurrah,"  
 And the red field was won;  
 Then saw in death his eyelids close,  
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,  
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!  
 Come to the mother, when she feels,  
 For the first time, her first-born's breath;  
 Come when the blessed seals,  
 Which close the pestilence are broke,  
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;  
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,  
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;—  
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,  
 With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,  
 And thou art terrible—the tear  
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,  
 And all we know, or dream, or fear  
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword  
 Has won the battle for the free,  
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,  
 And in its hollow tones, are heard—  
 The thanks of millions yet to be.  
 Bozzaris! with the storied brave  
 Greece nurtured in her glories' time,  
 Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,  
 Even in her own proud clime.  
 We tell thy doom without a sigh;  
 For thou art Freedom's now and Fame's—  
 One of the few, the immortal names,  
 That were not born to die.

#### THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHERE Calpe frowns, where Etna flames on high,  
 Where Mocha's minarets salute the eye;  
 And where the billows of the ocean roll  
 O'er half the globe and flow from pole to pole—

Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
 And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.  
 At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place;  
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,  
 And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray:  
 The service past, around the pious man,  
 With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;  
 E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,  
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile:  
 His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,  
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest;  
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were giv'n,  
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n:  
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
 Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,  
 Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

---

MARCO BOZZARIS.

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,  
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour,  
 When Greece, her knee in supplicance bent,  
 Should tremble at his power;  
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore  
 The trophies of a conqueror;  
 In dreams, his song of triumph heard;  
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring;—  
 Then pressed that monarch's throne,—a king:  
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
 As Eden's garden bird.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;  
 That bright dream was his last;  
 He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,  
 “To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”  
 He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,  
 And shout, and groan and sabre stroke,  
 And death-shots falling thick and fast,  
 As lightnings from the mountain cloud;  
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
 Bozzaris cheer his band,  
 “Strike—till the last armed foe expires;  
 Strike—for your altars and your fires;  
 Strike—for the green graves of your sires,  
 God—and your native land.”

They fought—like brave men, long and well,  
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain;  
 They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,  
   Bleeding at every vein:  
 His few surviving comrades saw  
 His smile, when rang their proud—"hurrah,"  
 And the red field was won;  
 Then saw in death his eyelids close,  
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,  
   Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!  
 Come to the mother, when she feels,  
 For the first time, her first-born's breath;  
   Come when the blessed seals,  
 Which close the pestilence are broke,  
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;  
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,  
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;—  
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,  
   With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,  
 And thou art terrible—the tear  
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,  
 And all we know, or dream, or fear  
   Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword  
 Has won the battle for the free,  
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,  
 And in its hollow tones, are heard—  
   The thanks of millions yet to be.  
 Bozzaris! with the storied brave  
   Greece nurtured in her glories' time,  
 Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,  
   Even in her own proud clime.  
 We tell thy doom without a sigh;  
 For thou art Freedom's now and Fame's—  
 One of the few, the immortal names,  
   That were not born to die.

---

#### THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHERE Calpe frowns, where Etna flames on high,  
 Where Mocha's minarets salute the eye;  
 And where the billows of the ocean roll  
 O'er half the globe and flow from pole to pole—

Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
 And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.  
 At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place;  
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,  
 And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray:  
 The service past, around the pious man,  
 With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;  
 E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,  
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile:  
 His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,  
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest;  
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were giv'n,  
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n:  
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
 Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,  
 Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

---

MARCO BOZZARIS.

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,  
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour,  
 When Greece, her knee in supplicance bent,  
 Should tremble at his power;  
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore  
 The trophies of a conqueror;  
 In dreams, his song of triumph heard;  
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring;—  
 Then pressed that monarch's throne,—a king:  
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
 As Eden's garden bird.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;  
 That bright dream was his last;  
 He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,  
 “To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”  
 He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,  
 And shout, and groan and sabre stroke,  
 And death-shots falling thick and fast,  
 As lightnings from the mountain cloud;  
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
 Bozzaris cheer his band,  
 “Strike—till the last armed foe expires;  
 Strike—for your altars and your fires;  
 Strike—for the green graves of your sires,  
 God—and your native land.”

They fought—like brave men, long and well,  
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain;  
 They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,  
 Bleeding at every vein:  
 His few surviving comrades saw  
 His smile, when rang their proud—"hurrah,"  
 And the red field was won;  
 Then saw in death his eyelids close,  
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,  
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!  
 Come to the mother, when she feels,  
 For the first time, her first-born's breath;  
 Come when the blessed seals,  
 Which close the pestilence are broke,  
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;  
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,  
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;—  
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,  
 With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,  
 And thou art terrible—the tear  
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,  
 And all we know, or dream, or fear  
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword  
 Has won the battle for the free,  
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,  
 And in its hollow tones, are heard—  
 The thanks of millions yet to be.  
 Bozzaris! with the storied brave  
 Greece nurtured in her glories' time,  
 Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,  
 Even in her own proud clime.  
 We tell thy doom without a sigh;  
 For thou art Freedom's now and Fame's—  
 One of the few, the immortal names,  
 That were not born to die.

---

#### THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHERE Calpe frowns, where Etna flames on high,  
 Where Mocha's minarets salute the eye;  
 And where the billows of the ocean roll  
 O'er half the globe and flow from pole to pole—



Where'er he sail'd o'er Neptune's old domain,  
 A Briton saw, but with a patriot's pain,  
 America's proud Flag displayed to view,  
 Her thirty stars, and in a field of blue  
 Proclaim'd her freedom to each distant zone;  
 "Alas!" he sigh'd, "their ships surpass our own,  
 And we must tolerate, that rebels thus  
 On our own element should vie with us."  
 When lo! he saw, or thought he saw, arise,  
 For sleep no doubt had seal'd his angry eyes,  
 The Genius of the Deep, and heard him say,  
 Why are ye not high-spirited as they?  
 To see your younger brothers free and great,  
 Should rouse your energy, but not your hate;  
 Britannia's sons shall ever rule the waves,  
 But 'tis those sons that are no longer slaves;  
 They—only they—brave Death in ev'ry form,  
 And ride in triumph thro' the impetuous storm;  
 Who bold in conscious independence stand,  
 Nor bend the knee to kiss a royal hand;  
 Subjects are slaves, tho' in a mild degree;  
 But only citizens are dear to me;  
 And them I love the most who most are free,  
 And give to them the Empire of the Sea.

---

THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN FITZ-JAMES  
 AND THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

AND now, to issue from the glen,  
 No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,  
 Unless he climb with footing nice,  
 A far projecting precipice;  
 The broom's tough roots his ladder made,  
 The hazel saplings lent their aid;  
 And thus an airy point he won,  
 Where, gleaming with the setting sun,  
 One burnish'd sheet of living gold,  
 Loeh-Katrine lay beneath him rolled;  
 In all her length far winding lay,  
 With promontory, creek and bay,  
 And islands that, empurpled bright,  
 Floated amid the livelier light;  
 And mountains, that like giants stand,  
 To sentinel enchanted land.  
 High on the south, huge Benvenue  
 Down to the lake in masses threw  
 Crag, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,  
 The fragments of an earlier world;

A wildering forest feathered o'er  
 His ruined sides and summit hoar,  
 While on the north, through middle air,  
 Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

From the steep promontory gazed  
 The stranger, raptured and amazed;  
 And, "What a scene were here," he cried,  
 "For princely pomp or churchman's pride!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Blithe were it then to wander here!  
 But now,—beshrew yon nimble deer,—  
 Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,  
 The copse must give my ev'ning fare;  
 Some mossy bank my couch must be,  
 Some rustling oak my canopy:  
 Yet pass we that,—the war and chase  
 Give little choice of resting place;  
 A summer night, in green-wood spent,  
 Were but to-morrow's merriment;—  
 But hosts may in these wilds abound,  
 Such as are better missed than found;  
 To meet with highland plunderers here  
 Were worse than loss of steed or deer.  
 I am alone;—my bugle strain  
 May call some straggler of the train;  
 Or fall the worst that may betide,  
 Ere now this falchion has been tried."

But scarce again his horn he wound,  
 When lo! forth starting at the sound,  
 From underneath an aged oak,  
 That slanted from the islet rock,  
 A damsel guider of its way,  
 A little skiff shot to the bay,  
 That round the promontory steep  
 Led its deep line in graceful sweep,  
 Eddying, in almost viewless wave,  
 The weeping willow twig to lave,  
 And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,  
 The beach of pebbles bright as snow.  
 The boat had touched the silver strand,  
 Just as the hunter left his stand,  
 And stood concealed amid the brake  
 To view this Lady of the Lake.  
 The maiden paused, as if again  
 She thought to catch the distant strain,  
 With head up-raised, and look intent,  
 And eye and ear attentive bent,

And locks flung back, and lips apart,  
Like monument of Grecian art;  
In listening mood she seemed to stand,  
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace  
A nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,  
Of finer form, or lovelier face!  
What though the sun, with ardent frown,  
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,  
The sportive toil, which, short and light,  
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,  
Served too in hastier swell to show  
Short glimpses of a breast of snow;  
What though no rule of courtly grace  
To measured mood had trained her pace,  
A foot more light, a step more true,  
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;  
E'en the slight hare-bell raised its head,  
Elastic from her airy tread:  
What though upon her speech there hung  
The accents of the mountain tongue,  
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,  
The listener held his breath to hear.

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;  
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,  
Her golden brooch such birth betrayed;  
And seldom was a snood amid  
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,  
Whose glossy black to shame might bring  
The plumage of the raven's wing;  
And seldom o'er a breast so fair  
Mantled a plaid with modest care;  
And never brooch the folds combined  
Above a heart more good and kind;  
Her kindness and her worth to spy,  
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;  
Not Katrine in her mirror blue,  
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,  
Than every free-born glance confessed  
The guileless movements of her breast;  
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,  
Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,  
Or filial love was glowing there,  
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,  
Or tale of injury called forth,  
The indignant spirit of the north,  
One only passion unrevealed,  
With maiden pride the maid concealed,

Yet not less purely felt the flame;—  
O need I tell that passion's name!

Impatient of the silent horn,  
Now on the gale her voice was borne:—  
"Father!" she cried; the rocks around  
Loved to prolong the gentle sound.  
A while she paused, no answer came,—  
"Malcolm, was thine the blast?" the name  
Less resolutely uttered fell,  
The echoes could not catch the swell.  
"A stranger, I," the huntsman said,  
Advancing from the hazel shade.  
The maid alarmed, with hasty oar,  
Pushed her light shallop from the shore;  
And when a space was gained between,  
Closer she drew her bosom's screen;  
So forth the startled Swan would swing,  
So turn to prune her ruffled wing;  
Then safe, though fluttered and amazed,  
She paused, and on the stranger gazed:  
Not his the form, nor his the eye,  
That youthful maidens wont to fly.

On his bold visage, middle age  
Had slightly pressed its signet age,  
Yet had not quenched the open truth,  
And fiery vehemence of youth;  
Forward and frolic glee was there,  
The will to do, the soul to dare,  
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire;  
Of hasty love, or headlong ire.  
His limbs were cast in manly mould,  
For hardy sports, or contest bold;  
And though in peaceful garb arrayed,  
And weaponless, except his blade,  
His stately mien as well implied  
A high-born heart, a martial pride,  
As if a Baron's crest he wore,  
And sheathed in armor trod the shore.  
Slighting the petty need he showed,  
He told of his benighted road;  
His ready speech flowed fair and free,  
In phrase of gentlest courtesy,  
Yet seemed that tone, and gesture bland,  
Less used to sue than to command.

A while the maid the stranger eyed,  
And, reassured, at last replied,  
That highland halls were open still  
To wildered wanderers of the hill.

· Nor think you unexpected come  
 To yon lone isle, our desert home:  
 Before the heath had lost the dew,  
 This morn a couch was pulled for you;  
 On yonder mountain's purple head  
 Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled,  
 And our broad nets have swept the mere  
 To furnish forth your evening cheer.'  
 "Now by the rood, my lovely maid,  
 Your courtesy has erred," he said;  
 "No right have I to claim, misplaced,  
 The welcome of expected guest,  
 A wanderer here, by fortune tost,  
 My way, my friends, my courser lost,  
 I ne'er before, believe me, fair,  
 Have ever drawn your mountain air,  
 'Till on this lake's romantic strand,  
 I found a fay in fairy land."

"I well believe," the maid replied,  
 As her light skiff approached the side,  
 "I well believe, that ne'er before  
 Your foot has trod Loch-Katrine's shore;  
 But yet, as far as yesternight,  
 Old Allan-bane foretold your plight,—  
 A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent  
 Was on the visioned future bent.  
 He saw your steed, a dappled gray,  
 Lie dead beneath the birchen way;  
 Painted exact your form and mien,  
 Your hunting suit of Lincoln green,  
 That tassel'd horn so gaily gilt,  
 That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,  
 That cap with heron's plumage trim,  
 And yon two hounds so dark and grim,  
 He bade that all should ready be,  
 To grace a guest of fair degree;  
 But light I held his prophecy,  
 And deemed it was my father's horn,  
 Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne."

The stranger smiled—"Since to your home,  
 A destined errant knight I come,  
 Announced by prophet sooth and old,  
 Doomed, doubtless, for achievement bold,  
 I'll lightly front each high emprise,  
 For one kind glance of those bright eyes;  
 Permit me, first, the task to guide  
 Your fairy frigate o'er the tide.'  
 The maid with smile suppressed and sly,  
 The toil unwonted saw him try;

For seldom, sure, if ere before,  
 His noble hand had grasped an oar:  
 Yet with main strength his strokes he drew,  
 And o'er the lake the shallop flew;  
 With heads erect, and whimpering cry,  
 The hounds behind their passage ply,  
 Nor frequent does the bright oar break  
 The darkening mirror of the lake,  
 Until the rocky isle they reach,  
 And moor their shallop on the beach.  
 The stranger viewed the shore around;  
 'Twas all so close with copse-wood bound,  
 Nor track nor path-way might declare  
 That human foot frequented there,  
 Until the mountain-maiden showed  
 A clambering unsuspected road,  
 That winded through the tangled screen,  
 And opened on a narrow green,  
 Where weeping birch and willow round  
 With their long fibres swept the ground;  
 Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,  
 Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

It was a lodge of ample size,  
 But strange of structure and device;  
 Of such materials as around  
 The workman's hand had readiest found.  
 Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks bare  
 And by the hatchet rudely squared,  
 To give the walls their destined height,  
 The sturdy oak and ash unite;  
 While moss and clay and leaves combined  
 To fence each crevice from the wind.  
 The lighter pine-trees over-head,  
 Their slender length for rafters spread;  
 And withered heath and rushes dry  
 Supplied a russet canopy.  
 Due westward, fronting to the green  
 A rural portico was seen,  
 Aloft on native pillars borne,  
 Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,  
 Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine  
 The ivy and Idæan vine,  
 The clematis, the favored flower,  
 Which boasts the name of virgin-bower;  
 And every hardy plant could bear  
 Loch-Katrine's keen and searching air.  
 An instant in this porch she staid,  
 And gaily to the stranger said,

"On heaven and on thy lady call,  
And enter the enchanted hall."

"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,  
My gentle guide, in following thee."

### QUARREL BETWEEN RODERICK DHU AND FITZ-JAMES.

The shades of eve come slowly down,  
The woods are wrapp'd in deeper brown,  
The owl awakens from her dell,  
The fox is heard upon the fell;  
Enough remains of glimmering light  
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,  
Yet not enough from far to show  
His figure to the watchful foe.  
With cautious step, and ear awake,  
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;  
And not the summer solstice there,  
Temper'd the midnight mountain air,  
But every breeze, that swept the wold,  
Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold.  
In dread, in danger, and alone,  
Famished and chilled, through ways unknown;  
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;  
Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,  
A watch-fire close before him burned.

Beside its embers red and clear,  
Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer;  
And up he sprung with sword in hand,—  
"Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!"—  
"A stranger."—"What dost thou require?"—  
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire.  
My life's beset, my path is lost,  
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."  
"Art thou a friend to Roderick?"—"No."  
"Thou dar'st not call thyself a foe?"—  
"I dare! to him and all the band  
He brings to aid his murderous hand."  
"Bold words!—but, though the beast of game  
The privilege of chase may claim,  
Though space and law the stag we lend,  
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,  
Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when,  
The prowling fox was trapp'd or slain?"

Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,  
 Who say thou camest a secret spy?"  
 "They do, by heaven!—Come Roderick Dhu,  
 And of his clan the boldest two,  
 And let me but till morning rest,  
 I write the falsehood on their crest."—  
 "If by the blaze I mark aright,  
 Thou bea'rst the belt and spur of Knight."  
 "Then, by these tokens may'st thou know,  
 Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."—  
 "Enough, enough; sit down and share  
 A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

He gave him of his highland cheer,  
 The harden'd flesh of mountain deer  
 Dry fuel on the fire he laid,  
 And bade the Saxon share his plaid  
 He tended him like welcome guest,  
 Then thus his further speech addressed,  
 "Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu,  
 A clansman born, a kinsman true;  
 Each word against his honor spoke  
 Demands of me avenging stroke;  
 Yet more,—upon thy fate, 'tis said  
 A mighty augury is laid.  
 It rests with me to wind my horn,—  
 Thou art with numbers overborne;  
 It rests with me, here, brand to brand,  
 Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand;  
 But, nor for clan, nor kindred's cause,  
 Will I depart from honor's laws:  
 To assail a wearied man were shame,  
 And stranger is a holy name;  
 Guidance and rest, and food and fire,  
 In vain he never must require.  
 Then rest thee here till dawn of day,  
 Myself will guide thee on the way,  
 O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,  
 Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,  
 As far as Coillantogle's ford;  
 From thence thy warrant is thy sword."—  
 "I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,  
 As freely as 'tis nobly given!"—  
 "Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry  
 Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."—  
 With that he shook the gathered heath,  
 And spread his plaid upon the wreath;  
 And the brave foemen, side by side,  
 Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,  
 And slept until the dawning beam  
 Purpled the mountain and the stream.



"On heaven and on thy lady call,  
And enter the enchanted hall."

"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,  
My gentle guide, in following thee."

QUARREL BETWEEN RODERICK DHU AND  
FITZ-JAMES.

The shades of eve come slowly down,  
The woods are wrapp'd in deeper brown,  
The owl awakens from her dell,  
The fox is heard upon the fell;  
Enough remains of glimmering light  
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,  
Yet not enough from far to show  
His figure to the watchful foe.  
With cautious step, and ear awake,  
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;  
And not the summer solstice there,  
Temper'd the midnight mountain air,  
But every breeze, that swept the wold,  
Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold.  
In dread, in danger, and alone,  
Famished and chilled, through ways unknown;  
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;  
Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,  
A watch-fire close before him burned.

Beside its embers red and clear,  
Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer;  
And up he sprung with sword in hand,—  
"Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!"—  
"A stranger."—"What dost thou require?"—  
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire.  
My life's beset, my path is lost,  
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."  
"Art thou a friend to Roderick?"—"No."  
"Thou darest not call thyself a foe?"—  
"I dare! to him and all the band  
He brings to aid his murderous hand."—  
"Bold words!—but, though the beast of game  
The privilege of chase may claim,  
Though space and law the stag we lend,  
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,  
Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when,  
The prowling fox was trapp'd or slain?"

The rugged mountain's scanty cloak  
 Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,  
 With shingles bare, and cliffs between,  
 And patches bright of bracken green,  
 And heather black, that waved so high,  
 It held the copse in rivalry;  
 But where the lake slept deep and still,  
 Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;  
 And oft both path and hill were torn,  
 Where wintry torrent down had borne,  
 And heaped upon the cumber'd land  
 Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand;  
 So toilsome was the road to trace,  
 The guide, abating of his pace,  
 Led slowly through the pass's jaws,  
 And asked Fitz-James, by what strange cause  
 He sought these wilds; traversed by few,  
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu?

"Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,  
 Hangs in thy belt, and by my side;  
 Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,  
 "I dreamed not now to claim its aid;  
 When here, but three days' since, I came,  
 Bewilder'd in pursuit of game,  
 All seemed as peaceful and as still,  
 As the mist slumbering on yon hill;  
 Thy dangerous chief was then afar,  
 Nor soon expected back from war;  
 Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,  
 Though deep, perchance the villain lied."  
 "Yet why a second venture try?"  
 "A warrior thou, and ask me why!—  
 Moves our free course by such fixed cause,  
 As gives the poor mechanic laws?  
 Enough I sought to drive away  
 The lazy hours of peaceful day;  
 Slight cause will then suffice to guide  
 A knight's free footsteps far and wide;  
 A falcon flown, a grayhound strayed,  
 The merry glance of mountain maid:  
 Or, if a path be dangerous known,  
 The danger's self is lure alone."—

'Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—  
 Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,  
 Say, heard ye nought of lowland war,  
 Against Clan-Alpin raised by Mar?'—

Fair as the earliest beam of eastern light,  
 When first, by the bewilder'd pilgrim spied,  
 It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,  
 And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,  
 And lights the fearful path on mountain side,  
 Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,  
 Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,  
 Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,  
 Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow  
 of War.

That early beam, so fair and sheen,  
 Was twinkling through the hazel screen,  
 When, rousing at its glimmer red,  
 The warriors left their lowly bed,  
 Looked out upon the dappled sky,  
 Muttered their soldier matins by,  
 And then awak'd their fire, to steal,  
 As short and rude, their soldier meal.  
 That o'er, the Gael\* around him threw  
 His graceful plaid of varied hue,  
 And, true to promise, led the way,  
 By thicket green and mountain gray.  
 A wildering path!—they winded now  
 Along the precipice's brow,  
 Commanding the rich scenes beneath,  
 The windings of the Forth and Teith,  
 And all the vales between that lie,  
 Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;  
 Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance  
 Gained not the length of horseman's lance;  
 'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain  
 Assistance from the hand to gain:  
 So tangled oft, that bursting through,  
 Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—  
 That diamond dew, so pure and clear,  
 It rivals all but Beauty's tear!

At length they came where, stern and steep,  
 The hill sinks down upon the deep;  
 Here Vennachar in silver flows,  
 There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose.  
 Ever the hollow path twined on,  
 Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;  
 An hundred men might hold the post  
 With hardihood against a host.

---

\* The Scottish Highlander calls himself *Gael*, or *Gaul*, and terms the Lowlander, *Sassenach*, or *Saxon*.

The rugged mountain's scanty cloak  
 Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,  
 With shingles bare, and cliffs between,  
 And patches bright of bracken green,  
 And heather black, that waved so high,  
 It held the copse in rivalry;  
 But where the lake slept deep and still,  
 Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;  
 And oft both path and hill were torn,  
 Where wintry torrent down had borne,  
 And heaped upon the cumber'd land  
 Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand;  
 So toilsome was the road to trace,  
 The guide, abating of his pace,  
 Led slowly through the pass's jaws,  
 And asked Fitz-James, by what strange cause  
 He sought these wilds; traversed by few,  
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu?

"Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,  
 Hangs in thy belt, and by my side;  
 Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,  
 "I dreamed not now to claim its aid;  
 When here, but three days' since, I came,  
 Bewilder'd in pursuit of game,  
 All seemed as peaceful and as still,  
 As the mist slumbering on yon hill;  
 Thy dangerous chief was then afar,  
 Nor soon expected back from war;  
 Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,  
 Though deep, perchance the villain lied."  
 "Yet why a second venture try?"  
 "A warrior thou, and ask me why!—  
 Moves our free course by such fixed cause,  
 As gives the poor mechanic laws?  
 Enough I sought to drive away  
 The lazy hours of peaceful day;  
 Slight cause will then suffice to guide  
 A knight's free footsteps far and wide;  
 A falcon flown, a grayhound strayed,  
 The merry glance of mountain maid:  
 Or, if a path be dangerous known,  
 The danger's self is lure alone."—

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—  
 Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,  
 Say, heard ye nought of lowland war,  
 Against Clan-Alpin raised by Mar?"—

"—No, by my word ;—of bands prepared  
 To guard King James's sports I heard ;  
 Nor doubt I aught, but when they hear  
 This muster of the mountaineer,  
 Their pennons will abroad be flung,  
 Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."  
 "Free be they flung !—for we were loth  
 Their silken folds should feast the moth.  
 Free be they flung !—as free shall wave  
 Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.  
 But, stranger, peaceful since you came  
 Bewilder'd in the mountain game,  
 Whence the bold boast by which you show  
 Vich-Alpine's vow'd and mortal foe ?"—  
 "Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew  
 Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,  
 Save as an exiled desperate man,  
 The chief of a rebellious clan,  
 Who, in the Regent's court and sight,  
 With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight.  
 Yet this alone might from his part  
 Sever each true and loyal heart."—

Wrathful at such arraignment foul,  
 Dark lower'd the clansman's sable scowl :  
 A space he paused, then sternly said,—  
 "And heardst thou why he drew his blade ?  
 Heardst thou that shameful word and blow  
 Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe ?  
 What reck'd the Chieftain, if he stood  
 On highland heath, or Holy-Rood ?  
 He rights such wrong where it is given,  
 If it were in the court of heaven."—  
 "Still was it outrage ;—yet, 'tis true,  
 Not then claimed sovereignty his due ;  
 While Albany, with feeble hand,  
 Held borrowed truncheon of command,  
 The young King, mew'd in Stirling tower,  
 Was stranger to respect and power.  
 But then, thy Chieftain's robber life !—  
 Winning mean prey by causeless strife,  
 Wrenching from ruin'd lowland swain  
 His herds and harvest reared in vain.—  
 Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn  
 The spoils from such foul foray borne."  
 The Gael beheld him grim the while,  
 And answer'd with disdainful smile,—  
 "Saxon, from yonder mountain high,  
 I marked thee send delighted eye,

Far to the south and east, where lay,  
 Extended in succession gay,  
 Deep waving fields and pastures green,  
 With gentle slopes and groves between.  
 These fertile plains, that softened vale,  
 Were once the birthright of the Gael;  
 The stranger came with iron hand,  
 And from our fathers rest the land.  
 Where dwell we now! See rudely swell  
 Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.  
 Ask we this savage hill we tread,  
 For fatten'd steer or household bread;  
 Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,  
 And well the mountain might reply,—  
 "To you, as to your sires of yore,  
 Belong the target and claymore!  
 I give you shelter in my breast,  
 Your own good blades must win the rest."  
 Pent in this fortress of the North,  
 Think'st thou we will not sally forth,  
 To spoil the spoiler as we may,  
 And from the robber rend the prey?  
 Ay, by my soul!—While on yon plain  
 The Saxon rears one shock of grain;  
 While, of ten thousand herds, there strays  
 But one along yon river's maze,—  
 The Gael, of plain and river heir,  
 Shall with strong hand, redeem his share.  
 Where live the mountain chiefs who hold,  
 That plundering lowland field and fold  
 Is aught but retribution due?  
 Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

Answered Fitz-James,—“And, if I sought  
 Think'st thou no other could be brought?  
 What deem ye of my path waylaid,  
 My life given o'er to ambuscade?”  
 “As of a meed to rashness due:  
 Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,—  
 I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,  
 I seek, good faith, a highland maid,—  
 Free hadst thou been to come and go—  
 But secret path marks secret foe.  
 Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,  
 Hadst thou unheard, been doom'd to die  
 Save to fulfil an augury.”—  
 “Well, let it pass; nor will I now  
 Fresh cause of enmity avow,  
 To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.

"—No, by my word ;—of bands prepared  
 To guard King James's sports I heard ;  
 Nor doubt I aught, but when they hear  
 This muster of the mountaineer,  
 Their pennons will abroad be flung,  
 Which else in Douns had peaceful hung."  
 "Free be they flung !—for we were loth  
 Their silken folds should feast the moth.  
 Free be they flung !—as free shall wave  
 Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.  
 But, stranger, peaceful since you came  
 Bewilder'd in the mountain game,  
 Whence the bold boast by which you show  
 Vich-Alpine's vow'd and mortal foe ?"—  
 "Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew  
 Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,  
 Save as an exiled desperate man,  
 The chief of a rebellious clan,  
 Who, in the Regent's court and sight,  
 With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight.  
 Yet this alone might from his part  
 Sever each true and loyal heart."—

Wrathful at such arraignment foul,  
 Dark lower'd the clansman's sable scowl :  
 A space he paused, then sternly said,—  
 "And hearst thou why he drew his blade ?  
 Hearst thou that shameful word and blow  
 Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe ?  
 What reck'd the Chieftain, if he stood  
 On highland beath, or Holy-Rood ?  
 He rights such wrong where it is given,  
 If it were in the court of heaven."—  
 "Still was it outrage ;—yet, 'tis true,  
 Not then claimed sovereignty his due ;  
 While Albany, with feeble hand,  
 Held borrowed truncheon of command,  
 The young King, mew'd in Stirling tower,  
 Was stranger to respect and power.  
 But then, thy Chieftain's robber life !—  
 Winning mean prey by causeless strife,  
 Wrenching from ruin'd lowland swain  
 His herds and harvest reared in vain.—  
 Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn  
 The spoils from such foul foray borne."  
 The Gael beheld him grim the while,  
 And answer'd with disdainful smile,—  
 "Saxon, from yonder mountain high,  
 I marked thee send delighted eye,

Far to the south and east, where lay,  
 Extended in succession gay,  
 Deep waving fields and pastures green,  
 With gentle slopes and groves between.  
 These fertile plains, that softened vale,  
 Were once the birthright of the Gael;  
 The stranger came with iron hand,  
 And from our fathers reft the land.  
 Where dwell we now! See rudely swell  
 Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.  
 Ask we this savage hill we tread,  
 For fatten'd steer or household bread;  
 Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,  
 And well the mountain might reply,—  
 "To you, as to your sires of yore,  
 Belong the target and claymore!  
 I give you shelter in my breast,  
 Your own good blades must win the rest."  
 Pent in this fortress of the North,  
 Think'st thou we will not sally forth,  
 To spoil the spoiler as we may,  
 And from the robber rend the prey?  
 Ay, by my soul!—While on yon plain  
 The Saxon rears one shock of grain;  
 While, of ten thousand herds, there strays  
 But one along yon river's maze,—  
 The Gael, of plain and river heir,  
 Shall with strong hand, redeem his share.  
 Where live the mountain chiefs who hold,  
 That plundering lowland field and fold  
 Is aught but retribution due?  
 Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

Answered Fitz-James,—“And, if I sought  
 Think'st thou no other could be brought?  
 What deem ye of my path waylaid,  
 My life given o'er to ambuscade?”  
 “As of a meed to rashness due:  
 Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,—  
 I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,  
 I seek, good faith, a highland maid,—  
 Free hadst thou been to come and go—  
 But secret path marks secret foe.  
 Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,  
 Hadst thou unheard, been doom'd to die  
 Save to fulfil an augury.”—  
 “Well, let it pass; nor will I now  
 Fresh cause of enmity avow,  
 To chafe thy mood and clond thy brow.



Enough, I am by promise tied  
 To match me with this man of pride:  
 Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen  
 In peace; but, when I come again,  
 I come with banner, brand, and bow,  
 As leader seeks his mortal foe;  
 For lovelorn swain, in lady's bower,  
 Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,  
 As I, until before me stand  
 This rebel Chieftain and his band."

"Have then thy wish!" he whistled shrill,  
 And he was answer'd from the hill;  
 Wild as the scream of the curlew,  
 From crag to crag the signal flew;  
 Instant, through copse and heath, arose  
 Bonnets and spears and bended bows;  
 On right, on left, above, below,  
 Sprung up at once the lurking foe;  
 From shingles gray their lances start,  
 The bracken-bush sends forth the dart,  
 The rushes and the willow-wand  
 Are bristling into axe and brand,  
 And every tuft of broom gives life  
 To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.  
 That whistle garrison'd the glen  
 At once with full five hundred men,  
 As if the yawning hill to heaven  
 A subterranean host had given;  
 Watching their leader's beck and will,  
 All silent there they stood, and still;  
 Like the loose crags, whose threat'ning mass  
 Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,  
 As if an infant's touch could urge  
 Their headlong passage down the verge,  
 With step and weapon forward flung,  
 Upon the mountain-side they hung.  
 The mountaineer cast glance of pride  
 Along Benledi's living side,  
 Then fixed his eye and sable brow  
 Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now?  
 These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;  
 And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

Fitz-James was brave :—Though to his heart  
 The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,  
 He mann'd himself with dauntless air,  
 Return'd the chief his haughty stare,

His back against a rock he bore,  
 And firmly placed his foot before :  
 " Come one, come all ! this rock shall fly  
 From its firm base as soon as I."—  
 Sir Roderick marked—and in his eyes  
 Respect was mingled with surprise,  
 And the stern joy which warriors feel  
 In foeman worthy of their steel.  
 Short space he stood—then waved his hand  
 Down sunk the disappearing band ;  
 Each warrior vanished where he stood,  
 In broom or bracken, heath or wood ;  
 Sunk brand and spear and bended bow  
 In osiers pale and copses low ;  
 It seem'd as if their mother Earth  
 Had swallowed up her warlike birth.  
 The wind's last breath had toss'd in air,  
 Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—  
 The next but swept a lone hill-side,  
 Where heath and fern were waving wide ;  
 The sun's last glance was glinted back,  
 From lance and glaive, from targe and jack,—  
 The next, all unreflected, shone  
 On bracken green, and cold gray stone.

Fitz-James looked round—yet scarce believed  
 The witness that his sight received ;  
 Such apparition well might seem  
 Delusion of a dreadful dream.  
 Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,  
 And to his look the chief replied,  
 " Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—  
 But—doubt not aught from mine array.  
 Thou art my guest ; I pledg'd my word  
 As far as Coilantogle ford :  
 Nor would I call a clansman's brand  
 For aid against one valiant hand,  
 Though on our strife lay every vale  
 Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.  
 So move we on ; I only meant  
 To show the reed on which you leant,  
 Deeming this path you might pursue  
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."  
 They moved—I said Fitz-James was brave,  
 As ever knight that belted glaive ;  
 Yet dare not say, that now his blood  
 Kept on its wont and temper'd flood,  
 As, following Roderick's strides, he drew  
 That seeming lonesome pathway through,

Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife  
 With lances, that to take his life  
 Waited but signal from a guide,  
 So late dishonor'd and defied.  
 Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round  
 The vanish'd guardians of the ground,  
 And still from copse and heather deep,  
 Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,  
 And in the plover's shrilly strain,  
 The signal whistle heard again.  
 Nor breathed he free till far behind  
 The pass was left ; for then they wind  
 Along a wide and level green,  
 Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,  
 Nor rush, nor bush of broom was near,  
 To hide a bonnet or a spear.

The chief in silence strode before,  
 And reach'd that torrent's sounding shore  
 Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,  
 From Vennachar in silver breaks,  
 Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines  
 On Bochastle the mouldering lines,  
 Where Rome, the Empress of the world,  
 Of yore her eagle wings unfur'd  
 And here his course the Chieftain staid.  
 Threw down his target and his plaid,  
 And to the lowland warrior said :—  
 " Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,  
 Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust  
 This murderous chief, this ruthless man,  
 This head of a rebellious clan,  
 Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,  
 Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard  
 Now, man to man, and steel to steel,  
 A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel  
 See, here all vantageless I stand,  
 Armed, like thyself, with single brand ;  
 For this is Coilantogle ford,  
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword.

The Saxon paused :—" I ne'er delayed,  
 When foeman bade me draw my blade ;  
 Nay more, brave Chief, I vow'd thy death :  
 Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,  
 And my deep debt for life preserved,  
 A better meed have well deserv'd :  
 Can nought but blood our feud atone ?  
 Are there no means ?" " No, Stranger, none !

And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—  
 The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;  
 For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred  
 Between the living and the dead;  
 "Who spills the foremost foeman's life,  
 His party conquers in the strife."—  
 "Then by my word," the Saxon said,  
 "The riddle is already read  
 See yonder brake beneath the cliff,—  
 There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff  
 Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy,  
 Then yield to Fate, and not to me,  
 To James, at Stirling, let us go,  
 When if thou wilt be still his foe,  
 Or if the King shall not agree  
 To grant thee grace and favor free,  
 I plight mine honor, oath and word,  
 That, to thy native strength restored,  
 With each advantage shalt thou stand,  
 That aids thee now to guard thy land."—

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye—  
 "Soars thy presumption, then, so high,  
 Because a wretched kern ye slew,  
 Homage to name to Roderick Dhù!  
 He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!  
 Thou add'st but fuel to my hate.—  
 My clansman's blood demands revenge.—  
 Not yet prepared?—By heaven, I change  
 My thought, and hold thy valor light  
 As that of some vain carpet knight,  
 Who ill deserved my courteous care,  
 And whose best boast is but to wear  
 A braid of his fair lady's hair."—  
 —"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!  
 It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;  
 For I have sworn this braid to stain  
 In the best blood that warms thy vein.  
 Now, truce, farewell! and ruth, begone!—  
 Yet think not that by thee alone,  
 Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;  
 Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn  
 Start at my whistle clansmen stern,  
 Of this small horn one feeble blast  
 Would fearful odds against thee cast  
 But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt,  
 We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."—  
 Then each at once his falchion drew,  
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw,

Each look'd to sun, and stream, and plain,  
 As what they ne'er might see again ;  
 Then, foot, and point, and eye opposed,  
 In dubious strife they darkly closed.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,  
 That on the field his targe he threw,  
 Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide  
 Had death so often dash'd aside ;  
 For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,  
 Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.  
 He practised every pass and ward,  
 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard ;  
 While less expert, though stronger far,  
 The Gael maintain'd unequal war  
 Three times in closing strife they stood,  
 And thrice the Saxon sword drank blood ;  
 No stinted draught, no scanty tide,  
 The gushing flood the tartans dyed  
 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,  
 And shower'd his blows like wintry rain ;  
 And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,  
 Against the winter shower is proof,  
 The foe invulnerable still  
 Foiled his wild rage by steady skill ;  
 Till at advantage ta'en, his brand  
 Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,  
 And, backwards borne upon the lee,  
 Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

"Now yield thee, or, by Him who made  
 The world, thy heart's blood dies my blade !"  
 "Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy !  
 Let recreant yield who fears to die."—  
 Like adder darting from his coil,  
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,  
 Like mountain-cat who guards her young,  
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung,  
 Received, but reck'd not of a wound,  
 And locked his arms his foeman round.—  
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !  
 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !  
 That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,  
 Through bars of brass and triple steel !  
 They tug, they strain ;—down, down they go.  
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below.  
 The Chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,  
 His knee was planted in his breast ;  
 His clotted locks he backward threw  
 Across his brow his hand he drew,

From blood and mist to clear his sight,  
Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright!  
But hate and fury ill supplied  
The stream of life's exhausted tide,  
And all too late the advantage came,  
To turn the odds of deadly game;  
For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,  
Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye  
Down came the blow! but in the heath  
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.  
The struggling foe may now unclasp  
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;  
Unwounded from the dreadful close,  
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

He falter'd thanks to Heaven for life  
Redeem'd, unhoped, from desperate strife;  
Next on his foe his look he cast,  
Whose every gasp appeared his last;  
In Roderick's gore he dipp'd the braid.—  
"Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly paid;  
Yet with thy foe must die or live,  
The praise that Faith and Valor give."

## WINTER IN COPENHAGEN.

Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,  
 Or winds began through hazy skies to blow,  
 At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,  
 And the descending rain unsullied froze.  
 Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,  
 The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view  
 The face of nature in a rich disguise,  
 And heightened every object to my eyes :  
 For every shrub and every blade of grass,  
 And every pointed thorn, seemed wrought in glass;  
 In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,  
 While through the ice the crimson berries glow.  
 The thick sprung reeds, the wat'ry marshes yield,  
 Seem polish'd lances in a hostile field,  
 The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise,  
 Sees chrystal branches on his forehead rise :  
 The spreading oak, the beech, the tow'ring pine,  
 Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine.  
 The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,  
 Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.  
 When if a sudden gust of wind arise,  
 The brittle forest into atoms flies,  
 The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,  
 And in a spangled shower the prospect ends.

---

## THE SACKING OF PRAGUE.

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceas'd awhile,  
 And Hope, thy sister, ceas'd with thee to smile,  
 When leagu'd oppression pour'd to Northern wars  
 Her whisker'd pandours and her fierce huzzars,  
 Wav'd her dread standard to the breeze of morn,  
 Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn;  
 Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,  
 Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height survey'd,  
 Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid,—  
 Oh! heav'n he cried, my bleeding country save!  
 Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?  
 Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,  
 Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!  
 By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,  
 And swear for her to live!—with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart heights array'd  
 His trusty warriors, few but undismayed;

Firm-paced, and slow, a horrid front they form,  
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;  
Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly,  
Revenge, or death,—the watchword and reply;  
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,  
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!  
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew:—  
Oh bloodiest picture in the Book of Time,  
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime:  
Found not a gen'rous friend, a pitying foe,  
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!  
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,  
Clos'd her bright eye, and curb'd her high career;  
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell:  
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciuszko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceas'd the carnage there,  
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—  
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,  
His blood-dy'd waters murmuring far below;  
The storm prevails, the rampart yields away,  
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!  
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,  
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!  
Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,  
And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

Oh! Righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,  
Why slept the sword Omnipotent, to save?  
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,  
That smote the foes of Zion and of God,  
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car  
Was yok'd in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?  
Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host  
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast;  
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,  
And heav'd an ocean on their march below!

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!  
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!  
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,  
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!  
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,  
And make her arm puissant as your own!  
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return  
The Patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn!



Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see  
 That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free!  
 A little while, along thy sad'ning plains,  
 The star less night of desolation reigns;  
 Truth shall restore the light by Nature giv'n,  
 And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heav'n!  
 Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurl'd,—  
 Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world!

---

#### THE PILOT.

ANGEL of life! thy glittering wings explore  
 Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore.  
 Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields  
 His bark, careering o'er unfathom'd fields;  
 Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,  
 Where Andes, giant of the western star,  
 With meteor standard to the winds unfurl'd,  
 Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles  
 On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles;  
 Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,  
 From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;  
 And waft, across the waves' tumultuous roar,  
 The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,  
 Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!  
 Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark delay;  
 Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,  
 And sing to charm the spirit of the deep.  
 Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,  
 Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul!  
 His native hills that rise in happier climes,  
 The grot that heard his song of other times,  
 His cottage-home, his bark of slender sail,  
 His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossom'd vale,  
 Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind,  
 Treads the lov'd shore he sigh'd to leave behind;  
 Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,  
 And flies at last to Helen's long embrace;  
 Wipes from her cheek the rapture speaking tear,  
 And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!  
 While, long neglected, but at length caress'd  
 His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,

Points to the master's eyes, where'er they roam,  
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

---

## ON WOMAN.

IN joyous youth, what soul hath never known  
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?  
Who hath not paus'd, while beauty's pensive eye  
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?  
Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,  
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,  
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow;  
There be, whose loveless wisdom never fail'd,  
In self-adoring pride securely mail'd;—  
But, triumph not, ye peace-enamor'd few!  
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you!  
For you no fancy consecrates the scene  
Where rapture utter'd vows, and wept between;  
'Tis yours, unmov'd, to sever and to meet;  
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet!

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,  
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?  
No; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,  
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy!  
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,  
Without the home that plighted love endears,  
Without the smile from partial beauty won,  
O! what were man?—a world without a sun!

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,  
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bow'r!  
In vain the viewless seraph ling'ring there,  
At starry midnight charm'd the silent air;  
In vain the wild-bird carol'd on the steep,  
To hail the sun, slow-wheeling from the deep;  
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,  
Aerial notes in mingling measure play'd;  
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,  
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;—  
Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,  
And still the stranger wist not where to stray,—  
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!  
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till Woman smil'd.

## THE SCEPTIC.

Oh! lives there, Heav'n! beneath thy dread expanse,  
 One hopeless, dark Idolater of Chance,  
 Content to feed, with pleasures unrefin'd,  
 The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;  
 Who, mould'ring earthward, reft of every trust,  
 In joyless union wedded to the dust,  
 Could all his parting energy dismiss,  
 And call this barren world sufficient bliss?—  
 There live, alas! of Heav'n-directed mien,  
 Of cultur'd soul, and sapient eye serene,  
 Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,  
 Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay!  
 Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,  
 Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower!  
 A friendless slave, a child without a sire,  
 Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,  
 Lights to the grave his chance-created form;  
 As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;  
 And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,  
 To Night and silence sink for ever more!—

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,  
 Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?  
 Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,  
 Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?  
 For this hath Science search'd, on weary wing,  
 By shore and sea—each mute and living thing?  
 Launch'd with Iberia's pilot from the steep,  
 To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?  
 Or round the cope her living chariot driv'n,  
 And wheel'd in triumph through the signs of Heav'n?  
 Oh! star-ey'd Science, hast thou wander'd there,  
 To waft us home the message of despair?  
 Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,  
 Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!  
 Ah me! the laurel'd wreath that murder rears,  
 Blood-nurs'd, and water'd by the widow's tears,  
 Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,  
 As waves the night-shade round the sceptic head.  
 What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?  
 I smile on death, if Heav'n-ward Hope remain!  
 But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife  
 Be all the faithless charter of my life,  
 If Chance awak'd, inexorable pow'r!  
 This frail and fev'rish being of an hour,  
 Doom'd o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,  
 Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,

To know Delight but by her parting smile,  
 And toil, and wish, and weep, a little while;  
 Then melt, ye elements, that form'd in vain  
 This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!  
 Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom!  
 And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!  
 Truth, ever lovely, since the world began,  
 The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—  
 How can thy words from balmy slumber start  
 Reposing Virtue, pillow'd on the heart!  
 Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder roll'd,  
 And that were true which Nature never told,  
 Let wisdom smile not on her conquer'd field;  
 No rapture dawns, no treasure is reveal'd!  
 Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,  
 The doom that bars us from a better fate;  
 But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,  
 Weep to record, and blush to give it in!

\* \* \*

Cease every joy to glimmer on my mind,  
 But leave—oh! leave the light of Hope behind  
 What though my winged hours of bliss have been,  
 Like angel-visits, few, and far between!  
 Her musing mood shall every pang appease,  
 And charm—when pleasures lose the power to please!

\* \* \* \* \*

Eternal hope! when yonder spheres sublime  
 Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of time,  
 Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.—  
 When all the sister planets have decay'd;  
 When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,  
 And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;  
 Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,  
 And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!

#### THE ROSE OF THE WILDERNESS.

AT the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,  
 I have mus'd in a sorrowful mood,  
 On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower,  
 Where the home of my forefathers stood.  
 All ruined and wild is their roofless abode,  
 And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree;  
 And travell'd by few is the grass-cover'd road,  
 Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode  
 To his hills that encircle the sea.

This spirit shall return to Him  
 That gave its heavenly spark;  
 Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim  
 When thou thyself art dark!  
 No! it shall live again, and shine  
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine,  
 By Him recall'd to breath,  
 Who captive led captivity,  
 Who robb'd the grave of Victory,  
 And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up  
 On Nature's awful waste,  
 To drink this last and bitter cup  
 Of grief that man shall taste—  
 Go, tell that night that hides thy face,  
 Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,  
 On Earth's sepulchral clod,  
 The dark'ning universe defy  
 To quench his Immortality,  
 Or shake his trust in God!

---

#### THE RAINBOW.

THE evening was glorious, and light through the trees  
 Play'd in sunshine, the rain-drops, the birds, and the breeze;  
 The landscape, outstretching, in loveliness lay  
 On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.  
 For the bright queen of spring, as she pass'd down the vale,  
 Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;  
 And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,  
 And fresh in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.  
 The skies, like a banner in sunset unroll'd,  
 O'er the west threw their splendor of azure and gold;  
 But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increas'd,  
 'Till its margin of black touch'd the zenith and east.  
 We gaz'd on these scenes, while around us they glow'd,  
 When a vision of beauty appeared on the cloud;  
 'Twas not like the sun, as at mid-day we view,  
 Nor the moon, that rolls lightly through star-light and blue,  
 Like a spirit it came in the van of a storm,  
 And the eye and the heart hailed its beautiful form;  
 For it look'd not severe, like an angel of wrath,  
 But its garments of brightness illumed its dark path.  
 In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood,  
 O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood;  
 And river, field, village, and woodland grew bright,  
 As conscious they felt and afforded delight.

'Twas the bow of Omnipotence, bent in His hand,  
 Whose grasp at creation the universe spann'd;  
 'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime,  
 His vow from the flood to the exit of time;  
 Not dreadful as when in a whirlwind he pleads,  
 When storms are his chariot, and lightning his steeds;  
 The black cloud of vengeance his banner unfurl'd,  
 And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world;  
 In the breath of his presence, when thousands expire,  
 And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,  
 And the sword and the plague-spot with death strew the  
 plain,  
 And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain.  
 Not such was that rainbow, that beautiful one!  
 Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone—the sun;  
 A pavillion it seem'd, with a deity graced,  
 And justice and mercy met there and embraced.  
 Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,  
 Like love o'er a death-couch, or hope o'er the tomb;  
 Then left the dark scene, whence it slowly retired,  
 As love had just vanished, or hope had expired.  
 I gazed not alone on that source of my song,  
 To all who beheld it these verses belong;  
 Its presence to all was the path of the Lord!  
 Each full heart expanded, grew warm and adored.  
 Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day,  
 That bow from my sight pass'd forever away;  
 Like that visit, that converse, that day, to my heart,  
 That bow from remembrance can never depart.  
 'Tis a picture in memory, distinctly defined,  
 With the strong and imperishing colors of mind:  
 A part of my being beyond my control,  
 Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

---

#### THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM.

MORN breaketh in the East. The purple clouds  
 Are putting on their gold and violet,  
 To look the meeter for the sun's bright coming.  
 Sleep is upon the waters and the wind;  
 And nature, from the weary forest-leaf  
 To her majestic master, sleeps. As yet  
 There is no mist upon the deep blue sky,  
 And the clear dew is on the blushing blossoms  
 Of crimson roses in a holy rest.  
 How hallowed is the hour of morning! meet,  
 Aye—beautifully meet, for the pure prayer.  
 The patriarch standeth at his tented door,

This spirit shall return to Him  
 That gave its heavenly spark;  
 Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim  
 When thou thyself art dark!  
 No! it shall live again, and shine  
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine,  
 By Him recall'd to breath,  
 Who captive led captivity,  
 Who robb'd the grave of Victory,  
 And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up  
 On Nature's awful waste,  
 To drink this last and bitter cup  
 Of grief that man shall taste—  
 Go, tell that night that hides thy face,  
 Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,  
 On Earth's sepulchral clod,  
 The dark'ning universe defy  
 To quench his Immortality,  
 Or shake his trust in God!

---

#### THE RAINBOW.

THE evening was glorious, and light through the trees  
 Play'd in sunshine, the rain-drops, the birds, and the breeze;  
 The landscape, outstretching, in loveliness lay  
 On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.  
 For the bright queen of spring, as she pass'd down the vale,  
 Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;  
 And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,  
 And fresh in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.  
 The skies, like a banner in sunset unroll'd,  
 O'er the west threw their splendor of azure and gold;  
 But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increas'd,  
 'Till its margin of black touch'd the zenith and east.  
 We gaz'd on these scenes, while around us they glow'd,  
 When a vision of beauty appeared on the cloud;  
 'Twas not like the sun, as at mid-day we view,  
 Nor the moon, that rolls lightly through star-light and blue,  
 Like a spirit it came in the van of a storm,  
 And the eye and the heart hailed its beautiful form;  
 For it look'd not severe, like an angel of wrath,  
 But its garments of brightness illumed its dark path.  
 In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood,  
 O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood;  
 And river, field, village, and woodland grew bright,  
 As conscious they felt and afforded delight.

'Twas the bow of Omnipotence, bent in His hand,  
 Whose grasp at creation the universe spann'd;  
 'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime,  
 His vow from the flood to the exit of time;  
 Not dreadful as when in a whirlwind he pleads,  
 When storms are his chariot, and lightning his steeds;  
 The black cloud of vengeance his banner unfurl'd,  
 And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world;  
 In the breath of his presence, when thousands expire,  
 And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,  
 And the sword and the plague-spot with death strew the  
 plain,  
 And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain.  
 Not such was that rainbow, that beautiful one!  
 Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone—the sun;  
 A pavillion it seem'd, with a deity graced,  
 And justice and mercy met there and embraced.  
 Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,  
 Like love o'er a death-couch, or hope o'er the tomb;  
 Then leff the dark scene, whence it slowly retired,  
 As love had just vanished, or hope had expired.  
 I gazed not alone on that source of my song,  
 To all who beheld it these verses belong;  
 Its presence to all was the path of the Lord!  
 Each full heart expanded, grew warm and adored.  
 Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day,  
 That bow from my sight pass'd forever away;  
 Like that visit, that converse, that day, to my heart,  
 That bow from remembrance can never depart.  
 'Tis a picture in memory, distinctly defined,  
 With the strong and imperishing colors of mind:  
 A part of my being beyond my control,  
 Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

#### THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM.

MORN breaketh in the East. The purple clouds  
 Are putting on their gold and violet,  
 To look the meeter for the sun's bright coming.  
 Sleep is upon the waters and the wind;  
 And nature, from the weary forest-leaf  
 To her majestic master, sleeps. As yet  
 There is no mist upon the deep blue sky,  
 And the clear dew is on the blushing blossoms  
 Of crimson roses in a holy rest.  
 How hallowed is the hour of morning! meet,  
 Aye—beautifully meet, for the pure prayer.  
 The patriarch standeth at his tented door,



With his white locks uncover'd. 'Tis his wont  
 To gaze upon the gorgeous orient;  
 And at that hour the awful majesty  
 Of man who talketh often with his God,  
 Is wont to come again and clothe his brow  
 As at his fourscore strength. But now, he seemeth  
 To be forgetful of his vig'rous frame,  
 And boweth to his staff as at the hour  
 Of noontide sultriness. And that bright sun—  
 He looketh at his pencil'd messengers  
 Coming in golden raiment, as if all  
 Were but a graven scroll of fearfulness.  
 Ah, he is waiting till it herald in  
 The hour to sacrifice his much lov'd son!  
 Light poureth on the world. And Sarah stands,  
 Watching the steps of Abraham and her child  
 Along the dewy sides of the far hills.  
 And praying that her sunny boy faint not—  
 Would she have watch'd their path so silently,  
 If she had known that he was going up,  
 Ev'n in his fair hair'd beauty, to be slain  
 As a white lamb for sacrifice? They trod  
 Together onward, patriarch and child—  
 The bright sun throwing back the old man's shade  
 In straight and fair proportions, as of one  
 Whose years were freshly number'd. He stood up  
 Even in his vig'rous strength, and like a tree  
 Rooted in Lebanon, his frame bent not;  
 His thin white hairs had yielded to the wind,  
 And left his brow uncover'd; and his face,  
 Impress'd with the stern majesty of grief,  
 Nerved to a solemn duty, now stood forth  
 Like a rent rock, submissive, yet sublime.  
 But the young boy—he of the laughing eye  
 And ruby lip, the pride of life was on him.  
 He seemed to drink the morning. Sun and dew,  
 And the aroma of the spicy trees,  
 And all that giveth the delicious east  
 Its fitness for an Eden, stole like light  
 Into his spirit, ravishing his thoughts  
 With love and beauty. Every thing he met  
 Buoyant or beautiful, the lightest wing  
 Of bird or insect, or the palest dye  
 Of the fresh flowers, won him from his path,  
 And joyously broke forth his tiny shout  
 As he flung back his silken hair, and sprung  
 Away to some green spot, or clust'ring vine,  
 To pluck his infant trophies. Every tree  
 And fragrant shrub was a new hiding place,  
 And he would crouch till the old man came by—  
 Then bound before him with his childish laugh

Stealing a look behind him playfully,  
 To see if he had made his father smile.  
 The sun rode on in heaven. The dew stole up  
 From the fresh daughters of the earth, and heat  
 Came like a sleep upon the delicate leaves,  
 And bent them with the blossoms to their dreams.  
 Still trod the patriarch on with that same step  
 Firm and unfaltering, turning not aside  
 To seek the olive shades, or lave their lips  
 In the sweet waters at the Syrian wells,  
 Whose gush hath so much music. Weariness  
 Stole on the gentle boy, and he forgot  
 To toss the sunny hair from off his brow,  
 And spring for the fresh flowers on light wings,  
 As in the early morning; but he kept  
 Close by his father's side, and bent his head  
 Upon his bosom like a drooping bud,  
 Lifting it not, save now and then to steal  
 A look up to the face whose sternness awed  
 His childishness to silence.

It was noon—

And Abraham on Moriah bow'd himself,  
 And buried up his face, and pray'd for strength.  
 He could not look upon his son and pray,  
 But with his hand upon the clustering curls  
 Of the fair, kneeling boy, he pray'd that God  
 Would nerve him for that hour. Oh man was made  
 For the stern conflict. In a mother's love  
 There is more tenderness; the thousand cords  
 Woven with every fibre of her heart,  
 Complain like delicate harp-strings, at a breath;  
 But love in man is one deep principle,  
 Which, like a root grown in a rifted rock,  
 Abides the tempest. He rose up and laid  
 The wood upon the altar. All was done,  
 He stood a moment—and a deep, quick flush  
 Pass'd o'er his countenance; and then he nerv'd  
 His spirit with a bitter strength, and spoke—  
 "Isaac! my only son"—The boy looked up,  
 And Abraham turn'd his face away, and wept.  
 "Where is the lamb, my father?"—oh the tones,  
 The sweet, the thrilling music of a child!  
 How it doth agonize at such an hour!  
 It was the last deep struggle—Abraham held  
 His lov'd, his beautiful, his only son,  
 And lifted up his arm, and call'd on God—  
 And lo! God's Angel staid him—and he felt  
 Upon his face and wept.

## NIGHT BEFORE AND BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,  
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
 Her beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men  
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell;  
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

Did ye not hear it?—no; 'twas but the wind,  
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—  
 But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!  
 Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar

Within a windowed niche of that high hall  
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear  
 That sound the first amidst the festival,  
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;  
 And when they smiled because he deem'd it near  
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,  
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:  
 He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;  
 And there were sudden partings, such as press  
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
 Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess  
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,  
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;  
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;

While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,  
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come!  
they come!"

And wild and high the 'Cameron's gathering' rose!  
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
Have heard, and heard, too, have her saxon foes:  
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,  
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills  
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
With the fierce native daring which instills  
The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!  
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living valor, rolling on the foe  
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day  
Battle's magnificently-stern array!  
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent  
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,  
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,  
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

---

LINES ADDRESSED TO A SKULL.

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,  
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:  
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,  
The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul:  
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,  
The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit,  
And passion's host, that never brook'd control:  
Can all, saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,  
People this lonely tower, this tenement reft?

## A STORM AT NIGHT AMID THE ALPS.

The sky is chang'd!—and such a change! Oh night  
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,  
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,  
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among  
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,  
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,  
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night!—Most glorious night!  
 Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be  
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—  
 A portion of the tempest and of thee!  
 How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,  
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!  
 And now again 'tis black,—and now the glee  
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,  
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

---

## THE CATARACT OF VELINO.

The roar of waters!—from the headlong height  
 Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;  
 The fall of waters! rapid as the light  
 The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;  
 The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,  
 And boil in endless torture; while the sweat  
 Of their great agony, wrung out from this  
 Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet  
 That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again  
 Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,  
 With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,  
 Is an eternal April to the ground  
 Making it all one emerald:—how profound  
 The gulf! and how the giant element  
 From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,  
 Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent  
 With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

To the broad column which rolls on, and shows  
 More like the fountain of an infant sea

Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes  
Of a new world, than only thus to be  
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,  
With many windings, through the vale:—Look back!  
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,  
As if to sweep down all things in its track,  
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract,

Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,  
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,  
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,  
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn  
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn  
By the distracted waters, bears serene  
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn:  
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,  
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

---

VENICE.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;  
A palace and a prison on each hand:  
I saw from out the wave her structures rise  
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:  
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles  
O'er the far times, when many a subject land  
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,  
Where Venice sat in state, thron'd on her hundred Isles

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from Ocean,  
Rising with her tiara of proud towers  
At airy distance, with majestic motion,  
A ruler of the waters and their powers:  
And such she was;—Her daughters had their dowers  
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East  
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.  
In purple was she robed, and of her feast  
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,  
And silent rows the songless gondolier;  
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,  
And music meets not always now the ear,  
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.  
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die:  
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,

The pleasant place of all festivity,  
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond  
Her name in story, and her long array  
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond  
Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway;  
Ours is a trophy which will not decay  
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,  
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—  
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,  
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

The beings of the mind are not of clay;  
Essentially immortal, they create  
And multiply in us a brighter ray  
And more beloved existence: that which Fate  
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state  
Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied  
First exiles, then replaces what we hate;  
Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,  
And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.

Such is the refuge of our youth and age,  
The first from hope, the last from vacancy;  
And this worn feeling peoples many a page,  
And, may be, that which grows beneath mine eye:  
Yet there are things whose strong reality  
Outshines our fairy-land; in shape and hues  
More beautiful than our fantastic sky,  
And the strange constellations which the Muse  
O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse:

I saw or dreamed of such,—but let them go—  
They came like truth, and disappeared like dreams;  
And whatso'er they were—are now but so:  
I could replace them if I would, still seems  
My mind with many a form which aptly seems  
Such as I sought for, and at moments found,  
Let these too go—for waking Reason deems  
Such over-weening phantasies unsound,  
And other voices speak, and other sights surround.

I've taught me other tongues—and in strange eyes  
Have made me not a stranger; to the mind  
Which is itself, no changes bring surprise;  
Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to find  
A country with—ay, or without mankind;

Yet was I born where men are proud to be,  
Not without cause; and should I leave behind  
The inviolate island of the sage and free,  
And seek me out a home by a remoter sea.

Perhaps I loved it well: and should I lay  
My ashes in a soil which is not mine,  
My spirit shall resume it—if we may  
Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine  
My hopes of being remembered in my line  
With my land's language: if too fond and far  
These aspirations in their scope incline,—  
If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,  
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull oblivion bar

My name from out the temple where the dead  
Are honored by the nations—let it be—  
And light the laurels on a loftier head!  
And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—  
'Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.'  
Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need;  
The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree  
I planted,—they have torn me,—and I bleed:  
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a  
seed.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord;  
And, annual marriage now no more renewed,  
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,  
Neglected garment of her widowhood!  
St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood  
Stand, but in mockery of his withered power,  
Over the proud place where an emperor sued,  
And Monarchs gazed and envied in the hour  
When Venice was a queen with an unequalled dower.

The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns—  
An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt;  
Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains  
Clank over sceptred cities; nations melt  
From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt  
The sunshine for a while, and downward go  
Like lawine loosen'd from the mountain's belt,  
Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo!  
Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,  
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;  
But is not Doria's menace come to pass?  
Are they '*not bridled*'?—Venice, lost and won,



Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done  
Sinks like a sea-weed, into whence she rose!  
Better be whelm'd beneath the waves, and shun,  
Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes,  
From whom submission wrings an infamous repose.

In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre,—  
Her very by-word sprung from victory,  
The 'Planter of the Lion,' which through fire  
And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea;  
Though making many slaves, herself still free,  
And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite;  
Witness Troy's rival, Candia! Vouch it, ye  
Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight!  
For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight.

Statues of glass—all shiver'd—the long file  
Of her dead Doges are declined to dust;  
But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous pile  
Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust;  
Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,  
Have yielded to the stranger: empty halls,  
Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must  
Too oft remind her who and what enthalls,  
Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely walls.

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,  
And fettered thousands bore the yoke of war,  
Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse,  
Her voice their only ransom from afar:  
See! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car  
Of the o'ermastered victor stops, the reins  
Fall from his hands—his idle scimitar  
Starts from its belt—he rends his captive's chains,  
And bids him thank the bard for freedom and his strains.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were thine,  
Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,  
Thy choral memory of the bard divine,  
Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot  
Which ties thee to thy tyrants; and thy lot  
Is shameful to the nations,—most of all,  
Albion! to thee: the Ocean's queen should not  
Abandon Ocean's children; in the fall  
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery wall.

I loved her from my boyhood—She to me  
Was as a fairy city of the heart,  
Rising like water-columns from the sea,  
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;

And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's art  
 Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,  
 Although I found her thus, we did not part,  
 Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,  
 Than when she was a boast, a marvel and a show.

I can repeople with the past—and of  
 The present there is still for eye and thought,  
 And meditation chasten'd down, enough;  
 And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought;  
 And of the happiest moments which were wrought  
 Within the web of my existence, some  
 From thee, fair Venice! have their colours caught:  
 There are some feelings time cannot benumb,  
 Nor torture shake, or mine would now be cold and dumb.

But from their nature will the tannen grow  
 Loftiest on loftiest and least shelter'd rocks,  
 Rooted in barrenness, where nought below  
 Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shocks  
 Of eddying storms; yet springs the trunk and mocks  
 The howling tempest, till its height and frame  
 Are worthy of the mountain from whose blocks  
 Of bleak, gray, granite, into life it came,  
 And grew a giant tree;—the mind may grow the same.

Existence may be borne, and the deep root  
 Of life and sufferance make its firm abode  
 In bare and desolated bosoms: mute  
 The camel labours with the heaviest load,  
 And the wolf dies in silence,—not bestow'd  
 In vain should such example be; if they,  
 Things of ignoble or of savage mood,  
 Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay  
 May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

All suffering doth destroy, or is destroy'd,  
 Even by the sufferer; and, in each event,  
 Ends. Some, with hope replenish'd and rebuoy'd,  
 Return to whence they came—with like intent,  
 And weave their web again; some, bow'd and bent,  
 Wax gray and ghastly, withering ere their time,  
 And perish with the reed on which they leant:  
 Some seek devotion, toil, war, good or crime,  
 According as their souls were form'd to sink or climb.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued  
 There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,  
 Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued:  
 And slight withal may be the things which bring

Back on the heart the weight which it would fling  
 Aside for ever: it may be a sound—  
 A tone of music,—summer's eve—or spring,  
 A flower—the wind—the Ocean—which shall wound,  
 Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound;

And how and why we know not, nor can trace  
 Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,  
 But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface  
 The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,  
 Which out of things familiar, undesign'd  
 When least we deem of such, calls up to view  
 The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,  
 The cold—the changed—perchance the dead—afew,  
 The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many!—yet how few!

But my soul wanders; I demand it back  
 To meditate amongst decay, and stand  
 A ruin amidst ruins; there to track  
 Fall'n states and buried greatness, o'er a land  
 Which was the mightiest in its old command,  
 And is the loveliest, and must ever be  
 The master-mould of Nature's heavenly hand,  
 Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,  
 The beautiful, the brave—the lords of earth and sea.

The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome!  
 And even since, and now, fair Italy!  
 Thou art the garden of the world, the home  
 Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;  
 Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?  
 Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste  
 More rich than other climes' fertility;  
 Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced  
 With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—  
 Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea  
 Of glory streams along the Alpine height  
 Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free  
 From clouds, but of all colours seems to be  
 Melted to one vast Iris of the West,  
 Where the day joins the past Eternity;  
 While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest  
 Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns  
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still  
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains  
 Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhetian hill,

As Day and night contending were, until  
 Nature reclaim'd her order:—gently flows  
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instill  
 The odorous purple of a new-born rose,  
 Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it glows.

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from afar  
 Comes down upon the waters: all its hues,  
 From the rich sunset to the rising star,  
 Their magical variety diffuse:  
 And now they change; a paler shadow strews  
 Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day  
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues  
 With a new colour as it gasps away,  
 The last still loveliest, till—the gone, and all is gray.

#### ROME.

OH Rome! my country! city of the soul!  
 The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,  
 Lone mother of dead empires! and control  
 In their shut breasts their petty misery.  
 What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see  
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way  
 O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye!  
 Whose agonies are evils of a day—  
 A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,  
 Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;  
 An empty urn within her withered hands,  
 Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;  
 The Scipio's tomb contains no ashes now;  
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless  
 Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,  
 Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?  
 Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,  
 Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride;  
 She saw her glories star by star expire,  
 And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,  
 Where the car climb'd the capitol; far and wide  
 Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:—  
 Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,  
 O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,  
 And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

## THE OCEAN.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
 There is society, where none intrudes,  
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:  
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,  
 From these our interviews, in which I steal  
 From all I may be, or have been before,  
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel,  
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;  
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
 Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknell'd, and uncoffin'd, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
 Their clay creator the vain title take  
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;  
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?  
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,  
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey  
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay  
 Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,  
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play  
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—  
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,  
 Calm or convuls'd—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
 Dark heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—  
 The image of Eternity—the throne  
 Of the invisible; even from out thy slime  
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone  
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

## GREECE.

No breath of air to break the wave  
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,  
That tomb which, gleaming o'er the cliff,  
First greets the homeward-veering skiff,  
High o'er the land he saved in vain:  
When shall such hero live again?

Fair clime! where every season smiles  
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,  
Which seen from far Colonna's height,  
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,  
And lend to loneliness delight.  
There, mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek  
Reflects the tints of many a peak  
Caught by the laughing tides that lave  
These Edens of the eastern wave;  
And if at times a transient breeze  
Break the blue crystal of the seas,  
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,  
How welcome is each gentle air  
That wakes and wafts the odours there!  
For there—the Rose o'er crag or vale,  
Sultana of the Nightingale,  
The maid for whom his melody,  
His thousand songs are heard on high,  
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale:  
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,  
Unbent by winds, unchilled by snows,  
Far from the winters of the west,  
By every breeze and season blest,  
Returns the sweets by nature given  
In softest incense back to heaven,  
And grateful yields that smiling sky  
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.  
And many a summer flower is there,  
And many a shade that love might share,  
And many a grotto, meant for rest,  
That holds the pirate for a guest;  
Whose bark in sheltering cove below  
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,  
Till the gay mariner's guitar  
Is heard, and seen the evening star;  
Then stealing with the muffled oar,  
Far shaded by the rocky shore,  
Rush the night-prowlers on the pre,  
And turn to groans his roundelay.  
Strange—that where Nature loved to trace,  
As if for Gods, a dwelling place,

And every charm and grace hath mixed  
 Within the paradise she fixed,  
 There man, enamoured of distress,  
 Should mar it into wilderness,  
 And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower  
 That tasks not one laborious hour;  
 Nor claims the culture of his hand,  
 To bloom along the fairy land,  
 But springs as to preclude his care,  
 And sweetly woos him—but to spare!  
 Strange—that where all is peace beside  
 There passion riots in her pride,  
 And lust and rapine wildly reign  
 To darken o'er the fair domain.  
 It is as though the fiends prevailed  
 Against the seraphs they assailed,  
 And, fixed on heavenly thrones, should dwell  
 The freed inheritors of hell;  
 So soft the scene, so formed for joy,  
 So cursed the tyrants that destroy!

He who hath bent him o'er the dead  
 Ere the first day of death is fled,  
 Before Decay's effacing fingers  
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,  
 And marked the mild angelic air,  
 The rapture of repose that's there,  
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak  
 The languor of the placid cheek,  
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,  
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,  
 And but for that chill changeless brow,  
 Where cold obstruction's apathy  
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,  
 As if to him it could impart  
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;  
 Yes, but for these and these alone,  
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,  
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power;  
 So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,  
 The first last look by death revealed!  
 Such is the aspect of this shore;  
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more  
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
 We start, for soul is wanting there.  
 Hers is the loveliness in death,  
 That parts not quite with parting breath;  
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb,  
 Expression's last reneading ray,

A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
 The farewell beam of feeling past away!  
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,  
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave!  
 Whose land from plain to mountain-cave  
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!  
 Shrine of the mighty! can it be,  
 That this is all remains of thee?  
 Approach, thou craven-crouching slave  
 Say, is not this Thermopylae?  
 These waters blue that round you lave,  
 Oh servile offspring of the free,  
 Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?  
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis!  
 These scenes, their story not unknown,  
 Arise, and make again your own;  
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires  
 The embers of their former fires;  
 And he who in the strife expires  
 Will add to theirs a name of fear  
 That tyranny shall quake to hear,  
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,  
 They too will rather die than shame:  
 For Freedom's battle once begun,  
 Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,  
 Though baffled oft is ever won,  
 Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,  
 Attest it many a deathless age!  
 While kings, in dusty darkness hid,  
 Have left a nameless pyramid,  
 Thy heroes, though the general doom  
 Hath swept the column from their tomb,  
 A mightier monument command,  
 The mountains of their native land!  
 There points thy Muse to stranger's eye  
 The graves of those that cannot die!  
 'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,  
 Each step from splendour to disgrace;  
 Enough—no foreign foe could quell  
 Thy soul, till from itself it fell,  
 Yes! self-abasement paved the way  
 To villain-bonds and despot-way.



## THE CORSE.

THEY gain by twilight's hour their lonely isle,  
 To them the very rocks appear to smile;  
 The haven hums with many a cheering sound,  
 The beacons blaze their wonted stations round,  
 The boats are darting o'er the curly bay,  
 And sportive dolphins bend them through the spray,  
 Even the hoarse sea-bird's shrill, discordant shriek,  
 Greets like the welcome of his tuneless beak!  
 Beneath each lamp that through its lattice gleams,  
 Their fancy paints the friends that trim the beams.  
 Oh! what can sanctify the joys of home,  
 Like Hope's gay glance from Ocean's troubled foam?

The lights are high on beacon and from bower,  
 And midst them Conrad seeks Medora's tower:  
 He looks in vain—'tis strange—and all remark,  
 Amid so many, here alone is dark.  
 'Tis strange—of yore its welcome never failed,  
 Nor now, perchance, extinguished, only veiled.  
 With the first boat descends he for the shore,  
 And looks impatient on the lingering oar.  
 Oh! for a wing beyond the falcon's flight,  
 To bear him like an arrow to that height!  
 With the first pause the resting rowers gave,  
 He waits not—looks not—leaps into the wave,  
 Strives through the surge, bestrides the beach, and high  
 Ascends the path familiar to his eye.

He reached his turret door—he paused—no sound  
 Broke from within; and all was night around.  
 He knocked, and loudly—footstep nor reply  
 Announced that any heard or deemed him nigh;  
 He knocked—but faintly—for his trembling hand  
 Refused to aid his heavy hearts demand.  
 The portal opens—'tis a well-known face—  
 But not the form he panted to embrace.  
 Its lips are silent—twice his own essayed,  
 And failed to frame the question they delayed;  
 He snatched the lamp—its light will answer all—  
 It quits his grasp, expiring in the fall.  
 He would not wait for that reviving ray—  
 As soon could he have lingered there for day;  
 But, glimmering through the dusky corridor,  
 Another chequers o'er the shadowed floor;  
 His steps the chamber gain—his eyes behold  
 All that his heart believed not—yet foretold!

He turned not—spoke not—sunk not—fixed his look,  
 And set the anxious frame that lately shook :  
 He gazed—how long we gaze despite of pain,  
 And know, but dare not own, we gaze in vain !  
 In life itself she was so still and fair,  
 That death with gentler aspect withered there ;  
 And the cold flowers her colder hand contained,  
 In that last grasp as tenderly were strained  
 As if she scarcely felt, but feigned a sleep,  
 And made it almost mockery yet to weep :  
 The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,  
 And veiled—thought shrinks from all that lurked below—  
 Oh ! o'er the eye death most exerts his might,  
 And hurls the spirit from her throne of light !  
 Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,  
 But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips—  
 Yet, yet they seem as they forebore to smile,  
 And wished repose—but only for a while ;  
 But the white shroud, and each extended tress,  
 Long—fair—but spread in utter lifelessness,  
 Which, late the sport of every summer wind,  
 Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind ;  
 These—and the pale pure cheek, became the bier—  
 But she is nothing—wherefore is he here ?

He asked no question—all were answered now  
 By the first glance on that still—marble brow.  
 It was enough—she died—what recked it how ?  
 The love of youth, the hope of better years,  
 The source of softest wishes, tenderest fears,  
 The only living thing he could not hate,  
 Was reft at once—and he deserved his fate,  
 But did not feel it less ;—the good explore,  
 For peace, those realms where guilt can never soar ;  
 The proud—the wayward—who have fixed below  
 Their joy—and find this earth enough for woe,  
 Lose in that one their all—perchance a mite—  
 But who in patience parts with all delight ?  
 Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern  
 Mask hearts where grief hath little left to learn  
 And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost  
 In smiles that least befit who wear them most.

By those, that deepest feel, is ill exprest  
 The indistinctness of the suffering breast ;  
 Where thousand thoughts begin to end in one,  
 Which seeks from all the refuge found in none .  
 No words suffice the secret soul to show,  
 For Truth denies all eloquence to Woe,

On Conrad's stricken soul exhaustion prest,  
 And stupor almost lulled it into rest ;  
 So feeble now—his mother's softness crept  
 To those wild eyes, which like an infant's wept :  
 It was the very weakness of his brain,  
 Which thus confessed without relieving pain.  
 None saw his trickling tears—perchance, if soon,  
 That useless flood of grief had never been :  
 Nor long they flowed—he dried them to depart,  
 In helpless—hopeless—brokenness of heart ;  
 The sun goes forth—but Conrad's day is dim ;  
 And the night cometh—ne'er to pass from him.  
 There is no darkness like the cloud of mind,  
 On Grief's vain eye—the blindest of the blind !  
 Which may not—dare not see—but turns aside  
 To blackest shade—nor will endure a guide !

His heart was formed for softness—warped to wrong ;  
 Betrayed too early, and beguiled too long ;  
 Each feeling pure—as falls the dropping dew  
 Within the grot ; like that had hardened too ;  
 Less clear, perchance, its earthly trials passed,  
 But sunk, and chilled, and petrified at last.  
 Yet tempests wear, and lightning cleaves the rock ;  
 If such his heart, so shattered it the shock.  
 There grew one flower beneath its rugged brow,  
 Though dark the shade—it sheltered—saw'd till now.  
 The thunder came—that bolt hath blasted both,  
 The granite's firmness, and the lily's growth :  
 The gentle plant hath left no leaf to tell  
 Its tale, but shrunk and withered where it fell,  
 And of its cold protector, blacken round  
 But shivered fragments on the barren ground !

'Tis morn—to venture on his lonely hour  
 Few dare ; though now Anselmo sought his tower,  
 He was not there—nor seen along the shore ;  
 Ere night, alarmed, their isle is traversed o'er :  
 Another morn—another bids them seek,  
 And shout his name till echo waxeth weak ;  
 Mount—grotto—cavern—valley searched in vain,  
 They find on shore a sea-boat's broken chain :  
 Their hopes revive—they follow o'er the main.  
 'Tis idle all—moons roll on moons away,  
 And Conrad comes not—came not since that day :  
 Nor trace, nor tidings of his doom declare  
 Where lives his grief, or perished his despair !  
 Long mourn'd his band whom none could mourn beside ;  
 And fair the monument they gave his bride :

For him they raise not the recording stone—  
 His death yet dubious, deeds too widely known ;  
 He left a Corsair's name to other times,  
 Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.

### PARADISE AND THE PERI.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate  
 Of Eden stood, disconsolate ;  
 And as she listen'd to the Springs  
 Of life within, like music flowing,  
 Had caught the light upon her wings  
 Through the half-open portal glowing,  
 She wept to think her recreant race  
 Should e'er have lost that glorious place !

"How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,  
 "Are the holy spirits who wander there,  
 "Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall  
 "Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,  
 "And the stars themselves have flowers for me,  
 "One blossom of heaven out-blooms them all !

"Though sunny the lake of cool CASHMERE,  
 "With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,  
 "And sweetly the founts of that valley fall ;  
 "Though bright are the waters of SING-SU-HAY,  
 "And the golden floods, that thitherward stray,  
 "Yet—oh 'tis only the blest can say  
 "How the waters of Heaven outshine them all !  
 "Go wing thy flight from star to star,  
 "From world to luminous world as far  
 "As the universe spreads its flaming wall ;  
 "Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,  
 "And multiply each through endless years,  
 "One minute of Heaven is worth them all !"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping  
 The gates of Light, beheld her weeping ;  
 And, as he nearer drew and listen'd  
 To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd  
 Within his eyelids, like the spray  
 From Eden's fountain, when it lies  
 On the blue flow'r, which Bramins say—  
 Blooms no where but in Paradise !  
 "Nymph of a fair, but erring line !"  
 Gently he said—"One hope is thine.

" 'Tis written in the book of Fate,  
*" The Peri yet may be forgiven*  
*" Who brings to this Eternal Gate*  
*" The Gift that is most dear to Heaven !*  
 ' Go, seek it and redeem thy sin ;—  
 " 'Tis sweet to let the pardon'd in !"

\* \* \* \*

Now, upon SYRIA's land of roses  
 Softly the light of EVE reposes,  
 And, like a glory, the broad sun  
 Hangs over sainted LEBANON ;  
 Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,  
 And whitens with eternal sleet,  
 While summer, in a vale of flowers,  
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who look'd from upper air  
 O'er all th' enchanted regions there,  
 How beauteous must have been the glow,  
 The life, the sparkling from below !  
 Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks  
 Of golden melons on their banks,  
 More golden where the sun-light falls ;—  
 Gay lizards glittering on the walls  
 Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright  
 As they were all alive with light,—  
 And yet more splendid, numerous flocks  
 Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,  
 With their rich restless wings, that gleam  
 Various in the crimson beam  
 Of the warm west,—as if inlaid  
 With brilliants from the mine, or made  
 Of tearless rainbows, such as span  
 Th' unclouded skies of PERISTAN.  
 And then the mingling sounds that come,  
 Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum  
 Of the wild bees of PALESTINE,  
 Banqueting through the flowery vales ;—  
 And JORDAN, those sweet banks of thine,  
 And woods so full of nightingales !

But nought can charm the luckless PERI :  
 Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—  
 Joyless she sees the sun look down  
 On that great temple, once his own,  
 Whose lonely columns stand sublime,  
 Flinging their shadows from on high,  
 Like dials, which the wizard, Time,  
 Had raised to count his ages by !

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd  
 Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,  
 Some amulet of gems anneal'd  
 In upper fires, some tablet seal'd  
 With the great name of SOLOMON,  
 Which, spell'd by her illumin'd eyes,  
 May teach her where, beneath the moon,  
 In earth or ocean lies the boon,  
 The charm that can restore so soon,  
 An erring spirit to the skies!

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither;—  
 Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,  
 Nor have the golden bowers of Even  
 In the rich West begun to wither;—  
 When, o'er the vale of BALBEC winging,  
 Slowly, she sees a child at play.  
 Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,  
 As rosy and as wild as they;  
 Chasing with eager hands and eyes,  
 The beautiful blue damsel flies,  
 That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,  
 Like winged flowers or flying gems;—  
 And, near the boy, who, tir'd with play  
 Now nesting 'mid the roses lay,  
 She saw a wearied man dismount  
 From his hot steed, and on the brink  
 Of a small Minaret's rustic fount  
 Impatient fling him down to drink.  
 Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd  
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,  
 Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd  
 Upon a brow more fierce than that,—  
 Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,  
 Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!  
 In which the PERRI's eye could read  
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;  
 The ruin'd maid—the shrine profan'd—  
 Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd  
 With blood of guests!—*there* written, all,  
 Black as the damning drops that fall  
 From the denouncing Angel's pen,  
 Ere Mercy weeps them out again!  
 Yet tranquil now that man of crime,  
 As if the balmy evening time  
 Soften'd his spirit, look'd and lay  
 Watching the rosy infant's play;—  
 Though still, whene'er his eye by chance  
 Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance

" 'Tis written in the book of Fate,  
*" The Peri yet may be forgiven*  
*" Who brings to this Eternal Gate*  
*" The Gift that is most dear to Heaven !*  
 ' Go, seek it and redeem thy sin ;—  
 " 'Tis sweet to let the pardon'd in !"

\* \* \* \*

Now, upon SYRIA's land of roses  
 Softly the light of EVE reposes,  
 And, like a glory, the broad sun  
 Hangs over sainted LEBANON ;  
 Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,  
 And whitens with eternal sleet,  
 While summer, in a vale of flowers,  
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who look'd from upper air  
 O'er all th' enchanted regions there,  
 How beauteous must have been the glow,  
 The life, the sparkling from below !  
 Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks  
 Of golden melons on their banks,  
 More golden where the sun-light falls ;—  
 Gay lizards glittering on the walls  
 Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright  
 As they were all alive with light,—  
 And yet more splendid, numerous flocks  
 Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,  
 With their rich restless wings, that gleam  
 Various in the crimson beam  
 Of the warm west,—as if inlaid  
 With brilliants from the mine, or made  
 Of tearless rainbows, such as span  
 Th' unclouded skies of PERISTAN.  
 And then the mingling sounds that come,  
 Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum  
 Of the wild bees of PALESTINE,  
 Banqueting through the flowery vales ;—  
 And JORDAN, those sweet banks of thine,  
 And woods so full of nightingales !

But nought can charm the luckless PERI :  
 Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—  
 Joyless she sees the sun look down  
 On that great temple, once his own,  
 Whose lonely columns stand sublime,  
 Flinging their shadows from on high,  
 Like dials, which the wizard, Time,  
 Had raised to count his ages by !

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd  
 Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,  
 Some amulet of gems anneal'd  
 In upper fires, some tablet seal'd  
 With the great name of SOLOMON,  
 Which, spell'd by her illumin'd eyes,  
 May teach her where, beneath the moon,  
 In earth or ocean lies the boon,  
 The charm that can restore so soon,  
 An erring spirit to the skies!

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither;—  
 Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,  
 Nor have the golden bowers of Even  
 In the rich West begun to wither;—  
 When, o'er the vale of BALBEC winging,  
 Slowly, she sees a child at play.  
 Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,  
 As rosy and as wild as they;  
 Chasing with eager hands and eyes,  
 The beautiful blue damsel flies,  
 That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,  
 Like winged flowers or flying gems;—  
 And, near the boy, who, tir'd with play  
 Now nesting 'mid the roses lay,  
 She saw a wearied man dismount  
 From his hot steed, and on the brink  
 Of a small Minaret's rustic fount  
 Impatient fling him down to drink.  
 Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd  
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,  
 Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd  
 Upon a brow more fierce than that,—  
 Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,  
 Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!  
 In which the PERR's eye could read  
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;  
 The ruin'd maid—the shrine profan'd—  
 Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd  
 With blood of guests!—there written, all,  
 Black as the damning drops that fall  
 From the denouncing Angel's pen,  
 Ere Mercy weeps them out again!  
 Yet tranquil now that man of crime,  
 As if the balmy evening time  
 Soften'd his spirit, look'd and lay  
 Watching the rosy infant's play;—  
 Though still, whene'er his eye by chance  
 Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance



Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,  
As torches, that have burnt all night  
Through some impure and godless rite,  
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,  
As slow the orb of day-light sets,  
Is rising sweetly on the air,  
From SYRIA'S thousand minarets!  
The boy has started from the bed  
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,  
And down upon a fragrant sod  
Kneels with his forehead to the south,  
Lisping th' eternal name of God  
From purity's own cherub mouth,  
And looking, while his hands and eyes  
Are lifted to the glowing skies,  
Like a stray babe of Paradise,  
Just lighted on that flowery plain,  
And seeking for its home again!  
Oh 'twas a sight—that Heav'n—that child—  
A scene, which might have well beguil'd  
Ev'n haughty EBLIS of a sigh  
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man,  
Reclining there—while memory ran  
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,  
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,  
Nor found one sunny resting-place,  
Nor brought him back one branch of grace!  
"There *was* a time," he said in mild,  
Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child;  
"When young and haply pure as thou,  
"I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—"

He hung his head—each nobler aim  
And hope and feeling, which had slept  
From boyhood's hour, that instant came  
Fresh o'er him, and he wept! he wept

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!  
In whose benign, redeeming flow  
Is felt the first, the only sense  
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There's a drop," said the Peri, "that down from the  
moon  
"Falls through the withering airs of June

"Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,  
 "So balmy a virtue, that ev'n in the hour  
 "That drop descends, contagion dies,  
 "And health reanimates earth and skies!—  
 "Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,  
 "The precious tears of repentance fall?  
 "Though foul thy very plagues within,  
 "One heavenly drop hath dispelled them all."

And now—behold him kneeling there,  
 By the child's side, in humble prayer,  
 While the same sun-beam shines upon  
 The guilty and the guiltless one,  
 And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven  
 The triumph of a Soul Forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,  
 While on their knees they linger'd yet,  
 There fell a light more lovely far  
 Than ever came from sun or star,  
 Upon the tear, that warm and meek,  
 Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek;  
 To mortal eye this light might seem  
 A northern flash, a meteor beam—  
 But well the enraptur'd PERI knew  
 'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw  
 From Heaven's gate to hail that tear,  
 Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—  
 "The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!"

---

#### ADAM'S DESCRIPTION OF FIRST FINDING HIMSELF ON EARTH.

For man to tell how human life began  
 Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?  
 Desire with thee still longer to converse  
 Induces me. As new waked from soundest sleep  
 Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,  
 In balmy sweat; which with his beams the sun  
 Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.  
 Straight toward heaven my wandering eyes I turn'd,  
 And gazed awhile the ample sky; till, raised  
 By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,  
 As thitherward endeavoring, and upright  
 Stood on my feet: about me round I saw

Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,  
 And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,  
 Creatures that lived and moved, and walk'd or flew  
 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smiled,  
 With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.  
 Myself I then perused, and limb by limb  
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
 With supple joints, as lively vigor led:  
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause,  
 Knew not; to speak I tried, and forthwith spake;  
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name  
 Whate'er I saw. "Thou sun," said I "fair light,  
 And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay,  
 Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods and plains  
 And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell  
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?"

---

#### DESCRIPTION OF EVE'S FIRST FINDING HERSELF ON EARTH.

That day I oft remember when from sleep  
 I first awaked, and found myself reposed,  
 Under a shade, on flowers, much wondering where  
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.  
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound  
 Of waters issued from a cave, and spread  
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,  
 Pure as the expanse of heaven; I thither went  
 With unexperienced thought, and laid me down  
 On the green bank, to look into the clear  
 Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky  
 As I bent down to look, just opposite  
 A shape within the watery gleam appear'd,  
 Bending to look on me: I started back,  
 It started back: but pleased I soon return'd,  
 Pleased it return'd as soon with answering looks  
 Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd  
 Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,  
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me: what thou seest,  
 What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;  
 With thee it came and goes; but follow me,  
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays  
 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he  
 Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy  
 Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear  
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd  
 Mother of human race. What could I do,  
 But follow straight, invisibly thus led?

Till I espied thee, fair indeed, and tall,  
 Under a plantain, yet methought less fair,  
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,  
 Than that smooth watery image: back I turned;  
 Thou following, cry'dst aloud, return, fair Eve;  
 Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,  
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent  
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,  
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side  
 Henceforth an individual solace dear;  
 Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim,  
 My other half. With that thy gentle hand  
 Seized mine: I yielded; and from that time see  
 How beauty is excelled by manly grace,  
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

#### EVE'S UNQUIET DREAM.

Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime  
 Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,  
 When Adam waked, so custom'd: for his sleep  
 Was ery-light, from pure digestion bred,  
 And temperate vapors bland, which the only sound  
 Of leaves and fuming rills Aurora's fan,  
 Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song  
 Of Birds on every bough; so much the more  
 His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve  
 With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek  
 As through unquiet rest: he, on his side  
 Leaning, half raised, with looks of cordial love  
 Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
 Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,  
 Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice  
 Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: 'Awake  
 My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,  
 Heaven's last, best gift, my ever new delight!  
 Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field  
 Calls us; we lose the prime to mark how spring  
 Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove  
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,  
 How Nature paints her colors, how the bee  
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweets.'

Such whispering waked her, but with startled eye  
 On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake.

'O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
 My glory, my perfection! glad I see  
 Thy face and morn return'd; for I this night,  
 Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,  
 If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,  
 Works of day past, or morrow's next design;

But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
 Knew never till this irksome night. Methought  
 Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk  
 With gentle voice; I thought it thine: it said,  
 Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,  
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake  
 Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song; now reigns  
 Full-orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light  
 Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,  
 If none regard; heaven wakes with all his eyes,  
 Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire?  
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment  
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.  
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;  
 To find thee I directed then my walk;  
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways  
 That brought me on a sudden to the tree  
 Of interdicted knowledge; fair it seem'd,  
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day:  
 And, as I wondering look'd, beside it stood  
 One shaped and wing'd like one of those from heaven  
 By us oft seen: his dewy locks distill'd  
 Ambrosia: on that tree he also gazed;  
 And, O, fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,  
 Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,  
 Nor God, nor man? Is knowledge so despised?  
 Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?  
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
 Longer thy offer'd good; why else set here?  
 This said, he paused not, but with venturous arm  
 He pluck'd, he tasted; me damp horror chill'd  
 At such bold words, vouch'd with a deed so bold:  
 But he thus, overjoy'd; O fruit divine,  
 Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus crompt,  
 Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit  
 For gods, yet able to make gods of men;  
 And why not gods of men; since good, the more  
 Communicated, more abundant grows,  
 The author not impair'd, but honor'd more?  
 Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve!  
 Partake thou also: happy though thou art,  
 Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be:  
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods  
 Thyself a goddess, not to earth confined,  
 But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes  
 Ascend to heaven, by merit thine, and see  
 What life the gods live there, and such live thou.  
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,  
 Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part  
 Which he had pluck'd; the pleasant savory smell

So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,  
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds  
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
 The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide  
 And various; wondering at my flight and change  
 To this high exaltation; suddenly  
 My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,  
 And fell asleep; but, O, how glad I waked  
 To find this but a dream.' Thus Eve her night  
 Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad:

' Best image of myself, and dearer half,  
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
 Affects me equally; nor can I like  
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung, I fear,  
 Yet evil whence? in thee can harbor none,  
 Created pure. But know, that in the soul  
 Are many lesser faculties, that serve  
 Reason as chief; among these, Fancy next  
 Her office holds; of all external things,  
 Which the five watchful senses represent,  
 She forms imaginations, aery shapes,  
 Which reason, joining or disjoining, frames  
 All what we affirm or what deny, and call  
 Our knowledge or opinion; then retires  
 Into her private cell. When nature rests  
 Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes  
 To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,  
 Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams;  
 Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.  
 Some such resemblances, methinks I find  
 Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream,  
 But with addition strange; yet be not sad.  
 Evil into the mind of God or man  
 May come and go, so unapproved, and leave  
 No spot or blame behind; which gives me hope  
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,  
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do.  
 Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,  
 That wont to be more cheerful and serene,  
 Than when fair morning first smiles on the world;  
 And let us to our fresh employments rise  
 Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers,  
 That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,  
 Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.  
 So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd;  
 But silently a gentle tear let fall  
 From either eye, and wiped them with her hair;  
 Two other precious drops that ready stood  
 Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere they fell,  
 Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
 And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.  
 But first from under shady arborous roof,  
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
 Of day-spring, and the sun, who, scarce uprisen,  
 With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,  
 Shot parallel to the earth his dewey ray,  
 Discovering in wide landscape all the east  
 Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,  
 Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began  
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid  
 In various style; for neither various style  
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
 Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd, or sung  
 Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence  
 Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse;  
 More tuneable than needed lute or harp  
 To add more sweetness.

---

LOVE.

AND said I that my limbs were old,  
 And said I that my blood was cold,  
 And that my kindly fire was fled,  
 And my poor withered heart was dead,  
 And that I might not sing of love?  
 How could I to the dearest theme  
 That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,  
 So foul, so false a recreant prove!  
 How could I name love's very name,  
 Nor wake my heart to notes of flame!

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;  
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;  
 In halls, in gay attire is seen;  
 In hamlet's dances on the green.  
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
 And men below, and saints above;  
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

## CONTENTS.

---

|                                                           |                  |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|------------------|
| Preface, .....                                            | <i>Page</i><br>3 |
| Essay on Elocution, .....                                 | 7                |
| Termination of the Essay, .....                           | 48               |
| Remarks on reading Prose, Verse, and blank Verse, .....   | 49               |
| Suggestions to Instructors of the Art of Elocution, ..... | 53               |
| Select Sentences, .....                                   | 55               |

### CAUSES OF BAD READING AND SPEAKING.

|                                                                                                                |                  |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------|
| Too slightly sounding the accented Vowels, .....                                                               | <i>Dwyer.</i> 59 |
| Too slightly sounding the unaccented Vowels, .....                                                             | <i>Ibid.</i> 59  |
| Wavering pronunciation of the Vowels under the secondary<br>accent, .....                                      | <i>Ibid.</i> 60  |
| The liquid sound of <i>K</i> , <i>C</i> , or <i>G</i> hard, before the Vowels<br><i>A</i> and <i>I</i> , ..... | <i>Ibid.</i> 60  |
| The suppressing the sound of the final consonants, ....                                                        | <i>Ibid.</i> 61  |
| The sounds of the letter <i>R</i> , .....                                                                      | <i>Ibid.</i> 61  |
| Pronouncing <i>S</i> , indistinctly after <i>St</i> , .....                                                    | <i>Ibid.</i> 62  |
| Not sounding the <i>H</i> where it ought to be sounded, and<br>the reverse, .....                              | <i>Ibid.</i> 62  |
| Improper pronunciation of the words <i>for</i> , <i>from</i> and <i>by</i> , ..                                | <i>Ibid.</i> 63  |
| Tribute of respect to the Memory of Noah Webster, ....                                                         | <i>Ibid.</i> 63  |
| Observations on the pronunciation of certain words<br>frequently mistaken in reading or speaking, .....        | <i>Ibid.</i> 63  |
| When <i>you</i> is to be pronounced like <i>ye</i> , and <i>my</i> like <i>me</i> , ..                         | <i>Ibid.</i> 64  |
| On the pronoun <i>my</i> , .....                                                                               | <i>Ibid.</i> 64  |
| When <i>of</i> , <i>for</i> , <i>from</i> and <i>by</i> , are to have a long, and when a<br>short sound, ..... | <i>Ibid.</i> 65  |
| How to pronounce the possessive pronoun <i>thy</i> , .....                                                     | <i>Ibid.</i> 66  |
| How to pronounce the adjective possessive pronoun,<br><i>mine</i> , .....                                      | <i>Ibid.</i> 66  |
| Improper and indistinct pronunciation of the word, <i>not</i> , ..                                             | <i>Ibid.</i> 67  |
| Improper pronunciation of the terminating <i>ing</i> , .....                                                   | <i>Ibid.</i> 67  |
| Improper pronunciation of the word <i>ta</i> , .....                                                           | <i>Ibid.</i> 67  |



|                                                                                          | <i>Page</i>             |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| ELOQUENCE OF RELIGION.                                                                   |                         |
| The Saviour's Sermon on the Mount, .....                                                 | 69                      |
| I. Corinthians, XV. Chapter, .....                                                       | 75                      |
| Paul's Defence before Agrippa, .....                                                     | 78                      |
| Extract from the XIV. Chapter of Job, .....                                              | 80                      |
| Character of a Christian Mother, . . . <i>By Rev. W. B. Kirwan.</i>                      | 81                      |
| Character of a Christian Wife, .....                                                     | <i>Ibid.</i> 82         |
| Character of a Libertine, .....                                                          | <i>Ibid.</i> 83         |
| The Miser, .....                                                                         | <i>Ibid.</i> 85         |
| Advice to parents, .....                                                                 | <i>Ibid.</i> 86         |
| ELOQUENCE OF THE BAR.                                                                    |                         |
| The Cause of the King against the Honourable Mr. Justice<br>Johnson, .....               | <i>Curren.</i> 93       |
| Finerty's Trial, .....                                                                   | <i>Ibid.</i> 102        |
| Rowan's Trial, .....                                                                     | <i>Ibid.</i> 107        |
| ELOQUENCE OF POPULAR ASSEMBLIES.                                                         |                         |
| Speech of Patrick Henry, in 1775. ....                                                   | 116                     |
| Declaration of Independence, .....                                                       | <i>Jefferson.</i> 120   |
| Washington's Farewell Address to the People of the United<br>States, .....               | 125                     |
| Extract from an Oration, delivered in the New-York Forum,<br>April, 1821, .....          | <i>Dwyer.</i> 143       |
| Lord Chatham's Speech against arming the Savages, in 1778,                               | 145                     |
| On Slander, .....                                                                        | <i>Griffin.</i> 146     |
| Rolla's Address, .....                                                                   | <i>Sheridan.</i> 148    |
| Brutus' Harangue on the death of Cæsar, ....                                             | <i>Shakespeare.</i> 149 |
| Antony's Oration over Cæsar's Body, .....                                                | <i>Ibid.</i> 150        |
| Eulogy pronounced at the city of Washington, October 19,<br>1826, .....                  | <i>Wirt.</i> 152        |
| Description of Gen. Conway's situation on the Repeal of the<br>American Stamp Act, ..... | <i>Burke.</i> 170       |
| Description of Junius, .....                                                             | <i>Ibid.</i> 171        |
| Lamentation for the loss of his Son, .....                                               | <i>Ibid.</i> 172        |
| Character of Mr. Fox, in support of his India Bill, ....                                 | <i>Ibid.</i> 173        |
| Character of Lord Chatham, .....                                                         | <i>Gratten.</i> 175     |
| Invective against Mr. Corry in reply to his Aspersions, .                                | <i>Ibid.</i> 176        |
| Extracts from a Speech against Warren Hastings, .                                        | <i>Sheridan.</i> 178    |

|                                                                                                                                         | <i>Page</i>           |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| A Speech delivered at Cheltenham, on the 7th October, 1819,<br>at the Fourth Anniversary of the Gloucester Missionary<br>Society, ..... | <i>Phillips</i> , 180 |
| On Education, .....                                                                                                                     | <i>Ibid.</i> 185      |

## SUBJECTS DESCRIPTIVE AND MISCELLANEOUS.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                      |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| The Self Inflicting Torments of the Gamester.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | <i>Godwin</i> , 187  |
| A Description of the field of Battle, where Varus the Roman<br>General and his Army, had been destroyed by Armincus;<br>also of the Tribute of respect paid by Germanicus and his<br>Legions, to the scattered and unburied bones of their<br>slaughtered countrymen, ..... | <i>Tacitus</i> , 188 |
| Eulogy on General Washington,.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | <i>Dwyer</i> , 189   |
| On General La Fayette's Reception in the United States,<br>in 1824, .....                                                                                                                                                                                                   | <i>Ibid.</i> 196     |
| The Widow and her Son, .....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | <i>Irving</i> , 191  |
| Reflections on first approaching Rome,.....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | <i>Eustace</i> , 198 |
| The Capitol, .....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | <i>Ibid.</i> 202     |
| The Forum, .....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | <i>Ibid.</i> 204     |
| The Thermæ, or the Baths of Caracalla, .....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | <i>Ibid.</i> 209     |
| The Pantheon, .....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | <i>Ibid.</i> 210     |
| St. Peters, .....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | <i>Ibid.</i> 211     |
| Description of Ætna, .....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | <i>Brydone</i> , 214 |
| Snowdon, .....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | <i>Bucke</i> , 221   |
| The Ocean, .....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | <i>Ibid.</i> 227     |
| The Vale of Tempe, .....                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | <i>Ibid.</i> 229     |

## POETIC PIECES.

|                                                                |                                 |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Time, .....                                                    | <i>S. Osborne</i> , 232         |
| Burial of Sir John Moore, .....                                | <i>Rev. D. Wolfe</i> , 233      |
| The Sailor Boy's Dream, .....                                  | <i>W. W. Dimond</i> , 234       |
| Angling, .....                                                 | <i>Alfred B. Street</i> , 235   |
| The Country Clergyman, .....                                   | <i>Goldsmith</i> , 237          |
| Marco Bozzaris, .....                                          | <i>Fitz G. Halleck</i> , 238    |
| The American Flag, .....                                       | <i>Sir J. De Laurence</i> , 239 |
| Interview between Fitz-James and the Lady of the<br>Lake,..... | <i>Scott</i> , 240              |
| Quarrel between Roderick Dhu and Fitz-James, .....             | <i>Ibid.</i> 246                |
| Winter in Copenhagen, .....                                    | <i>Phillips</i> , 253           |

